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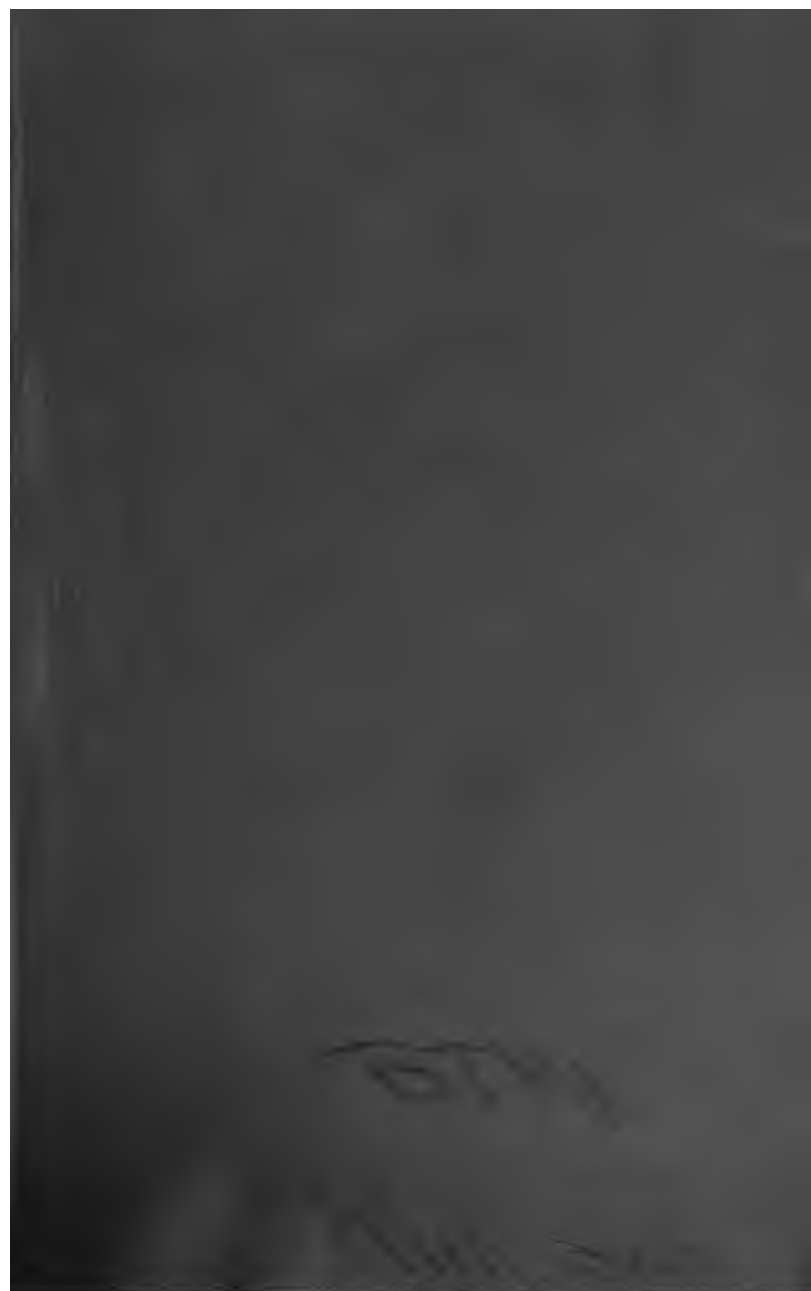
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# Holidays Abroad.

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# HOLIDAYS ABROAD;

OR

## Europe from the West.

BY

*Caroline Matilda Stansbury*  
MRS. KIRKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

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TO  
MY DEAR COMPANIONS,  
WHOSE PRESENCE AND SYMPATHY CONTRIBUTED SO LARGELY  
TO THE PLEASURES HERE RECALLED AND RECORDED,  
THESE VOLUMES  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IT is common for people on the return from a first experience of foreign travel, to say that one must go once in order to know how to go ; and that if the tour were to be repeated, they could make a better arrangement or use of it. Now as no great proportion, of women especially,—do go a second time, it seems not utterly useless to record one's own observations, in a simple and straight-forward way, in order that our own experience shall serve somebody else, in the minor matters on which so much depends.

My aim has been to give a simple, personal narrative, in order that, taking the reader with me through the medium of sympathy, I might succeed in suggesting what may be advantageously accomplished by the traveller. One should be willing sometimes to be a warning, though it is pleasanter to be an example ; and telling the plain truth is apt to end in making us the one or the other.

I have found, too, that nothing is pleasanter for one just returned, than to go over his ground again with some recent traveller ; and I hope to afford this pleasure to some of my friends.

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offer one's poor thoughts of these great and beautiful things, after all that has been well said about them. I was obliged to make a compromise with modesty, by secretly vowing to resist all temptation to put anything in my book which could be suspected of an intent to convey information, properly so called. A faithful reading of Murray's Guide-Books will give more of that than one can use. Visiting Europe in the Year of Revolutions, the aspect of things was naturally very interesting to Americans, and it seemed worth while to catch what one could of the flying picture. No future traveller will perhaps see France and Italy just as we saw them, though I hope many will see them in a much happier condition. The Pope and his capital were at that time objects of great interest, and I have left unchanged the remarks which suggested themselves at the moment, the more resolutely because all there is now so different. Much as I should rejoice to see the liberties of Italy confirmed, I am disposed to congratulate those who saw Rome as it was in 1848. Republicanism is good, but it has not yet learned to be beautiful.

Some irrepressible comments upon works of Art, which may be found here, are offered without the slightest pretense to connoisseurship. I am of those who think that a sincere love of Beauty and an appreciation of its high office, with a reasonable allowance of plain common sense and sincerity, may be allowed to express a certain class of opinions on works of Art, without deserving the charge of assumption; and I hope some of my readers will think so, too. To pass over in silence what interested me above all else, would have been sheer affectation and mock-humility.

These sketches are written for Americans; for those who intend to travel, and those who do not; the former, perhaps, nearly as numerous a class as the latter. "The Travelling English" have been, in a great degree, the cause of the increased facilities for travel on the Continent; but they have none the less injured the countries through which they have pursued pleasure, by the introduction of expensive and corrupting habits, and selfish and insolent manners. I should be glad to think that the travelling Americans, who have already become no inconsiderable class, will, in some measure, remedy this evil, by setting the example of simplicity, kindness and consideration for the rights and feelings of others.

The tour described in the following pages, was an unpremeditated affair, planned and executed in haste, but under favorable auspices, and with the happiest success.

We were three friends—accustomed to each other's modes of living and thinking; agreeing in sentiment quite as much as is profitable, and wonderfully of one accord in the determination to be pleased, and to enjoy as much as possible. With the usual amount of health and strength, a tolerable power of leaving care behind, the advantage of some previous fatigue of mind from continuous exertion, and a strenuous resolution never to be vexed about money matters, we had at least as good a chance to find pleasure in a foreign tour as most travellers; and, in truth, the result showed that we had not been mistaken in our mode of search. On reviewing our journey after our return, we could hardly see that anything was to be lamented, except want of sufficient time to enjoy what we found; but those who have duties at home must be content with snatched

pleasures abroad. We made the most of our opportunities, however, and congratulate ourselves on having gathered-in materials of pleasant and improving thought for a life-time, in case we should never revisit the land of aucient song and story. But the desire to go again is stronger even than the desire to go at first; and the next best thing is to live over again what so much delighted us, in attempting to describe it to others.

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# HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

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## SEA LIFE.

APRIL 7.—Fairly at sea, and tolerably well stowed in our state-rooms. What absurd ideas people have about what it is advisable to provide for use on ship-board! Yesterday, we should have said half-a-dozen gowns, at least; to-day, we are quite convinced that *two* will be all-sufficient, and one of these a loose double wrapper. What shall we do with these superfluous volumes of dry-goods, which serve only to cram the one drawer allotted to each person, and will never be used till we land in England! How silly it is to have so many fanciful wants.

APRIL 9.—The philosophical contempt of dress expressed in my very first jotting at sea, may very fairly be ascribed to certain rolling demonstrations of the vessel, which brought night-caps and double wrappers to mind far more than silks and laces. A travelled friend had said to me before we set out, "Be sure to keep your night-cap where you can get it in a moment, for it will be the first thing you will want after you are outside the Hook." Fatal truth!

When we left the wharf at New York, the sun was wiltingly hot; already we are half frozen, and can hardly find shawls enough. There is no stove in the cabin; be-

cause it is April by the calendar, though we feel it to be November, at best. Mem. for future travellers in any month but the three summer ones,—bring plenty of warm clothing. To be cold when you are sea-sick, and sea-sick when you are cold, is no pleasant opening of foreign experience.

APRIL 13.—To-day, we ladies have been all lashed to the bulwarks with a long rope, to enable us to keep our places, as the ship careened under a stiff breeze from the northward. Doleful faces peeped out of great bundles of cloaks and shawls, for it was bitter cold, and we were out of bed only on duty, not pleasure. The sunshine has a little warmth, to be sure; but the wind is biting enough. The sea is of a rich blue, set off with great dashing foam-breaks, and heaving in such great, mountainous sweeps, while the vessel dances like a cork—oh dear!

APRIL 15.—Our dinner-party, unlike some others, stagger to the table, as well as from it. We creep along the side rail with the air of people walking in the dark, and then make a sudden bolt at the table, not always sure that somebody may not be demolished in our descent. Once seated, sympathy prompts the most tender inquiries after the health of everybody within sight and hearing; and the absent are tenderly remembered, as we should speak of the missing after a battle. Some of our companions suffer so horribly, that we are almost ashamed to look pale. One elderly gentleman, nervous from sickness and fear, has not even lain down for several nights, but stood most of the time, holding fast by the top of a door. Few come regularly to table, and not all that few sit out the meal. One lady boasts that thus far she has never

missed; but most of us would exchange the sumptuous fare set before us, for potatoes and a good appetite. All this time we are making great headway—one day 312 miles! We are told that the A—— is a very *easy* ship, much easier, Mary, the stewardess, says, than a steamer.

APRIL 16.—The second Sunday at sea—wind fair, and of a balmy softness—ship going on her course, from which she has scarcely varied a point since we left Sandy Hook, ten days ago. “Clear heavens and favoring airs” have been vouchsafed us, and this sweet morning ushers in a day of rest, which we are nearly all in a condition to enjoy. Last Sunday was like other days—this seems truly set apart for good thoughts and grateful calm. The seasickness which has tormented so many of us, has now nearly passed away, and we are ready to enjoy, and to feel thankful. Last Sunday, neither of the two clergymen on board was well enough to perform religious services; to-day we are to have our memories of home refreshed by the sound of accustomed prayer and praise.

There is a peculiar feeling of freshness, which “falls like dew” upon the spirit, when it once more rebounds after the restless inanity which seems the inevitable result of the sea malady. As long as that detestable ill pursues us, not only does the body refuse to become the instrument of anything but pain and disgust, but the unhappy spirit, with scarce a struggle for mastery, submits most abjectly to the dismal servitude, and renounces its life, its supremacy, even its identity. Nothing can be more complete than the transformation which one experiences during the first few days at sea. The excitement of preparation and of parting naturally prepared the way for a sea-

son of deadness; and when to this is added the doleful effects of sea-sickness, a more chilling damp of indifference, a deeper abyss of stupidity, can hardly be imagined. Nothing of us "but doth suffer a sea-change"—not, alas! "into something rich or strange," but into whatever is detestable and discouraging. Those who feel its influence are seized with a burning desire to describe it for the benefit of others; and not unfrequently experience some degree of virtuous indignation, on recollecting the slight wrong which the many who have passed through it, have laid upon it, as a drawback to the pleasure of travelling in Europe. They feel that the half has not been told them; and there is a dreamy notion that some ungenerous desire for company in misery has led to a studious concealment of the truth.

It will hardly be believed that people who have deliberately planned an European tour, and felt the exhilaration and excitement, and endured the fatigue and anxiety which ordinary mortals cannot avoid under the circumstances, can yet, under the prostrating meanness of sea-sickness, persuade themselves that if they could only be once more safe on terra firma, not all the tempting associations—all the high-wrought descriptions—all the Alpine dreams;—not the Venus, the Apollo, the Pope—could tempt them to dare the humbling horrors which beset the fresh intruder upon this jealously-guarded domain of the sea-gods. Yet it is even so; as witness the agonized exclamations which, in certain emergencies, make old sailors laugh, in spite of their humanity and their politeness,

One feature of the ill is entire hopelessness; no future bright with promise gilds the lowering horizon. "What



has been shall be for ever," says the wretched soul ; "happiness, wilfully renounced, has taken her final flight ; for me exist no more, 'nor friends nor sacred home.' Never again—" But here, perhaps, the desponding meditation experiences a sudden and violent disruption, and the sufferer, shocked and bewildered, as by an unexpected surge or shower-bath, begins again slowly and laboriously to reconstruct his tissue of miserable thoughts, guarding, to the extent of his remaining ingenuity, against a bright thread or a rainbow gleam on its darkness. To suggest that to-morrow may bring relief, is but adding insult to injury ; to-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more miserable. To hint that thousands encounter the same things again and again, with only pleasure in view, will but draw down contemptuous estimates of the wisdom of your travelling friends. Say that, at least, all will be forgotten after a night's rest on shore ; and no lover ever made more passionate protestations of unfading remembrance than will our deluded victim. He forget, indeed ! never, certainly,

While the skies drop rain,  
Or while there's water in the pathless main—

for it will not take more than an unusually abundant dew to recall all the torments of the ocean !

Marvellous and most amusing indeed is the change, when, in consequence of some veering in the wind, or some other cause equally trifling, or perhaps only through an utter inability on the part of nature to be perversely sick any longer, he who was the growling sufferer of yesterday is rioting in the sunshine on deck, and desirous of trying

a climb to the mast-head, by way of getting rid of the superfluity of life which animates his veins. The height of exhilaration is fully proportioned to the depth of depression, and the natural altitude of the man must be estimated, like that of the waves about him, at the mean, if we would know how he appears at home.

These general remarks upon sea-sickness may go for what they are worth, as the fruit rather of observation than experience. Not all who "go down to the sea in ships," are subject to the whole horror of the change. Few indeed, escape some touches, but many are so nearly exempt as hardly to be able, by the aid of imagination and sympathy, to conceive of the sufferings of the less fortunate. To omit some mention of what forms so prominent a subject of thought and conversation on board ship, would be an unpardonable offense against every one who, never yet having been at sea, shall make a first voyage after reading our desultory musings.

*Tuesday, 18.*—To date our sea memoranda accurately, would require a degree of particularity which is foreign to sea habits. Desultory indeed are these, no hour seeming to meet its allotted occupation; whatever be the resolution with regard to employment, as far as the passengers are concerned, no one thing *except eating*, goes on with the least punctuality. Never was there a more complete exemplification of the truth, that those who have least to do find it most difficult to do that little. The days slip by, in the most unaccountable way, leaving no record in the shape of things accomplished. There are, it is true, some marvellous exceptions to this general remark, but they are about as rare as the opportunity to

see a vessel *en passant*, a circumstance which seems to a landsman the most natural in the world, on this great thoroughfare of nations, but which yet occurs so seldom as to be an event even to the sailor. Walking the deck, knitting, reading and chess, fill up the time of the ladies; while the gentlemen have shuffle-board to eke out their scanty list of pleasures, and keep them in good humor by stirring the blood.

The accommodations on board a packet ship are far more ample and comfortable than could be expected. The arrangement has been brought nearly to perfection, by means of long experience of the wishes of passengers, until there is scarcely anything, except quiet, which is not provided for. The dining-cabin is large, airy and commodious; the state-rooms as neat and comfortable as possible. The table is only too rich and abundant; the servants as attentive as if each had but the care of a single party. The discomforts are, first and greatest, rolling nights, when the best furnished berth becomes a horrid prison or torture-chamber; next, heaving days, when soup and gravy visit your lap, and you bruise yourself on every projecting corner, spite of all precaution. Then there is tobacco smoke, drawing through every crevice, poisoning the air of the innermost ladies' cabin, and adding yet another shade to the horrors of sea-sickness. *If it were not for these*, a sea-voyage would be a very pleasant thing! but these, trifling as they may appear on paper, are quite enough to make the most resolute long for land, even before the shortest passage approaches its termination. The complete upturning of the whole nature and habits is not favorable to fortitude or philosophy. Mole-hills grow to

mountains, and egotism and ennui take the place of better things.

This seems sufficient to account for the quarrelsome disposition which is said to grow up during long voyages, although medical men refer it to the bilious effects of confinement and want of sufficient exercise. We are told that there are trips across this very ocean, when people who have left home on a search after happiness, or at least pleasure, "fall out and chide and fight," just as they were "never meant to;" quarrel with each other, with the sailor, with the mate, with the steward, with the captain! Incredible to us, who, close stowed as we are, never find ourselves in each other's way; much as we talk, keep clear, always, of irritating discussions; and who, if we were ever so quarrelsome among ourselves, could not possibly gratify our evil dispositions by quarreling with anybody belonging to this clock-work ship. As to quarreling with the captain, the idea is too absurd. We could as soon disturb the compass.

What may be placed to the account of personal characteristics, and what belongs to the office, it is not easy for the new traveller to decide; but certainly the life of a packet captain, as exhibited on this voyage, is one of anything but egotism or idleness. Ubiquity is the most trifling of his qualifications. His hearing must be more acute than Fine-ear's, who could hear the grass grow; his sight more than telescopic, since on gazing for a while at the clouds, he foretells the next day's wind and weather. He never goes to bed like ordinary mortals, but sleeps reclined on a sofa, as other people take a siesta. He is able to walk the deck twelve hours a day, with a lady on each

arm, besides ordering all the manœuvres of the ship, and calling every rope by name at least once in the twenty-four hours. His nod is more potent than another man's blow; his lowest word is heard from one end of the deck to the other. He prescribes for all ails, from a tooth-ache to a congestion of the lungs; he knows of fifty different remedies for sea-sickness, but prefers the glass of seawater and a walk on deck. Lying groaning in your berth and refusing food is the only course with which he has absolutely no patience. The old ladies he gravely persuades, the young ones he scolds and rallies into his measures; and what is more, those who follow his advice get well, while those who come on board with any favorite theory of their own in the matter, have generally ample opportunity to try all their own remedies. The captain is at everybody's beck and call, preserving all the while the proper tone of command; he can afford to be the universal serving-man, bating no jot of his dignity. In short, a fortnight's study of this office brings us to the conclusion, that to fill it well requires many of the qualities of saint, soldier, statesman, judge, prophet, emperor, physician, beau—to say nothing of seaman, which last a superficial observer might be inclined to rank highest. But the truth is, that seaman-ship is an accomplishment of the mate too; so that it is the one of all the captain's multifarious qualifications which might be dispensed with in case of necessity.

The personal comfort of the lady-passengers depends in no small degree upon the disposition of the stewardess; who, without transgressing the more obvious line of her duty, may yet leave undone much that contributes to lighten the disagreeables of sea-life. Our good fortune

in this particular deserves to be celebrated in song, for never was there such a personification of the very ideal of a stewardess, as in Mary. To her, night and day, cold and heat, sleeping and waking, fatigue and rest, seem one and the same. Her eyes never wink, until every woman, sick and well, reasonable and unreasonable, is fast asleep; and after the last call has died away in inability to conjure up another want, Mary sits down to read (!) for an hour, before she curls herself up on a sofa to play sleep for a little while, till the most restless lady chooses to wake up and desire the aid of the sea-maiden in untying her night-cap strings, or some matter of equal importance. From that moment Mary's day begins; and she goes round like a tee-totum till midnight, no cloud ever bedimming her placid smile, no word or tone of impatience reminding one that there may be a limit even to Mary's patience. From what other travellers have said, we are disposed to think all stewardesses are not exactly like ours; for the benefit of all who may spend two or three weeks on ship-board, we wish they were!

Few sea-wonders have come within our ken. A couple of whales obliged us by spouting, just outside the Hook, but we were by no means anxious to witness the phenomenon, being quite sure that it was nothing to what was to come! *En revanche*, no whale has shown his fin since, and we have been obliged to put up with black fish and porpoises. But the sea itself has put on all its splendors for our eager eyes. Waves that were mountains to us, breaking in showers of silver foam, have tossed our gallant ship till she seemed to bound beneath us, while the whole expanse between us—speck as we were—and the

far horizon, was swelling, rolling, leaping, glittering, till we could fancy all the monsters of the deep at their huge unwieldy sport, under the blue heaven with its flitting clouds. Then blackness would gather, when the skies were heavy and threatening, so that the wave-crests seemed like snow-wreaths blown about on giant rocks by the careering winds. If our delight and astonishment were the fruit of inexperience, would that we could be inexperienced always.

APRIL 20.—Up to this morning the bouquet that dear Georgine placed in my state-room at parting, has accompanied me to table, when I have felt able to carry it there, in remembrance of *terra firma* and those we left behind. To-day I have been obliged to send it to the sea-nymphs. We begin to see land-birds from the other side, now, from the old world so new to us. At present we do not feel that we belong to either. It is strange what a home-feeling one gets on board ship. The hurry, and impatience, and strangeness which belong to the first experience of a mode of existence so new, have all worn off; and we find ourselves domesticated with entire strangers, accustomed to new sights and sounds, and, what is more, reconciled to an unsteady footing—the most unpleasant of all the peculiar circumstances of sea-life. We stagger about as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and fall over people with great nonchalance. The bruises on my arms remind me that it is very foolish to have carved work about the sides of the cabin; and the condition of the carpets, that it is very wise to take up the Brussels ones on going out of port. Shabbiness gets to be the general

characteristic ; and it is rather comfortable from its entireness, allowing no mortifying contrasts.

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## L A N D .

APRIL 22.—The excitement which we anticipated upon the first sight of land, expended itself when we became convinced that a certain cloud, which looked a little different from the other clouds, was really Cape Clear—supposed to have been facetiously so called by the Irish, because it is always cloudy. We thought we would defer our expected thrill of delight until we saw something more decided ; but alas ! when the Old Head of Kinsale became visible in bold outline, we could not get up the least sensation. The thing was old—we had attained a travelled indifference—Ireland was very well, to be sure, but we had seen it before ; and we criticised the outline of the Wexford Mountains *en connoisseur*, as boldly as if we had seen the Alps, at least. So we have set down the palpitating joy at the cry of land as a poetic fiction, especially as there was no such cry in our case. It was a thing of course. The captain knew, hours before, just the hour and minute when it ought to be visible ; and there it was, with the punctuality of a comet. Science has played the mischief with romance ; and unexpectedness belongs to a class of words fast becoming obsolete.

The only wonder we have to record, is the harmony



and good-humor which prevailed among the passengers—unclouded, unspecked, from first to last. Few gatherings of the same number are more heterogeneous as to country and creed; yet, no breath or tone of discord has been heard, and the regrets which mingled with our adieus were full of sincere feeling. Those of us who are about to travel on the Continent, hope to meet again; and there is pleasure in the thought. We had religious services on board, performed by clergymen of opposite creeds; but they met and parted as brethren rejoicing in a common hope, and looking to one only Saviour.

We saw Cape Clear before the close of our sixteenth day; but afterwards encountering right “channel weather,” as say the knowing, we toiled slowly for many hours, struggling with head winds and murky skies. On the eighteenth day, in the morning, the sun once more got the better of the clouds, and we saw, most gloriously, the coast of Wales, with a fine outline of mountains, along the base of which we could discern houses and green fields. As we passed Holy-Head and the Skerries, we came in sight of Penmaenmawr—the most imposing height we have yet seen, with snow lying in his deep clefts, while a tender green clothed his swelling sides. Here the pilot came on board, and everybody crowded eagerly about him for news from France. He had a week-old newspaper, and with that we were obliged to be content; for he knew not a word—not he—of the rise and fall of kingdoms, or the birth of republics. But the grand finale of our pleasant voyage was too near for us to feel any vital concern in less momentous affairs; so we cherished the pilot, and admired his dignity, as he

strode Turkishly about the quarter-deck, without despising, a *l'Americaine*, his lack of political enthusiasm.

This worthy had not long assumed the command, when he advised the captain to summon a steam-tug; and in a few minutes one of the ill-favored monsters so called had us in his power, and went puffing along as an old Dogberry might, who had caught a smart young buck, and was by main strength dragging him to the watch-house. We were all in a flutter among ourselves. Trunks were packing, congratulations going round, plans suffering discussion in all pitches of voice, and subscriptions making for everybody that seemed to be in need. Good Mary, the stewardess, and the faithful Andrew, who had done so much to lighten our miseries, were first thought of; then a purse was made for a woman in the steerage rather more pitiable off than her poor companions: afterwards the gentlemen bethought them of a young man in poor health, to whom our kind-hearted owners had given a free passage, hoping benefit from the voyage; and they made up what would enable him to take a trip up to London during the ship's stay. All was life and good feeling below; while on deck it seemed happiness enough to stand and gaze upon those beautiful Welsh hills, glowing in the soft sun-light, and the clouds which had followed and wept over us as we came up the channel, now converted into endless realms of splendor and enchantment by the same influence. How one might moralize upon such conversions! How enviable are the writers of former days, to whom moralizing was permitted, who could at any time turn to account any natural phenomenon with, "Thus, man—" or, "So, in

the moral world—" People are supposed to do their own moralizing now.

There had been an astounding amount of smoking done during the voyage. The rotunda—or by whatever other name is known the first resting-place into which one plunges on leaving the deck for the eating-saloon—was usually so thick with smoke, that none but people with very sharp noses could cut their way through it easily. All our shawls and cloaks were secured against moths for some time, by the complete saturation they obtained in passing through this purgatorial state between above and below. At night, the cigars lighted the place amply for all practical purposes—that is to say, quite enough to secure the young men from setting fire to each other's beards inadvertently. Some of us, who considered tobacco to be a noted provoker of thirst, had learned to connect the drying effects of all this fuming, with certain sounds of ill-timed gaiety, which occasionally aroused quiet people out of their first, or even their second sleep. But when we had fairly entered the Mersey, at the heels of the dull steam-monster, and our arrival before morning was rendered all but mathematically certain, then the whole thing appeared in its natural and true character. The smokers of the rotunda quenched, in the course of the night, the whole remaining thirst of the voyage—all that would have served if we had been twenty-five days at sea instead of eighteen; and the result was—just what one might expect!

APRIL 24.—Last night—eighteen days from New York—we came to anchor in the Mersey, and the morning-sun, as soon as he had gotten rid of his hazy night-

cap, showed us the grand feature of the city of Liverpool—her stupendous docks—and several beautiful-looking suburbs on the opposite side of the river—Seacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, and Birkenhead—the last a name well known to Americans who have felt interested in the experiment there made in the construction of really commodious dwellings for the laboring classes. Who shall describe the exquisite delight with which the land is welcomed at the termination of a first voyage across the ocean! To see mere earth, though it were but a handful, enough to smell and to feel, were something! but to see land, and know that it is the land toward which your curiosity, gratitude, and affections, your nursery songs, your school stories, your academic education, your studies in history, your whole literary experience, have been directing and drawing you from your cradle; to see before you the shores of “merry England,” the country of Alfred, and old Canute, and Robin Hood, and Mother Goose—the land whose Christmas and Twelfth-night revels Washington Irving made so unspeakably fascinating to our imagination—the land of Shakspeare, and of Shakspeare’s creatures—the only Englishmen of the ages gone as much alive now as they ever were; England! the country to which appertain the glorious ages of Anne and Elizabeth, and the splendid names that are blazing round those queens, and lending them a more substantial royalty in the imaginations of men, than they ever exercised in their own right; England! the *Old-country*, the *Mother-country*—land of our fathers—fountain of our liberties—source of our laws; from whose full bosom we have not ceased to draw the

milk of gentle letters, though we spurned her maternal claim to rule us ; England ! the home of the noblest race earth has ever borne ; the scene of a civilization without a parallel since time was. What educated American can first see the coast of England, without such a thrill as life is too short, and the heart too narrow, to afford many as keen, and deep, and universal !

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## LIVERPOOL.

THE appearance of Liverpool is usually described as uninviting ; but the bright sun, or the sea-voyage, or our prepossessions in favor of our mother England, made it charming in our eyes. We praised everything—the magnificent docks—the fine lantern-tower of St. Nicholas—the tall Flemish-looking warehouses with their perpendicular rows of bright red doors, and even the tanned sails of a certain class of river-craft, whose lurid flame-color seemed to harmonize admirably with the surroundings. The little black steamers, which we could not consider beautiful by any rule of American taste in such matters, we called “ knowing ;” and the smoky shade which veiled everything, and made the pale stone of which the better houses are built look decidedly dingy, seemed to us soft and beautifying. On the whole, we concluded that report had done far less than justice to Liverpool ; and we set out on a flying tour of observation, determined to see with unprejudiced eyes, at

least ; and, in truth, we found much to admire in the substantial elegance of the public buildings, the neatness of the streets, and the general air of stability and comfort. Many of the stores exhibit great exterior elegance, and a closer examination proved that in many departments their supply of splendid and costly articles is no whit behind that of the best establishments in New York. Only Stewart's remains unrivalled ; and we shall not probably see anything approaching it in magnificence until we reach London.

We reckon among the curiosities of Liverpool a cemetery, which some ingenious citizen has contrived to fashion out of materials that might have been thought impracticable. Much of the stone used in building had been taken from a quarry within the limits of the town, leaving a most unsightly excavation which it was impossible to refill. This has been turned to excellent account ; the sides affording place for an immense number of walltombs, while the central portion is beautified with winding walks and shrubbery, among which the monumental stones gleam ghostly pale, but with a softened melancholy. The erections are not generally conspicuous for elegance of taste, but there is a fine monument to Mr. Huskisson, who met his death by a railway accident just as the cemetery was prepared for the reception of the dead, and whose body was the first that reposed in its rocky bosom. The tomb is in temple form, circular and enclosed ; and through plate glass doors is seen a colossal statue of the lamented statesman, standing on a pedestal in the centre. The drapery is in the antique style, and the attitude is fine, but the beauty and grace of the statue resides in

the head, which is truly noble. We could not admire the plan of the tomb; peeping at a statue through glass doors is not exactly the thing, and indeed glass and marble in a mausoleum are an incongruous mixture.

Beyond the proper limits of the town is a charming enclosure, called Prince's Park, embracing, perhaps, fifty acres, and much diversified in surface. This is laid out on the plan of Regent's Park, in London, with villas and cottage residences, and the effect is beautiful. The drive through it is admirably laid, and a small lake, with a Chinese bridge and other picturesque accessories, adds much to its beauty. The view of Liverpool from this point is very fine; including the river and the Welsh mountains, which, with the rich green of English landscape, have made a picture that will live in our memories long after some more pretentious ones have faded.

The lions of the city proper—the splendors of the Town Hall and the various public buildings, we must leave to more voluminous tourists; our attention was, however, attracted by the extensive and elegant edifice called St. George's Hall, the corner stone of which was laid with such eclat by Prince Albert a year or two since. It is intended for the courts of law, but it looks as if it should rather be dedicated to Apollo in his character of patron of harmony. It is of an exceeding beauty, in proportion and decoration, and will far surpass anything architectural yet done in Liverpool. It seems nearly completed; and really, as we gazed on its grand colonnades, we wished for it a position as commanding and conspicuous as that of the tomb of Theseus on the Egean.

APRIL 26TH.—We have spent two days in running

about Liverpool, never weary of staring at the life, and manners, and customs, houses, and equipages, of a foreign people. To us, everything is new, strange, and exciting. The very color of the city, largely made of stone, originally soft in hue, but mellowed by smoke and rain, is full of charm for our eyes. The style of building, reminding us most of Philadelphia, is essentially peculiar. It is massive, thorough, and to our inexperienced, picturesque. The public buildings are substantial and costly, and the new Law building, not quite completed, is, on the whole, the most splendid edifice we have ever seen. We wonder that travellers have usually passed Liverpool by so contemptuously! We think an unsophisticated American, with an eye for what is characteristic, finds there a little of everything peculiar in English civilization; and we are not ashamed to own that we were kept staring with surprise and delight, or with painful interest and sad curiosity, during every moment of the day. Even to watch the endless variety of the carriages and carts; to see the huge dray-horses, more like elephants than horses; the beggars in the streets; the soldiers; the police; or to notice the "strong" boots and shoes at the shop windows, was occupation exciting and amusing enough! If to these we add our first view of those gates of death, styled "gin palaces," which make the windows of apothecaries pale with their gaudy splendor, and furnish by far the most striking features in a night view of the streets of Liverpool, we shall indicate the chief source of our interest at the first blush.

APRIL 29.—The environs of Liverpool do not afford much variety of surface, but on the road southward,



through Birkenhead to Chester by rail, we get glimpses of beautiful country on either side, and hills which might almost be called mountains in the distance. We were unable to see any of the peculiarities by which Birkenhead is distinguished as a place of residence for laboring people, the public improvements there having come to a present stand for want of the requisite funds. This stop is expected to be but temporary; and the plan of furnishing all the modern household conveniences to working men and their families is by no means relinquished, in spite of the present discouragement, which is ascribed to that perennial source of similar evils, a "pressure" in the money-market. As far as we were able to understand the matter, this is only a *low*-pressure difficulty, occasioning a slowness of movement, not a *high*-pressure one, which might threaten a burst-up. The spot occupied by the new city is the site of an ancient priory, of which beautiful ruins remain, but we were unable to examine them, lest we should lose the early train for Chester.

The road is enlivened on either side by gentlemen's seats, but its true charm lies in the loveliness of the country at this Spring time. The trees are not yet in full leaf, but they have begun to put on their garments of beauty; and the grass will never be greener. We whisk by these things in the most unsatisfactory way by railroad, but glimpses were enough to assure us of the unspeakable richness of English landscape. When we stop at Chester, we seem to have plunged at once into some crypt, so subterranean do its dark streets appear after the *riant* freshness of the country.

The streets are narrow, and without sidewalks—so

narrow that the huge covered wagons, common in England, seem to threaten the windows on either hand. The whole appearance is quaint and singular, so different from anything we have ever seen, as to interest us exceedingly.

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### C H E S T E R .

Nothing charms the American traveller more than the relics of the old times—times which seemed commonplace enough, no doubt, to the people, whether crowned, cowed, or sheathed in mail, who acted in them, but which, coming to us through the golden mists of poetry and tradition, have a glory which the present, however remarkable, can never possess. All that makes England the queen among the nations, *we* are sharing or seeking to share with her ; the past, on which her greatness and ours is founded, is sealed, and the symbols of it which still exist, must remain unique and inimitable so long as they exist at all. Time is fast obliterating these precious relics, and they become, like the books of the sybil, more and more precious every year. To these, therefore, the steps of the traveller from the new world turn with eager interest, as the first objects of attention.

It was with something of this feeling that we took our way to the time-honored city of Chester—one of the few remaining specimens of an English walled town ; the only perfect one, we are told, besides York. It is

situated on the River Dee, a few miles south of Liverpool. The aspect presented on entering, is simply that of an old, ill-built, narrow-streeted town, with houses leaning over the pathway ; windows of every conceivable irregularity of size, shape, and position ; people looking quaint enough to be in keeping with these surroundings ; and a general air of "the world forgetting by the world forgot," about it, curious enough to one fresh from the bustle of New York. Penetrating a little, we come to a gateway embracing the street, quite modern—only a hundred years old or so—erected by some good earl whose name graces the architrave ; and we wonder what the good earl can have meant by throwing this handsome arch across a narrow street paved with cobble stones. A little further observation shows us that the erection forms part of the line of the city wall ; and presently we become aware of a flight of winding stairs by which we ascend to the top of the arch and the wall. The wall is not very obvious until one is absolutely upon it ; for it is so hemmed in, both outside and in, by houses, that it is only by chance that it appears in its true character. The top is flagged, and kept beautifully clean ; and being railed in where necessary, and accessible by numerous flights of steps, furnishes one of the most beautiful walks imaginable. The prospect from it is magnificent. On every side stretches England's fairest and richest expanse of hill and dale ; green old trees and winding water lie beneath the eye ; old towers, picturesque and overgrown with ivy and wall-flower, peep out here and there ; now we see, afar off, Rowton Moor, where Charles's army was defeated by the soldiers of Crom-

well; and we view it from the very tower where the king himself stood to witness the defeat: again, we look directly down upon a modern race-course, with sward like velvet, and white tents and pavilions, and great stands for spectators, and places of honor for noble guests and ladies, bringing up to the imagination an ancient tournament, such as doubtless those old walls have often witnessed. In the back ground, far to the south-west, lie the Welsh mountains, hoary in distance; all about your very feet the crumbling walls of ancient churches, and the great Cathedral, which looks almost as old as the mountains. The Castle, repaired and modernized, standing within the walls, might be a picturesque object elsewhere; but in the midst of venerable relics, it looks commonplace by comparison. The "Water Tower" is worth far more (to the painter), with its irregular loopholes, and its veil of creeping plants. It is really strange to see how the vicinity of true and noble antiquity puts to shame all modern erections.

The Cathedral is not reckoned among the fine ones of England; but to us, fresh from staring new churches, it was very attractive. The outside looks as if Time would not spare it much longer; the stones are so worn away by the weather, that the outline is not only an undulating one, but *scaloped*, to borrow a word from the dress-maker; yet we are told that a little further in the material is perfectly sound. One is apt to suspect a painter of exaggerating in his outlines, but Chester Cathedral would lose nothing of romantic interest if represented by the daguerreotype. The interior looks bare as you enter; the main body presenting little beside

walls inlaid with monuments, and a worn stone pavement, whose inscriptions remind you that you are everywhere treading above the bones of the dead. The nave is screened in and fitted for use as a church, and one of the transepts is the church of St. Werburgh—a worthy not recognized in our calendar. The cloisters, with their worn pavements and abundance of monumental stones, both in the walls and under foot, transport one back to the days when the inmates of religious houses used them as places for daily exercise, pacing up and down, breviary in hand, looking upon the peaceful quadrangle, with its grassplot, green and fresh now as in past ages. The impression which these places give of retirement, silence, opportunity for meditation, and freedom from the cares and temptations of the world, is such that one could almost be persuaded that a life of seclusion is desirable for the Christian. But the soldier cannot prove his loyalty by only pacing back and forth before his master's dwelling.

After the Cathedral, we went to St. Oswald's—a fine old parish church, hung all round with mementos of various kinds. Several are long inscriptions recording the names and donations of those who, in former times, left money to the church for the use of the poor; and we happened to be there at the time when the baker's boy was bringing great panniers of bread for an annual dole, left by some good soul beyond the memory of man. The bread, which was excellent, was deposited on a table in the vestry; and, although the hour for distribution had not yet arrived, two of the poor women who were to receive were on the ground waiting, in the

oddest of old bonnets and the most grotesque of poor habiliments, for the happy moment. We could not but feel that there is something extremely touching in these acts of charity. It is not that to leave one's money for a donation to the poor for ever, implies any merit. To give what we can no longer use asks neither thanks nor praise; and to give bread to the poor in the belief that one's own chance for acceptance hereafter will thereby be increased, may be very much like any other form of selfishness. But such a recognition of the *claims* of the poor is invaluable. There hang those inscriptions, for a perpetual testimony that a man's last and best thoughts prompt the sharing of his substance with his less fortunate fellow-beings; that religion and charity are inseparably connected; that Christianity implies tenderness for the unhappy. These doles—and very numerous they are at St. Oswald's—are to be distributed by the vicar; and we could not but think that his habitual discharge of the duty must tend to make him a better man.

St. John's is another of the old parish churches of Chester, and its value as a relic is enhanced by the extreme beauty and grace of its decay. It dates back to the time of Ethelred, in 689, and the portion still in use is fitted up with curious old pews, that look as if they might be coeval with the stones, and some of the monuments are of great antiquity. But the principal beauty of the church lies in the broken arches and ivied windows of the ruinous part, open to the weather and carpeted everywhere with the finest grass. Within the enclosure stands a quaint old dwelling, with everything about it in the neatest possible order, which we took for the parson-

age house—at least we hoped it was that, for the sake of the parson. In the garden lies an old stone pulpit which is in much esteem as a relic, but we did not learn its history.

The inn at which we dined, in Chester, is such as we liked to find there, low-browed and dark, with passages intricate enough for Mrs. Radcliffe. The descriptions given by Dickens and others, of certain characteristically English inns, were fully realized in this, for we found it necessary to observe land-marks with some care, in order to find our way from the front entrance to our parlor on the first floor. This parlor was adorned with a spider-legged old sideboard that looked as if it might have belonged to St. Werburgh, and the most un-American things of every kind. We should have been vexed to find a tavern in Chester contradicting the general tumble-down air of the place, but this was just as it should be.

As you walk the streets you see how Romance was born in England. Instead of great staring rows of houses, in the plan of whose fronts all shadow is excluded as if it were death, we have here upper stories projecting over the street, or in default of these, deep recesses with only a railing in front, where the family appear at their various occupations of business or pleasure—mothers getting their children ready for school, maids sweeping and dusting, and the like. It is as if the whole second story were drawn back some ten or twelve feet, leaving a shaded parlor without a front,—an arrangement so contrary to the modern exclusiveness which prompts a blank white linen curtain to protect even the backs of the chairs from the view of the passers-by, that we felt it to be symbolic of older and freer, and more natural times. Some of

the people we saw in these recesses were fit for pictures ; and one old lady whom we observed as she appeared to be dismissing her grandson on an errand with many cautions, looked and moved just as people do on the stage, in character, when they desire to seem old and quaint. Indeed we see now where the old style of stage dresses came from—they were faithful transcripts of real life in England. We had supposed the monstrous cap-border surmounted by a red bow, the gown tucked up to the waist, the flounced apron, the short sleeves and coarse black mitts, the length of black ankle, and the high-heeled shoe, were only the ideal of an old English woman of the lower class ; we find them here on the very woman herself, as she moves about in every day life. The picturesque in costume is so completely unknown in our country, where society is macadamized, as it were, that the peculiarities and individualities of English outer life form a perpetual source of amusement and interest for us, especially in these older country towns. Every man, woman, and child, seems to dress without the least reference to any body else, wearing exactly what taste or convenience may dictate. We are inclined to hope it may be long before the roller of fashion passes over them, crushing all this variety, till daily life resembles a huge skating-pond, whose only inequality of surface consists in the flourishes cut by a few expert skaters.

We do not expect to find any portion of England more characteristic and interesting in its way than Chester. It breathes of feudal times, and is enveloped in associations of romance and poetry. We should hardly have been surprised to find St. Werburgh seated in the Bishop's



throne, which was formerly a shrine. But the saint lies under a great stone, so we saw nothing of him or her. There was a delicious smell about the place, which we could easily have taken for the odor of sanctity ; but the fresh grass, the abundant ivy, and, above all, the luxuriance of the wall-flowers in full bloom on every projecting ledge and crumbling sill, pointed out a cause more earthly ; it was the sweet breath of spring that met us amid these ancient shrines—spring, fresh and sweet as when it smiled on Eden, and nowhere fresher or sweeter than in this portion of that other garden—England.

Eaton Hall, a famous show-place in the vicinity, is so much of a lion with all travellers, that we went to see it as a matter of duty, though we were not without misgivings as to the real interest of the thing, as compared with old Chester. The drive was charming ; and after entering the gates we continued on and on, through a mile or two of fields and scattered wood—in general appearance not unlike an oak-opening in Michigan—until we reached the Hall, when we were told that it was in a state of invisibility ; not through the unlawful arts of the magician, but the mechanical arts of numerous workmen, whose scaffolding and hammers evinced that the Hall, which is decidedly of the gimcrack order of architecture, was undergoing repair. So we went a little further, and took a peep at the shrubberies, and at a handsome iron bridge over the River Dee which flows through the grounds. Here, again, Nature's part of the sight was that which really interested and satisfied us. We saw several varieties of shrubbery new to us—the yew in particular, truly funereal in hue and shape. Our

general conclusion as to the grounds about Eaton Hall was, that it was hardly worth while fencing in such a place in England very elegantly, as the whole face of the country is just about as well worth looking at, or rambling in, as this proud and much-vaunted abode of the present generation of the noble house of Grosvenor. This show-place, the principal seat of the Marquis of Westminster, looked quite like a Gothic toy of cardboard, after Chester. Any attempt to reproduce the outward semblance of that grand old style, when the spirit from which it emanated has departed, has a would-be air, false and heartless; no nearer to true dignity than the Chinese villa of the cit, or the paste diamonds of the *soubrette*. We wondered at the taste which could erect a modern Gothic villa almost under the walls of Chester.



### CHESTER TO OXFORD.

We took rail at Chester for Birmingham, where we arrived in the evening, weary with pleasure. The "Hen and Chickens" took care of us for the night, very satisfactorily; and we found ourselves tolerably rested when the time came to take the morning train for Coventry, which we did without giving more than a glance to the blackened walls of the great manufacturing town and its lurid furnace fires. The Lady Godiva's town looked as if she was even then passing through, or as if

"the brazen clang of noon" had just sounded for the shutters to be opened; for only here and there could we observe anybody wide awake. Particularly at the Craven Arms, where we tried to breakfast, was it difficult to convince the people that the sun had risen. We asked for a fire, and after some little time we were served with a smoke, which was our only assurance that there was some fire, according to the proverb. We were truly desirous of breakfast, and after some explanations and bell-pullings, and apologies, it came in by instalments; so that by the time we had eaten the bread we got the butter, and the coffee had not become entirely cold before a minute quantity of cream was furnished to soften it with. The maid-of-all-work who waited on us, (we returned the favor by waiting for her,) apologized, saying the servants had been at a ball until four in the morning; and we secretly concluded that her story must be true, for we were quite sure our table-cloth was the one which had served at their supper. But a Coventry breakfast is soon despatched, so we made our way to the railroad station in good time, scarcely waiting to admire the really pretty old town as we passed. It is wonderful, indeed, that a bad breakfast can so starve out one's romance; but all we shall remember of Coventry will be our many resolutions of never sending any of our friends there.

A few minutes brought us to Kenilworth and the castle, a place to make one forget breakfast, dinner and supper. The drive from the town is quite circuitous, so that we are near the ruins long before we reach them. The country is lovely, and looked to us as fresh as if new from

creation, so bright is the Spring verdure in this moist land. The castle is situated on elevated ground, surrounded by flats which were once covered with water, forming the lake described in the novel, where the water-pageants were represented on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit. You enter by a square tower, having a turret at each corner, all in good repair and even habitable order, the windows glazed, and the gardens as trim as hedges and flower-beds can make them. A fine old archway bears the cipher of Robert of Leicester, and we gazed on this assurance of the identity of the spot with that which stands as one of the fairest portions of our whole realm of romance, with an indescribable interest. All the other marks of authenticity were less pointed and satisfactory than this simple R. L., which seemed to bring the splendid earl bodily before us, in his habit as he wooed and won the lovely Amy. We found it somewhat difficult to conceive the original size of the entire edifice, when we were told that the tower by which we entered—large as an ordinary castle—was only one of *four* gateways to the castle in its glory. The main body of the ruins occupies three sides of a square, and the picturesque of the whole can scarcely be exaggerated. In this, as in other cases, we made the *amende honorable* to the artists who have endeavored to give us some idea of these remains. We find that they have erred rather in deficiency than in exaggeration. Certainly we have never seen a drawing that gave us an idea of the vast extent of Kenilworth Castle, or the beauty of its remains, clothed as they are with magnificent verdure. One or two of the turret stairs are still accessible ; the mantels in the great

hall are just as they were in the time of Elizabeth—the very bricks in the chimney, against which fires blazed to warm the chill stone walls even in summer, all are there. A recess with a bay-window is still known as Queen Elizabeth's dressing-room; and in it are marble seats which she doubtless used when she looked out, as we did, upon the splendid prospect that stretches for miles on that side. I do not love Queen Elizabeth's memory much, but could not help feeling that the certainty of standing where she had stood, was something, if only as giving a sort of tangible reality to the past, which is apt to be to us rather an abstraction.

The worst of seeing such a place as Kenilworth is, that one is never willing to come away. It is absolutely necessary to the spirit of the thing, to be able to sit with the eyes shut, and recall the associated ideas, and then to have leisure and quiet to fit them to the actual scene. In cases where Scott has given life to the past for our imaginations, this is peculiarly necessary, for he makes the place where a part of the thing said or done so completely, that when we see the one we can never be content until we have added the other.

Kenilworth is all the better and more satisfactory view, from there being so little of it, comparatively. There are just landmarks enough to serve the purpose of fancy. As everything is better conveyed or expressed by means of the inherent poetry or philosophy of it, so is the Kenilworth of Elizabeth's days more completely restored to us by these few remaining towers and walls, than it could have been if every battlement were standing unbroken; as witness that one beautiful gate-tower so nicely fitted

up and made perfect, which excites so little feeling in the observer. Dilapidation is in truth a voucher for the reasonableness of our interest. A ruin mended up is a vexatious impertinence in spite of all we may say of the piety of the thing. Who likes to look upon rouge and brown curls on the octogenarian?

Two or three hours were all we could give to Kenilworth, including a curious chimney-piece and other mementoes of the great Earl. It was hard to be content with this glimpse, but we must see Warwick Castle the same day, if at all.

We took a fly; therefore, and it soon brought us to the famous old village and Castle—the latter the only ancient baronial residence still kept up and inhabited in England. The distant view of the Castle is exquisite, and when we knocked at the great gate we fully expected an ancient seneschal with his bunch of keys to usher us into the hall, where we should find a rough old baron, feasting with his knights—this latter part of our dream being doubtless ascribable to the fact that a Coventry breakfast gives a prominent importance to the idea of dinner. But the gate was opened by a little foot-page, who called an old powdered porter in black and scarlet out of the lodge; and we were by this worthy informed, with very little ceremony, that going into the Castle was out of the question, for it was full of company, and could only be seen while the ladies and gentlemen were at breakfast, an hour which had long passed—doubtless far more satisfactorily to the visitors at Warwick Castle than to ourselves.

Our blood-royal rather rebelled at this; we tried to make the stolid old porter understand that we had come

across the ocean for the express purpose of seeing Warwick Castle; and, moreover, that being sovereigns, we were quite sure the Earl would be delighted to see us. As well talk to the old gate-posts; far better to the whispering trees and graceful vines that made the winding way before us so tempting! The old wife toddled to the door, and seemed anxious to interpose a word in our favor, but her mouth was soon shut by authority, and we had nothing to do but turn back, and content ourselves as we might with a vexed view of the Castle from the bridge over the Wye. We cannot expect ever to see anything more beautiful of its kind. We shall try again for a peep at the interior when we return, when we intend to sweep by the old Cerberus with great exultation.

Resolved to make the best amends we could to our disappointed curiosity, we took outside places on the Oxford coach, riding a perfect steeple-chase to Learnington in order to be in time for it. It was a well-appointed carriage, one of the few of its race still extant in England, where railway travelling will soon supersede all other. The air was quite sharp enough to be pleasant, though the country was so well advanced in foliage. We took our seats at the back, where we were somewhat protected from the wind by piles of baggage on the roof—a rather nervous position for one not accustomed to it, since there is very little foothold, and still less support at the sides. Thus we rode forty-five miles through the most charming part of England, on a clear, sunshiny afternoon, which tempted everybody out of doors. We passed village after village, looking as if they had been built with no other view than to look pretty; roofs, windows, walls, gardens, arbors,

all conspiring to show us something which we never could have seen without coming to the very spot. In one quaint old town was a fair, with its booths and flags, and Mr. Primrose chaffering about a horse in the midst. In all were thatched houses, with curious places jutting out and pared away in the eaves to leave a look-out for the prettiest little lattice windows—often hung with ivy or clematis. English landscape has a minutely-finished look; it lacks grandeur; its features are delicate, and the impression left is that of softness and gentle beauty. The grass grows to the very rim of the water, like carpet to a rich drawing-room, which must not betray an inch of unadorned floor. The fields are rolled to a perfect smoothness; the hedges look as if they had no use but beauty; the trees and multitudinous vines have a draperied air, and strike the eye rather as part of the charming whole, than as possessing an individual interest. We have seen woodlands in the far west that were far more gracefully majestic than any we have yet seen in England; but we have no such miles of cultured and close-fitted scenery. Nature with us throws on her clothes negligently, confident in beauty; in England she has evidently looked in the glass until not a curl strays from its fillet, not a dimple is unschooled. She is *mise à quatre épingles*, as the French milliners say; but how lovely!



## O X F O R D.

WE reached Oxford between five and six, and when we were snugly ensconced at the Mitre Tavern, felt that we were truly in the central heart of England—a heart whose pulsations are felt in every fibre, through the million ramifications of church and state. England's hereditary legislators are hardly deemed legitimate unless they have imbibed the conservative spirit of their order from Oxford, which is its fountain-head ; for one of these to prefer Cambridge is to incur the suspicion of heresy and treason. The spirit of Oxford—of its very halls and cloisters, is directly opposed to the utilitarian tendencies of the day. Its august beauty is a testimony to the virtue of those who devote their worldly goods to the erection and perpetual endowment of edifices consecrated to religion and learning—edifices which are to consume, and not to produce, forever. And this mute appeal of the spiritual against the material, is the glory of Oxford. Everything breathes it ; from silent, shadowy cloisters, and traceried windows, and airy pinnacles ; immense libraries and museums, galleries of art, exquisite chapels, plate of gold, and sculpture far more precious ; to magnificent quadrangles and gardens, and the great area of Christ Church meadow, a pleasure-ground bounded by two rivers, and shaded by elms such as are hardly seen elsewhere. Provision for study, and for the relaxation which study renders so necessary, is made on the same splendid scale ; while the business of the town seems a

mere accident ; an enforced contribution to the more noble objects of the place ; an unwilling recognition of perishable humanity and its lower needs. The University has sixteen hundred members—the town some twenty-five thousand people ; yet the style is “the University and City of Oxford,”—the University taking precedence on all occasions. The chapel of Christ Church is the Cathedral of the diocese, and into this the Bishop of Oxford is not permitted to enter in his robes on state occasions, but must even come in by a side-door—so jealously is the jurisdiction of the University guarded. Oxford seems to us more an embodiment of England’s ideal than royalty itself. It is grander than throne or sceptre, orb or sword of state ; it is as if the holy oil with which monarchs are consecrated had been poured out without measure upon these hallowed walls and bowers. The atmosphere is filled with reverence. The spirits of the noble dead seem hovering about this home of their living hope and trust ; the heart of the beholder swells with conscious awe as he recognizes their presence. He thinks of the wondrous courts of the New Jerusalem, where those who lived for the soul’s sake find habitations suited to their dignity ; for if any earthly tabernacle can represent these, surely none so well as the sacred halls of Oxford.

A monumental cross, seventy-three feet in height, in the style of the Eleanor crosses erected by Edward I., has lately been placed near the church of St. Mary Magdalen, in memory of the martyrs Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, who suffered for the faith on a spot not far distant. It is of exquisite design and execution, and does not disgrace its position, which is high praise. The inscription,

too, is of a holy simplicity ; and those whose hearts have been touched and elevated by the contemplation of the thousand testimonies to the worth of Christianity with which the place abounds, cannot read without a deepened feeling the words with which it concludes—**TO THEM IT WAS GIVEN NOT ONLY TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST, BUT TO SUFFER FOR HIS SAKE.** The spot where the sacrifice took place is now covered by Baliol College ; but a black cross in the pavement opposite, serves as a lasting index to it. God be thanked that no monarch of England can ever repeat the crime while these memorials endure !

Oxford was, from very early times—as far back as the year 750, perhaps—the seat of some religious houses, priories, or monasteries, under the Catholic order of things. Here, too, from a date quite as remote, were established, under the patronage of these establishments, various schools. These religious establishments possessed much wealth, in lands and privileges and pious bequests, and, as the Catholic faith declined, they were converted, both buildings and lands, to the use of these schools of learning, which thus became endowed with property that every century until recently has done much to appreciate. Thus the University of Oxford is composed of twenty-four different and independent schools or colleges, each owing its origin to some more or less remote foundation in an ancient monastic establishment, or else to the piety and munificence of some pupil of one or another of these establishments, whose gratitude tempted him to found another school like that in which he himself had been nursed.

It is necessary to understand that Oxford is a city of

thirty thousand inhabitants, occupying, perhaps, two miles square, of which far the largest part is taken up by college buildings and grounds. The number of students being so large, the buildings in which they reside are of course immense; for every college has within its own jurisdiction whatever *may be needed for the instruction as well as living* of its inmates. They are uniformly built round a quadrangular court, and very few of these squares are less than two hundred feet on each face. Some of the colleges enclose as many as three quadrangles, and besides the large courts within, are surrounded by grounds of from fifty to two hundred acres in extent. These grounds, through which the two rivers of Oxford—the Cherwell and the Isis—meander, are laid out in the most tasteful manner, full of shrubs and flowers, and carpeted with a velvet sward. Trees of great magnitude and age shade their cool walks, and the most precious associations cluster about them.

There is as much difference in the extent, endowments, age, lands, and numbers of students, among these colleges as if they were in different parts of the country; and except for certain purposes, they are as independent of each other as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Union. When we consider that there are twenty-four of these colleges, each having edifices of its own, a hall or refectory, a chapel, a library, lecture-rooms, and dormitories; and that while several of them have very much more extensive accommodations than Harvard or Yale, few have less; and we may form an idea of the extent of the University of Oxford. Now, if it be remembered that the colleges are all built of stone.

and usually in the highest style of architecture; that they form the most massive piles of building, with two or three exceptions, in the world; that they preserve very much the appearance of the old monasteries from which many of them sprung, having still parts of the old buildings with the chapel, cloisters, refectory, and cells of the religious orders of seven hundred and a thousand years ago; that piety, and wealth, and taste have lavished for many centuries their stores in adding to these buildings, or restoring them; if it be further understood, that whatever we are accustomed to see in our own country in Gothic architecture most elaborately wrought in wood and plaster, is here upon a far more magnificent scale, and with an increased richness, done in solid stone, both within and without, so that no flower that blows may not be found in marble there; if it be also considered that it takes a whole day barely to walk in and out of these different quadrangles—each spacious, and splendid, and costly enough for the palace of a mighty sovereign; if it is further remembered that there are twenty-four chapels, each a magnificent temple, within this University, and full of the most costly work in stone or oak carving, or painted glass, or monuments of antiquity, or pictures, or painted ceilings, or invaluable memorials of the past—as many libraries, too, scarce one of which contains less than thirty thousand volumes, with a common library, (the Bodleian,) containing five hundred thousand—as many halls full of portraits by the best masters of the most celebrated scholars or statesmen of England for a thousand years past, with museums of all that is curious or instructive in Science,

It may not be impertinent here to advert to the common notion of the churlishness of the English, and to say that, without pretending to pass a general judgment upon so short a trial, we can hardly avoid the conclusion, from what we have already seen, that English people are at least as civil to strangers as ourselves; and really, unless we meet with something very different from our present experience, we shall be disposed to go still further, and say that we may take a lesson in this particular from our cousin of England. Everywhere we have found that the knowledge that we were Americans has secured for us whatever information and civility we required, and the grace and good humor with which these little services have been rendered have appeared to us quite remarkable—perhaps because common fame had led us to anticipate something different. And at Liverpool we saw an instance of governmental politeness that astonished us not a little, after what we had heard of the extreme rigor with which the custom-house duties were exacted—an American clergyman's somewhat voluminous luggage passed at once, without examination, as soon as his profession was named. Our poor dear stewardess would have been glad of a similar shield, for she was caught smuggling a very paltry lot of cigars and brandy, and thrown at once into jail, a place from which the united testimony in her favor of all the ladies in the cabin could do very little to rescue her. Our good captain did all he could for her, but there is no evading penalties in England, that is to say, without the payment of huge sums of money.

To return to our transit from Oxford to London. A

fellows, who drill the young men in their studies. Besides the fellowships, there are, in all the colleges, scholarships, to which indigent young men are eligible. Others are admitted upon the payment of certain fees. We understood that two hundred pounds a year was a moderate estimate of the expenses of a commoner at Oxford, being about three times as much as in our own colleges. There are no professors in the colleges. The University appoints professors, who give lectures, on which the students of all the colleges attend. All the instruction in the way of recitation is given by the tutors of the particular colleges, or by private tutors elected and hired by the student himself, from among the fellows of Oxford.

We longed to give a month to Oxford, but the hour came for our departure, and we felt obliged to tear ourselves away, in order to be in London at the appointed time. In the railway carriage we were talking over our delight and wonder among ourselves, when a gentleman, who had seemed absorbed in a book, looked up and joined in the conversation, rectifying some mistaken conjecture or remark dropped by one of us as to the constitution or government of the University. We were glad to avail ourselves of information thus offered, and met our friend's advance with a frankness with which his own fully kept pace; so that before we separated we had gained much information respecting certain peculiarities in the University-government, and from an unquestionable source too, for our unknown fellow passenger proved to be a dignitary of one of the colleges—a most kind and gentlemanly person.

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To return to our transit from Oxford to London. A



huge old fellow, with a crimson face, and no very measured mode of expressing his thoughts, was among our fellow-passengers, and we saw very plainly what we had never seen before,—that Mr. Dickens's drinking characters were not over-drawn. This worthy, a perfect model of old Weller, had a wicker-covered bottle of brandy in his carpet-bag, and the number of times he had recourse to his miserable comforter was perfectly astounding. He seemed accustomed to it, however, for he showed no appearance of drunkenness except a little more ill-humor, and a disposition to ban everything that interfered with his personal convenience. The way in which he bullied the conductor, and prevented the carriage from being filled with passengers, was amusing, especially as we shared the benefit. Impudence certainly tells better in England than in America.



## L O N D O N .

WE entered London by gas-light, but really as one can see but a street at a time, there is very little sensation about the matter, especially when one is weary with a hard day's journey. Thus much by way of forewarning to the reader, who will doubtless hear, as we did, of the impression made by entering London at night. We feel in duty bound to tell the truth, having determined to see with our own eyes as exclusively as possible, and we aver that entering London by night is very much like en-

tering New York at the same hour. It must not be concealed that our thoughts were running a good deal on tea and bed, and when we were once quietly seated in our excellent lodgings in Cavendish Square, the splendor of London gas very soon faded from our recollection. The house now occupied by Mr. W. Johnson, formerly of New York, affords a very good specimen of the dwellings of the nobility of the past age. It has been standing perhaps seventy years, yet the whole style is still striking and elegant. The amplitude of the halls and stairways, in particular, give an air of great magnificence, affording space for statuary, candelabra, and ornamental furniture, such as is usually reserved for the drawing-rooms of our American houses, where the hall and stairs too often seem like an after-thought. It is very lofty, and perfectly convenient; and as an abiding place for travellers can hardly be surpassed, at least while it continues under the present excellent management. The position at the west end of the town, contiguous to Regent-street and the new and elegant portion of London, and elevated full seventy feet above the level of the river, is unexceptionable.

#### THE SHOWS.

Any account of the regular lions of London must of course be superfluous here, for the guide-books have unconsciously taken the wind out of the tourist's sails in all these matters. Yet it goes hard to pass Westminster Abbey without a word; and it seems odd that St. Paul's, which filled so large a place in our thoughts, should occupy none at all on our paper; that that dear old toy-shop, the

Tower, should but occupy our staring eyes for an hour, and then go undistinguished into the lumber-room of memory. But it is not possible to conceive, without actual observation, how much these things are vulgarized and turned into mere shows by the mode in which they are exhibited. Whole parties of incongruous people are huddled together, and an automaton of a guide, marching at their head, doles out his dismal lesson, in a voice to which an active saw-mill would be no unfit accompaniment. If you would linger awhile, in the faint hope of calling up and rendering available your long stored reminiscences of departed worth and beauty, the grating voice summons you to proceed at once. You have got what you paid for, and you must not take an extra look at Mary of Scotland, or a pencil note of some curious inscription, unless you can defer your romance and your researches until leave can be obtained from the dean for the indulgence of these proscribed feelings. The taking of money at the door for a sight of this great national monument, the glory of England and the remembrancer of her great ones, has been so often commented upon, that one can't help thinking of those who have authority in the case under the figure of the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears. Yet it would really be almost as respectable to set up one's mother for a paying show, because her memory was stored with the great things of the past. Considering the lavish expenditure of the government in other directions, there is an odious meanness about this, that we may hope yet to see abandoned.

All of St. Paul's that is really worth seeing is free. The nobler portions are the only ones that the traveller of

taste should see. The vast area of the nave, the heaven-hung dome, the inside view from the Whispering Gallery, and the outer view from the Golden Gallery, are all. Whoever ascends further breaks the impression, and belittles his permanent image of this vast structure. The monuments have a modern air, and poor Dr. Johnson looks particularly forlorn, with nothing on but a sheet, as if he had been called out of bed by the cry of fire. This matter of drapery for statues becomes a subject of incessant question as one walks through these monumental aisles. The wig and buckles of Dr. Johnson would not certainly be very classical; but he is not Dr. Johnson without them, and we desire nobody else as we stand near his grave. The equestrian statue of George III., which the wits say is

“ a ridiculous thing,  
All horse-tail and pig-tail, and not an inch of king,”

is not a whit more ridiculous than the figure of Dr. Johnson in a costume, or non-costume, which would have been odious to him while living. If it was necessary to wind him in a sheet, he should have been represented as dead, and so unable to put himself in more proper trim for sitting to the artist.

If I had the slightest hope of being useful, I should, in the most pathetic manner, warn all future travellers—ladies especially—against that gigantic humbug—an ascent to the top of St. Paul's. But the mania for sight-seeing is so strong, after one gets fairly agoing, that to “stand upon the cross and bawl,” as Hood says, seems to

each succeeding tourist *the* thing, without which he could not be said to have seen London. But really, after toiling up perpendicular ladders, covered with dust, for half an hour, and, at last coming to the ball, finding that the smoke of London completely obscured most of the prospect, we felt benevolently disposed towards those who were to come after us, and determined at least to record our disappointment for their benefit. As we stood, blank and vexed after our toils, memory brought back, rather mal-apropos, the saying of a somewhat crusty old gentleman, in whose presence a young man said, a little boastfully, "I went up into the ball." "So did I," said our friend, "and I was a fool for my pains!" Truth is not always polite.

At the Tower, the very things you would wish to see are not open to the public. You are shown the armory, but not allowed time to examine particular articles which are really curious; you see a parcel of fine old suits with big dolls in them, cruelly set astride on wooden horses, and Queen Elizabeth, well-hung with glass beads, and looking at you out of glass eyes; and just as you are going out of a gallery where many minute things have been occupying your attention, you are told that here Sir Walter Raleigh took his exercise, in all the long years during which he inhabited this gloomy abode; and in this dungeon on the left he slept; but you must hurry on, and go to see—what? The Crown jewels. If you would thread the different courts of the Tower, seek out places of interest which abound within its precincts, pause to marshal your historical recollections, or venture a step out of sight of the stolid yeoman who goes before

you fluttering like a maypole with his particolored ribbons—you are soon taught the difference between seeing the Tower and having it shown to you. The Tower, as a great historical fact, is not shown to you ; some paltry adjuncts are all that you are allowed to visit. Surely there might be some arrangement by which travellers of decent standing and tolerable intelligence should be allowed to get a real knowledge of this structure, interesting by so many associations. At the present the whole is a mere cockney show.

After the two great Cathedrals, the Temple Church is the best worth seeing of any in London. It is one of four round churches built in England by the Knights Templars, on their return from the crusades, modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It has been restored within a few years, and is certainly one of the most beautiful and interesting monuments we have yet seen. The *Te Deum Laudamus*, done in red, and in ancient characters, adorns the walls ; and antique delineations of the kings of England, during whose reigns the Templars reached the height of their power in England, are painted on the wall of the chancel. Various emblematic devices appear on the floors, the roof, the walls, repeated again and again ; the winged horse of the Order, the Red Cross, the Standard, half white, half black, called *Beau-Séant* ; the Double Lion ; and several mysterious birds and beasts, which we must leave to the heralds. The coloring is gorgeous, but not gaudy in effect ; perhaps the exquisitely polished pillars of dark marble have the effect to chasten the whole. Some beautiful carving in oak adorns the chancel ; but, in

general, the wood is plain. The altar, and the new-old windows, are glowing and appropriate; the arches rich in arabesques, quite in keeping with the Oriental associations which hang about the Templars. But the precious things are the figures of the Crusaders themselves; in the circular part of the church, where are ten massive figures recumbent on the marble floor, in suits of mail, of different fashions of chain and plate armor, with helmets, but the visors unclasped; one with a great sword; another with his sword run through a lion's head; some with their legs crossed in token of a crusade actually accomplished; others in the usual position, betokening that, however good the intention, it was never carried into effect: these figures, all of solid metal or marble, have a majesty which fills the imagination. The faces, depicted in the death-calm, are dignified, as death always is; and their character is so various, that one studies them in full confidence that they are true portraits of the mighty men of war of the twelfth century. The Knights Hospitallers of the order of St. John of Jerusalem had possession when the Templars were dissolved, until they in their turn were disbanded by Henry VIII.; but we could discover no particular traces of their residence. We attended service in this church, with the particular object of hearing the fine chanting by the choir. The organ is not a remarkably good one, but it was well played, and the singing was delicious. We observed a number of young boys among the white-surplined singers; but we could scarcely believe that some sweet strains which now and then relieved the more manly chant, were not from female lips. We are told,

however, that there are no female singers. Much of the service was chanted; and the frequent responses of a musical "A-men" to the spoken prayers, was most sweet. The sermon might better have been chanted too, for it was delivered in so low a tone that the congregation below the middle of the choir, which is the part used for worship, could not catch half the leading words. To some of those who did hear, it was a little amusing to listen, just at this crisis, to a sermon recommending implicit, "contented" obedience to "the powers that be," hardly allowing the possibility of a rightful resistance; and citing the "dreadful example of France" as a warning against any attempt to produce changes in government. The duties of rulers were touched upon, but with great briefness and caution; whilst the crime of dissatisfaction was drest in the most odious colors. The good old gentleman who preached to the Templars that day, will certainly, like the Vicar of Bray, hold his place whatever king may reign.

TUESDAY, MAY 10.—I am no longer surprised that Dickens and other English travellers abuse our means of travelling sojourn. The privacy and quiet of such a home as we enjoy in London cannot be purchased for money in any city of the United States. We found at Johnson's, in Cavendish Square, all that any hotel or private boarding-house can offer in the way of elegance, abundance, service, and comfortable arrangements; but we were of course mingled with strangers, and obliged to sit out long dinners, let our engagements or preferences be what they might. Conformity is absolutely necessary in such cases, and nowhere, perhaps,



is it less disagreeable than in a well-ordered London house. But this way of life not being agreeable to any of us, we took furnished lodgings, in which we live, for the time, just as quietly and with as absolute freedom as at home. We order our meals at any and all hours, just as suits our plans for the day, and punctual to the moment all is ready, waiting for hours if we fail to arrive, and served without a remark or sign of surprise or discomfiture. If we stay out late, a mute lets us in, and seems unconscious whether the hour be ten or two. If at this unreasonable moment we choose supper, it is forthcoming, even though our purveyors have to go out to procure materials. I hope the reader will not conclude that we try these London Griseldas to any extravagant extent, but our excitement, and the desire we feel to accomplish a great deal in a little time, certainly gives us some opportunity of forming a judgment of what might be done in the way of exaction. All this is not excessively costly, *for London*. Our suite of rooms is handsomely furnished, and no convenience is wanting. The bed-rooms look like home, which no hireable bed-rooms with us ever do; and the servants serve as if it was their business, and not as if you were the obliged person. On the whole, we like our private lodgings exceedingly, and recommend the first floor of No. 8 Norfolk street, Strand, to quiet people like ourselves, even though their friends should say to them, as ours did to us, that it is horrid to live so far from Belgravia!

Travellers need care very little for the mere fashionableness of their resting-place in a foreign city. A central and easily accessible position is of far more importance,

since time is the great treasure. Most people travelling abroad carry their claims with them, and can be but little indebted for consideration to the choice of a temporary residence. Indeed, for flying tourists, like ourselves, much visiting is out of the question ; and the position from which we can get soonest to certain points of interest, is the one to be preferred. We have never regretted that our quiet and comfortable lodging is nearer Temple Bar than West-End fastidiousness can tolerate. We have great authority for loving to stem the tide of life that rolls ceaselessly along the Strand. Doctor Johnson and Charles Lamb both spent hours of high enjoyment there, and left affectionate acknowledgments of obligation to the great thoroughfare. We may have time for inanities at home, but here all is life and interest for us, and every moment is taken up with something real.

#### HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Among these we reckon our visit to the House of Lords, not as to the outside, which has a sort of enfeebled and overdressed mediæval look, unfavorably contrasted on one side with the time-worn massive grandeur of the Abbey, and on the other with the no less substantial but unpretending buildings of to-day. The Houses of Parliament, stretched along the bank of the Thames, look from the river like some gigantic toy in terra cotta, be-pinnacled and be-frittered until all grandeur is lost in endless detail, and the only thought that strikes you is that of enormous cost thrown away. How the country that possesses Oxford could build such a pile for her great councils, is

a marvel. There is no grand thing in London so entirely out of harmony with surrounding objects. Old Lambeth Palace, on the other side of the river, puts it to shame. If it were not that the people must pay for it, I should care little how soon some flaming orator set it alight, and cleared the ground for something more dignified.

Within, the size is very impressive—one gallery, that into which the committee-rooms open, being, as we were told, eight hundred feet long, in a straight line. All is finished or finishing in the most gorgeous tone of mediæval decoration. The ceilings are particularly elaborate, and so over-gilded that we were rather glad to hear that every chimney in the building smokes, since the glare will the sooner be toned down into something more agreeable. The reason given for this fumigation was ludicrous enough; it was that the architect would not allow the chimneys to be carried up to a proper height, because they would interfere with the exterior appearance of the pile! We should not blame the Chinese if they called such an artist an "*outside barbarian*," since the English would very readily apply an equally contemptuous term to a Chinese builder who should exhibit similar fatuity.

The 'Lords' Chamber is the very climax and concentration of gorgeousness infinitely subdivided, with the least possible variety or grandeur of effect. Crimson, blue, and gold, fatigue the eye, and V. R. occurs so often that one is crossly tempted to think it stands for Very Ridiculous. Some of the details are exquisitely beautiful, and the whole looks warm and comfortable, but quite overloaded. Poverty of invention is but made

more apparent by the immense amount of labor and skill which illustrates it. If the architect had happened to be a painter, he would certainly have delighted to fill his canvas with files of soldiers, and long streets of handsome brick houses; if a mechanic, he would have luxuriated in rows of pins, or ranks of shining buttons.

We saw the Chamber in its glory, on the opening of Parliament after the Easter holidays; when the Archbishop of Canterbury took the oaths, and the new Bishop of Hereford, the hero of at least a temporary notoriety, read prayers. A delegation from the other House was received, and there was a good deal of ceremony on the occasion of the royal assent to several bills, the titles of which were read by a grave personage in wig and pig-tails, who, with proper reverences, pronounced after each recital, "*La reine le veut*," in an awful tone of legal solemnity. The Lord Chancellor, meanwhile, and his brother Commissioners, who had donned scarlet and ermined robes of office and cocked hats, and placed themselves in order due upon the wool-sack, chatted and laughed cosily among themselves, taking just sufficient note of what was going on, to remember to lift the three-cornered hats, in honor of the Queen's name, at each announcement of the solemn man in black gown and pig-tails. As soon as the reading was over, the three Commissioners darted into the robing-room, and very soon returned without the scarlet vestments which they had dragged on very carelessly for the occasion. The whole thing had very much the air of a dress-rehearsal; and I caught myself fancying that the real thing was to come off somewhere else.

Lord Stanley made one of his best speeches—that which castigated Lord Palmerston for his impertinence to Portugal. The matter had been very carefully prepared, and the cuts came in to time, with great precision. Most of the members listened with marked attention; but Lord Brougham displayed the tiger-like restlessness for which he is noted—fidgetting incessantly, and walking about with very little ceremony. “Punch” has taken so many liberties with his Lordship, that we did not go to England with any peculiar personal respect for him; and there was certainly little in his appearance or manner to demand it. Very different is the bearing of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who made a short speech in reply to Lord Stanley. He has the appearance of a substantial country gentleman, possessed of good sense and right-mindedness enough to have no ambition to shine. We sat for a while very near the Duke—near enough to study not only the pattern of a very large and shining stock-buckle, which always irradiates the back of his neck, but his face and its expression, made so familiar by a thousand pictures. An air of senility and even decay contrasts rather painfully with the military abruptness of his movements and the rapidity of his speech, and with a certain effort to be strong, quite evident to close observation. Why should there be anything painful in the symptoms of natural decay, which we know are but chinks in the tenement which the soul has nearly done with? I believe the feeling arises from our associating failure of mind with failure of body; and from an impression that it is not quite certain that the immortal part has been fully provided for.

Certain it is, that the old age of the good is often both sweet and glorious—so full of beauty, of hope, and of consolation, that grey hairs and feeble steps are forgotten.

Mr. Guizot, so lately descended into the ranks of private citizenship, was in the House at the time; but we were provokingly enough told of it only when it was too late to get a sight of him. Metternich might have been there, too; for he was in London, putting up quietly, and like other people, at the Brunswick Hotel. These days of down-pulling make us think of Joshua's order—"Bring out those *five kings* unto me out of the cave." Royalty and its appendages were never cheaper than at present.

The English frequently use in conversation, "The Lords' House"—"The Commons' House," reminding one of the epigram made by some wit on the inscription of "Domus Ultima," upon the tomb of one of the Dukes of Richmond:

"Did he who thus inscribed the wall  
Not read, or not believe St. Paul,  
Who says there is, where'er it stands,  
*Another house*, 'not made with hands'?  
Or may we gather from these words,  
That house is not a House of Lords?"

We went to the Commons' House after we were tired of the Lords', and were ushered into a sort of dust-hole, from which we could peep through blinds down into a half-lighted, barn-like place, about the floor of which some little figures were moving, who, we were assured,

were distinguished people elsewhere. This exclusion of women from the House of Commons is very funny and very provoking ; for if the Lords are more gentlemanly, the Commons always make the best speeches. From the eyrie allotted to us, we could scarce hear more than a murmur of what was going on below, so we remained but a few moments. Afterwards, we spent a little while in Westminster Hall ; but one wants to sit there quietly, for hours, to "realize," as the Eastern people say. It would require no little time and effort to connect the sad and glorious things of old with that great void—dingy and forlorn, as deserted rooms are apt to be.

The Court of Chancery, into which we looked for a moment, is a small room, or a small-looking room ; and the Lord Chancellor and the lawyers about him seemed less formal than we imagined such grave business-men to be. The Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, is a kind-looking man, and spoke gently and in a friendly tone ; while the lawyers, though duly wigged and gowned, and formal enough in their appearance, talked quite at ease among themselves, and to his lordship ; and the whole court wore as degagée an air as possible. If it were practicable to express in writing the peculiar sound which the English give to the expression, "My Lord," I should like to attempt it ; but it must be heard.

#### MAY MUSIC.

LONDON is like a nest of singing-birds just now. Jenny Lind, Alboni, Grisi, and half a dozen more of only less note, are trilling and twittering somewhere every night. The

ecstasies are reserved for Jenny, whose very faults are exalted to the skies as peculiar, individual excellencies. She is a very fascinating little syren, certainly ; and we can hardly blame the young men for falling in love with her graces and prettinesses, which so set off and appreciate her sweet singing. But take the singing alone, and as a whole, it is, as an artistic performance, far inferior to some others ; though, in certain *tours de force*, Jenny is unrivalled as yet. When she crosses her arms on her breast, raises her pretty shoulders, fixes her eyes intensely on the audience, and gives forth a sustained note, higher in the clouds than human organs could be expected to reach, we confess her power, and assent to all that her warmest admirers insist on. But the quality of her voice is comparatively poor ; it does not compare in roundness and melody with Alboni's or with Castellani's, who has one of the best natural organs I have ever heard ; while in scientific training Grisi is infinitely superior. Jenny's reputation is made up of many kinds of material, among which the gentle sweetness, and real kindness and simplicity of her character bear their part. She has a pretty place at Brompton, which she calls home ; and one of her neighbors there assured me that she was an angel of goodness. This character, her youth, her pleasant face and delicate appearance, all contribute, probably, to the enthusiasm of the public. Poor Grisi, so long a reigning favorite, is now convicted of the crime of growing old, and sings to scant houses, though she is a good actress, which Jenny will never be.

Mademoiselle Alboni is two Jenny Linds rolled into one, for size of body and power and volume of voice.



She reminds me a good deal of our old favorite Pico, who was never fully appreciated in New York. Alboni's figure is the worst possible without deformity; in the costume of a page, which one cannot but marvel she ever consents to wear, she becomes a sight indeed. But her singing is delicious, and her face, though not handsome, is good-humored, which is next best. I can observe nothing superior in the style of the opera in London. Scenery, dresses, performance, are all just like our own; the orchestral accompaniments not generally as perfect and effective. Choruses are made up of just such kitchen-maidish and footman-like people, in red velvet and gold foil, as constitute our priestesses and patriots at home, and the scene-shifting is performed with a blundering awkwardness which seldom occurs in our first-class theatres. As to the general appearance of the houses, that is dingy, of course, as almost everything in London soon becomes; our "old Dreary," as the Park used to be called, was gay and clean compared with Covent Garden or the Haymarket. The ladies in the boxes are usually a good deal drest, or undrest, for there is a wonderful display of shoulders.

## SIGHTS.

MAY 14.—We have walked through the British Museum, with how little satisfaction! If one had courage to omit such things, and come home with an honest confession that one had not seen them, how much fruitless labor would be spared. This immense collection would of itself have occupied profitably our whole time in Lon-

don, yet we had hardly an hour to give to it. We must content ourselves with carrying home a notion of the size and arrangement of this great national treasure-house, and leave the examination of it to more fortunate travellers.

Greenwich Hospital was to be done on the same day, so we hurried off to the station-house and whirled down there in a few minutes. The size of this establishment is most magnificent, but every inch was covered with starers like ourselves, and as not one single seat is allowed from one end of the raree-show to the other, we hurried through all as rapidly as possible, with a predominant wish that some degree of liberality and kindliness could be infused into the British mode of exhibiting objects of national pride. We can well afford to acknowledge every imputation cast upon us by the English for petty barbarisms, since no traveller in England but must be struck with an essential want of civilization and refinement in matters of far greater importance. The *spirit* of things in England wants humanizing; we are far ahead in that. In some conventional matters she surpasses us; in good-nature, and all that refers to sympathy, she has much to learn, even from wild Brother Jonathan.

The show of Greenwich Hospital is one of the most disgusting we have yet met with. The place is far from clean; the showmen are generally sulky and even rude; the much-vaunted gallery is hung with vulgar heroes with suitable faces; and although the distances are long and fatiguing, there is, as we have said, no liberty to sit down, even on the stone steps that surround a clumsy statue in one of the halls. As for the wards, they were

so offensive from want of neatness and ventilation, that we were glad to turn our backs upon them at once.

Hampton Court is a more civilized lion. It has a very quiet air, and the people who show it are civil. As a show, however, it disappoints, for one sees but a scrap of it, comparatively. The formal old gardens are the most attractive thing about the palace. Those, one can people with Wolsey and Henry VIII., and Anne Boleyn; it is difficult to connect anything royal and stately with the dismantled building and its stream of sight-hunters. The cartoons make one melancholy, for nothing can be more suggestive of the transitoriness of earth's great doings than the pale and scarce distinguishable aspect of these treasures of art. One would rather not have seen them.

We drove round by Richmond Hill on our return, and from that lovely spot saw one of the exquisitely soft and golden landscapes for which summer England is so famous. The air was in a fine noon haze; the sunlight a little softened; the water covered with sparkles, and the green that of the fresh grass about a hidden brook. Scattered trees of great size enrich the gentle slopes, and fringes of forest vary the lines of the horizon. The Thames lies at your feet, crossed by a beautiful bridge; villas and grand old mansions give the scene the charm added by association with the splendors of past and present time. All breathes of Thomson and the Seasons, for he has wonderfully embodied the place and its genius in his poem. Rural nature, in trimmest trim, carefully weeded of every rudeness, and disposed with theatrical exactness as to effect, smiles on through the Seasons, and through the landscapes that inspired them. The painter looks in vain

for the "brown tree," or the rough anything. But Richmond surveys an expanse whose beauty is that of the gardens of Delight in eastern story, unrelieved by contrast and suggestive only of repose and luxurious ease. The drive through the Park reminded me of our Western "openings," but it differs from them essentially in refusing admittance to hackney coaches.

London is just now full of fun about the 200,000 "special constables" who were sworn in on the occasion of a late anticipated attempt of that terrible British bugbear, the Chartists. The shop-window caricatures, the penny ballads, the minor theatrical pieces, and the spontaneous fun generally, all turn upon this demonstration of alarm on the part of the government and the property-holders. The alarmists still insist that, but for the protecting shadow of these two hundred thousand extempore heroes, all sober people would have been first murdered and then burnt in their beds, by a few half-starved weavers, whose grievances alone make them formidable; but the middle classes generally treat the idea with derision, and consider the smallness of the dreaded meeting a manifestation of the weakness of those who might have wished to disturb the peace. Be this as it may, some of the amusing things the affair elicited were really good, and particularly an extravaganza called the Castle of Otranto, at Covent Garden, which made us laugh most heartily.

A charming cockney sight is Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of wax statuary, in an immense room splendidly lighted, and wearing a good deal the appearance, in some parts, of a regular royal drawing-room during the hour

of presentation. Kings and Queens, Lords and Archbishops; princely folk in ermine and gold embroidery; royal babies in satin and laces; heroes, sages, worthies of all degrees of worthiness,—throng this bewildering assemblage. Julia Grisi as Norma; Jenny Lind as the Somnambula; William Cobbett, in his own character of a sturdy John Bull; the ingenious Madame Tussaud herself, and dozens of interesting people more are here, as large as life, but only half as natural, except in certain cases where they are placed in isolated positions in the midst of the crowd of spectators, where they are most satisfactorily deceptive. Besides this grand saloon, with its light and music, there are other rooms filled with relics of Napoleon and a thousand things reminiscent of the French Revolution. Among these are many articles of exceeding interest, as well as some that are simply horrible. These last, in the shape of waxen representations of mangled bodies—Robespierre's, in particular, I think, but am not certain, for I ran away.

The most exquisitely beautiful thing in the whole collection is an enamelled table, painted with miniatures by Isabey—a relic of the glories of the empire. Among the most interesting are the bed on which Napoleon died, the carriage in which he escaped from Waterloo, and many other articles bearing the marks of his personal use.

#### THE AMATEUR PLAYS.

A CHATTING subject just now in London is the amateur plays, for the benefit of the curatorship of the Shak-

speare House. Mr. Dickens, who is to be stage-manager, is the main-spring of the affair, and so much engaged that he could not come to dine, where we had expected to see him, a day or two since. But we saw him at his own house, in his own pleasant library, looking out upon a bosky green garden, and furnished with all that makes libraries comfortable and attractive. It was with no little gratification that I seated myself at the desk where so many delightful things have been written, and looked about upon the appliances which helped to give us "Dombey" and the "Cricket," not to speak of the earlier stories, that date further back than Mr. Dickens's residence in Devonshire Terrace. All was arranged with the business-like order and neatness which is said to characterize everything done by Mr. Dickens, who completely refutes the vulgar idea of the irregularities of genius. He received us with cordial frankness, and asked, with eyes full of fun, "How are you pleased with our country?"—the question of which he complained so much during his visit to the United States. For my own part, I rewarded his hospitality by stealing one of his pens, hoping there might be something inspiring in its touch.

The amateur plays came off finely. Mark Lemon, Forster, of the "Examiner," Mr. Dudley Costello, George Cruikshank, and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and sundry artists, assisted; but Mr. Dickens was all in all. He toiled incessantly in the cause, and was the only good actor in the company; for although great correctness of appreciation was evident, the lack of use and of technical knowledge chilled parts of the performance very much. The

dresses and decorations were beautiful, however, and everybody was pleased. The company afterwards repeated these performances at several of the principal towns, and finished in Edinburgh; but I did not learn what was the grand result. The immediate object of the effort was a desire, on the part of the gentlemen who made it, to provide for Mr. Sheridan Knowles, as Curator of the Shakspeare House.

## LONDON VISITS.

It is, perhaps, too late in the day to include Mr. Rogers in our vow against mentioning the names of those whose hospitality we enjoy. The amenities of his house are so charming, that nobody has been able to be silent about them. A breakfast with him is among the much-coveted and long-remembered pleasures of the traveller; and in summing up pleasures, it would be hard to omit this. We found Mr. Rogers in a quiet parlor, rich in gems of art from cornice to floor, and looking upon a garden whose shrubberies against the morning sky made fresh pictures within the window-frames. Oh, this "giving" upon gardens! what an inestimable addition is it to splendor and comfort! In this, how old, crowded, sophisticated London—as we are wont to think it—excels our cities of the new, roomy world! Nobody that can afford anything, does without trees, shrubs, and flowers. Nobody shuts out real foliage with curtains on which mock greenery is painted. Not only in the lovely suburban villas with which London is girded,

"Like the swart Indian with his belt of beads,"

but in the very thickest of the close-packed streets, is this a coveted feature of home—of the cosy sitting-room, or the snug library, or the cheerful breakfast-parlor. The visitor walks to the window, at once, though the walls may be hung with landscape, and the tables loaded with all that foreign travel has obtained of rare and beautiful.

Among the guests was Mrs. Opie, whose works delighted our grandmothers, yet who seems still fresh, and full of more than youthful interest in all that is going on in the world. Mrs. Opie's reputation is not only brilliant, but solid; her earlier works charmed the gayest reader; her later ones gave the world a lesson which it needed, perhaps, as much as any. No book on morals has been more generally read than those of this lady on the subtle ramifications and endless disguises of falsehood. There seemed to be a general anointing of eyes by the power of truth. Every one felt as if his sins had been set in order before him; the flimsy covering of fashion fell off at the touch of the enchantress, and the vice of lying showed its hideous face in all its native deformity. The courage which enabled a woman to call the monster by its right name, inspired respect. All read, and all stood convicted. I looked at Mrs. Opie with no little interest, to ascertain whether she had any consciousness of this high celebrity; but I could observe nothing beyond the most entire simplicity of manners. I do not mean that I looked for vanity or silly assumption; but I strove to read in her clear, open countenance, some sense of her unusual claims to attention and respect. I saw benevolence, modesty, and good



sense ; and I rejoiced to see health, and strength, and cheerfulness. I noticed that her dress, though Quaker in form, was of the richest materials ; and her manners in some sense correspondent—simple and unaffected, but evincing an acquaintance with the world and with the best society.

It was affecting to see the good understanding that subsisted between our host and this distinguished lady ; and to think that they alone, of all that company, had known face to face the great ones of a past generation. They could talk with each other familiarly of people whom we would give so much to have known—Scott, Byron, Southey, and many, many more. They have a world of the past to retire to when this grows vapid ; and when we consider the term to which their years have reached, we cannot help feeling as if the great future were theirs too, still more emphatically than ours, though every day's accidents shows us how little youth or health or strength has to do with the prospect of long life. For my own part, it pleased me to consider Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Opie as exemplifying the conservative power of mind ; for it is a favorite doctrine of mine, that a certain amount of brain-work is essential to health and longevity—partly, perhaps, because intellectual pursuits aid us so materially in bearing up under the lesser, and even the greater troubles of life.

Elegance has devised nothing beyond what we find at a London breakfast like this. The service, partly of gold, was altogether precious, in form and choice of materials and color. The refreshments, mingled with flowers, were delicate enough for Ganymede to have served, but

various and abundant ; and the company such as it is not easy to assemble, even in England. Our host full of anecdote and reminiscence—flowing and easy in his talk—gallant, serious, and altogether gentlemanly ; the younger ladies—one of whom, a very charming person, acted as our chaperon—approaching him with a sort of tenderness, which he repaid by a manner full of regard and appreciation ; the elder claiming the privilege of ancient friendship—a claim most gracefully acknowledged. Mr. Rogers is one of the few hosts who become the natural centre of their own circle. Nothing about him takes your attention from himself. His words are choice and simple, and his manner devoid of pretension ; but when he is showing you, in his quiet way, the beautiful things he has collected together, you turn from picture and statue, precious marble and Egyptian relic, to the speaker, choosing rather to listen than look. That very evening we were invited to meet Mr. Cobden, who had just come from a very late dinner, and evidently felt not particularly brilliant. It were ungracious to compare him with the elegant poet and man of the world whom we had seen in the morning ; but he seemed to me like some honest senator from Maine or Arkansas—no carpet-knight or flamen of the graces. He might pass for an American, throughout the United States, as far as mere outward aspect goes. What his conversational powers may be we cannot even conjecture, from what little we saw of him.

I recollect very well that when we were talking over, before we left home, the delights of being in England, we spoke with regret of the great and good whom we

*might* have seen if it had been our fate to visit England earlier ; and reckoned, for consolation, those who still remained. Among these were Miss Edgeworth, Miss Baillie, Miss Jane Porter, Mr. Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and others, who, in various degrees, had interested us since childhood. It is impossible for English people to understand the feelings with which Americans approach the fountain of their land's language ; for there is no country on earth where they can go with similar impressions and prepossessions. But my own countrymen know how tender is the feeling with which our ideal of great English writers inspires us ; and how much of the pleasant anticipation of a visit to England is derived from the hope of seeing some of those whose works have delighted us. Almost every one is romantic enough to fancy, at first, that a visit to a favorite author will be like the ideal calls we made upon him from the other side of the ocean—no bars of strangerhood, form, or distaste keeping apart those whose souls have so much in common. It does not require long to take this nonsense out of one, however ; and we are forced to learn that the mind on paper, and the mind in muscles and broadcloth or satin, are approachable on quite different terms. Few authors, therefore, do not disappoint us—not through their fault, but that of circumstances—not because they are not, essentially, all that they seem in their books, but because the ordinary intercourse of society, fettered as it is by a thousand indispensable restraints, is but a Pyramus and Thisbe sort of communion for kindred minds, allowing one only an occasional provoking glimpse of what we love, and obliging us to be content with

knowing that on the other side of the brick wall before us is something warm, brilliant, true, profound, endearing, as the case may be. Besides, all the poetry, all the pleasure, and all the advantage, is on our side. We are acquainted with the charming soul of our idol, at least ; he knows nothing of us but an ordinary outside. He, being at home, is full of occupation—has plenty of friends—receives us only through benevolence, perhaps, or, at least, would never have missed us had we stayed away. We, travelling for pleasure, and having time at command—full of curiosity as well as of a higher feeling of interest, cannot expect the man of mind to shine out fully for our gratification, and should be thankful if he will but receive us with bare civility. They are wiser, without doubt, who never seek the bodily presence of the author whose works have delighted them ; but their number will always be small, for the desire is all but irresistible.

We hoped to have seen Miss Edgeworth, who is as much loved and honored in the United States as in her own country ; but she was not in London, and had, besides, just suffered great afflictions, so that we could not think of intruding our letters of introduction upon her.

But Miss Baillie we did see, happily—Joanna Baillie, whom Sir Walter Scott thought the best English dramatic writer since Shakspeare, and whom no one that can appreciate the poetical expression of high thoughts places below the first rank of English writers. Our friends at home had been so eager to secure our introduction to this lady, that we were furnished with several letters, and

we transmitted them at once, half-fearing that in the press of visitors at Hampstead, pilgrims from America might hardly find a place.

Miss Baillie has had the happiness of residing in one house nearly all her life. Who can tell how much the unbroken associations of that pleasant home, the quiet of those rural shades, the inspiration of that splendid landscape, have done towards making her a poet? John Quincy Adams reckoned among the blessings to be peculiarly thankful for—a “heritable habitation;” and so do I; but so do not my countrymen generally. That dear, quiet, old house, with its shrub-girdled court-yard, its pretty garden, its old-fashioned windows and love-hallowed furniture, would never have remained unaltered through lives passed in the full blaze of success and world-wide fame like that of Dr. Baillie and his sister Joanna, if they had been scions of our young Republic. But here they have lived, from infancy to advanced age, the honored centre of a large circle, without a thought or wish to put on any outward splendor in fancied correspondence with their acknowledged claims. The house is the very ideal of comfort, and rich everywhere with memorials of the dear, the good, and the eminent who have been associated with the inmates; but it lacks everything for which houses are prized in New York. But how dignified did the sisters, who are now its only and honored occupants, appear in the midst of these simple and unaffected surroundings. It were impertinent to describe them as they appeared to their gratified guests; for in these days the humblest whisper is heard across the Atlantic: but I could not refrain from this slight

expression of respect and admiration, as well as of the gratification afforded us by their cordial and hospitable reception. Our visit at Hampstead is among our sweetest recollections of England. If I dare but transcribe from my journal some records of other visits made in these days, I might be able to give our impressions of the charming character of the intellectual society of London, better than by any general remarks. But I forbear; for although people already famous may and must submit to a certain publicity, we all know how utterly destructive it must be of the freedom of social intercourse, to know that a stranger guest may be all the time parcelling you out for dissection; taking your measure, personal and intellectual, with his keen glance of pretended unconsciousness; picking tit-bits out of your talk for his book; planning to treat you, as soon as he gets the ocean between you and him, as if the grave had closed upon your pretensions. America used to be as far off from England as posterity; and one felt as free to speak of things there, as of the peccadilloes of our ancestors. But the steamships have "changé tout cela;" and the traveller is obliged to be as careful in recording his English reminiscences, as if the sea were nothing but a cracked board partition. This is vexatious; for generalities are very dull. There was that charming breakfast at Mr. ——'s, where we met a great traveller, *à fait* on all matters however distantly allied to art; a natural philosopher, to whom some people were disposed to ascribe the "Vestiges of Creation," which made so much noise a year or two since; and an Italian gentleman full of enthusiasm, and information too—a charming

companion, and one whose suggestions about foreign travel were peculiarly acceptable to us. And the dinner at that lovely villa, where one looked out, from a luxurious table, and choice collection of guests, upon embowering trees and shrubbery, *in London*; as quiet and retired as in the forests of Iowa, yet surrounded with all the wonders of the highest civilization. Our stay in London was so full of pleasant experiences, that it is really a self-denial not to particularize.

#### THE TEMPLE.

A WALK in the Temple Gardens, bordering on the Thames, made me long to write a whole chapter on London ruralities, but it would be hardly possible to give an idea of the effect of these scenes of quiet seclusion which one comes upon unexpectedly in the midst of the thronging bustle of the metropolis of the world. The Temple gardens, being completely shut in on the land side by the Temple buildings—a vast pile of law offices—seem, in their loneliness, like the cloistered walks of some monastery; and we see with a sort of surprise, modern dressed people and gay ladies dotting their trim alleys here and there. The stir and hum of the city are unheard; the tinkling of a little fountain in one of the quadrangles, and the waving of the trees, are distinctly audible. Well may Elia say, “It is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman,” (we say a new-countryman,) “visiting London for the first time, the passing from the Strand or Fleet-street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares,

its classic green recesses. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays that I have made to rise and fall how many times, to the astonishment of the young urchins my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic !”

There are other quiet, enclosed nooks, too, all pavement and brick walls, but shut in from the thoroughfares, and approachable only by covered alleys, and so removed from city sounds that you might live in them without suspecting the vicinity of London. These “courts” are the residence of lawyers and office-men of various classes ; and the favorite lodging-places of men who live by the pen and require silence. One of them, Bolt Court, was long the residence of Dr. Johnson, and it was with no little pleasure that I explored it, and stood on the very threshold he had crossed so often with Goldsmith and Boszzy. The house is a plain and common one, and used as a lodging-house to this day, I was told. A civil dame, pale-faced and rustily clothed, who looked as if she herself might be some poor widowed keeper of lodgings, pointed it out to me and answered my questions as if she had lived there when Johnson did. His favorite tavern, the Mitre, is still standing, and shows the old sign, not far from Bolt Court.

#### MORE SIGHTS.

MAY 15.—The great vexation of the traveller in London, is the want of bodily strength. The days are long



enough at this period of the year, for it is light before four, and the evening twilight lasts until near nine ; and one could accomplish a great deal in so many hours. But before one has used them, the limbs and the spirits are alike weary, and one sits before a feast lacking power to enjoy. The distances are so immense, that the mere driving about from one point to another must be counted among the fatigues. It is as if we should attempt to see things or people at Brooklyn, at Hoboken, at Astoria, and at Staten Island, in the same day. The journeys would spoil the visits ; and here, in addition, we are continually tempted by what is so charming, and so exciting, that repose would be necessary if the wonders were brought to our own door. Many of the sights of London are in their very nature fatiguing, as the Colosseum, which tires both mind and body by its extent and variety. By the way, the view of Paris by night, now exhibiting there, is well worth seeing. The effect is wonderful. You stand just over the garden of the Tuilleries, and see the whole circle of the city beneath you—the shops lighted, the fountains playing, the Seine flowing gently along under its many bridges, and, over all, the quiet moon and stars, shining down so naturally, that the illusion is well-nigh perfect. A person who is there for the purpose points out to you the most interesting objects ; as the Chamber of Deputies, built in the form of a hollow square ; the Champs Elysées ; the Bois de Boulogne, so famous for Parisian duels ; the Place Vendôme ; the heights of Montmartre, with the fortifications which were to have kept Louis Philippe on the throne ; and a thousand other things : and, what is better, this interpreter is not like the wooden

guides at the Abbey, with a lesson learned verbatim, and nothing else; but an intelligent person, of whom you may ask the minutest questions about the scene before you, sure of answers which show a perfect acquaintance with Paris: so that by the time you have gone round the circle, you are *au fait* as to the relative position of things; and better fitted to find your way from one point to another in the French capital, than if you had lived there a week, with only an ordinary guide. The longer you gaze, the more perfect is the illusion, until the return to daylight and London seems quite impertinent. We are told that there have been two views of London itself, one a daylight view, and the other by gas-light, still better executed than the panorama now exhibiting; but it is difficult to believe anything of the kind could be better. The Colosseum has many other attractions, and no visitor in London should omit it.

The annual exhibition at the Royal Academy has just commenced, and there is a show of fifteen hundred pictures, among which are, as may be supposed, many good, bad, and indifferent; and, in truth, more of the two latter classes than we expected to find. The painting of silks, satins, and velvets, seems to be more an object of study than that of flesh and blood; feathers are done to perfection; hair too much in the style of the *coiffeur*. The hair of Landseer's dogs is hair, but that of many of the ladies is black or yellow silk, and, in one or two cases, sea-weed. In landscape we saw nothing conspicuously good. One or two of the landscapes in our own exhibition of this year, opened just before we left home, seem to us better than any here. But in so enormous a

collection it is difficult to distinguish true excellence, without more minute study than we have been able to give. The bad, showy pictures, will kill the good and true ones at first ; and one had need go every day for a week or two, to form a tolerable notion of half a dozen rooms full of paintings, done, like oysters, "in every style." As it was, we cannot help feeling disappointed with this display of British art.

The water-color exhibition pleased us much better. It is not large, but it embraces much that is exquisite. This branch of art is acquiring year by year more prominence in England ; and many beautiful specimens attest the success with which it has been prosecuted. In landscape we were pointed to several pictures by Cox, whom it is the fashion to admire excessively, and whose pictures bring enormous prices. But his style is so peculiar, that one would require much training, or a far greater distance, to comprehend it at all. At the very limited distance, allowed by the exhibition room, his pictures are daubs, mere scene-painting. The skies, which affect the initiated so much, are to us like the blotches made by a child who has slily got possession of the kitchen indigo-bag, and goes trying his skill on the walls and floors. But technical approbation and spontaneous admiration are two different things : so we willingly leave to Mr. Cox the praise of those who know, while we venture to prefer, for our own private pleasure, landscapes whose beauty is evident to the "meanest capacity."

The National Gallery is rich in a few delicious pictures, besides the many that interest one in various ways. Two or three hours spent in its quiet rooms once a week, will

be necessary to give the traveller in London a just idea of its claims. We are told by those who have seen the galleries of the Continent, that we must not praise pictures—nay, should hardly venture to enjoy them—because we are to see so much that is finer! But we perversely rejoice that it is our fate to see them progressively, thus prolonging the pleasure. What we most wish is, that this freshness may last; and we mean to tell out all our ignorance, hoping to amuse where we cannot instruct. But we have, after all, a secret notion, that a good picture has something positive about it, so that it will not be totally killed by seeing one ever so much better afterwards. One of the most amusing things in the course of picture-hunting, is the would-be-learned talk of some persons, who, having seen the galleries of the Continent, fancy themselves oracles in art, although they have evidently set up on a few hackneyed technicalities, while the soul of a picture is to them inaccessible. These are the people who will tell you what you *ought* to say about paintings and statuary, and who will kindly hint that to say what you really do think, is not the thing at all. Preserve us from being attended about a gallery by one of these geniuses! If we accept and adopt their dicta, we are sure to be the retailers of third-hand opinions, for they never have an original thought about a picture. Whether they acknowledge quotation or not, you may be sure the sentence so pompously pronounced has been picked up among artists, or silyly extracted from a book; and as it is generally of a disparaging character, its only effect is to detract from the honest pleasure you might have been able to

find, or to forestall the criticism which it would have been pleasant and improving to have made for yourself. To be accompanied by a connoisseur who, from a full mind and a loving appreciation, can throw in, from time to time, hints which may prove real guides to the judgment, or by a friend with whom you can freely interchange the opinions which rise unbidden to your lips, as you gaze on what delights you, or scrutinize what offends,—this is delightful ; and we wish such fortune to all unlearned lovers of art. In such company they may venture to enjoy.

The Soane Gallery is one of the most charming things in London. It is a private collection, munificently thrown open to the public ; and if the extent, variety, and value of the curiosities and works of art is admirable, no less so is the taste and elegance with which all is arranged. Among the pictures are several of Hogarth's—the Humors of an Election, and the Marriage à-la-Mode, if I mistake not. These alone would make the gallery valuable ; but there are many excellent things beside : several portraits by Lawrence, antique gems, vases, Roman and Egyptian antiquities, mediæval curiosities, &c. I recommend a visit to this collection, by all means. There is a delicacy of selection, a fastidiousness of appreciation, that would have satisfied Horace Walpole—though he would doubtless have been inspired with some *malin* witicism by the rather pompous names bestowed upon some of the rooms, and by the monument to the owner's wife, which appears in the "Sepulchral Chamber."

By far the most magnificent thing in London, is her chain of parks, unequalled in the world. The taste, the

liberality, the wealth displayed in the appropriation of these vast areas in the midst of the great metropolis, is surprising, and certainly gives the stranger a higher idea of the grandeur of London than any other single thing about it. Our notion of a park, at home, is of a level spot of a few acres, crossed with gravel walks, and surrounded by a handsome fence, with, perhaps, a pretty fountain in the centre, and some seats for the nurses and children who are its principal occupants. But the parks of London are slices of the veritable country, hill and dale and lake and river included. Gigantic old trees, single and in clumps and avenues, give shadow enough for beauty and comfort; good roads afford drives for the wealthy and indolent; long stretches of green sward, the most delightful riding-ground for the young and the active: now you come upon a sheet of water, covered with beautiful gaily-painted boats, and stocked with water-fowl—now upon a botanic garden, full of rare plants. Amid all this, you find at all hours of the day multitudes of people; smiling parents and children, taking the air; working people going to and from their labor; gentlemen riding leisurely along, followed by servants in livery; ladies enjoying a canter, which excites to the utmost the glowing English complexion. But in the afternoons, from four to six, nothing can be imagined more gay and exciting than the scene exhibited, especially in Hyde Park. The Ring—a long drive—is filled with splendid carriages, equestrians, and promenaders. Among these, may often be seen one or two of the royal carriages, with their gay scarlet liveries, attended by outriders and equerries; and her Majesty and

Prince Albert, sitting as gravely, side by side, as any king and queen in the story-books, return with scrupulous politeness the salutations of the gentlemen on foot who usually stand while the royal equipage passes, and lift their hats to the Queen. As ours went through this ceremony, we had a good opportunity to observe her Majesty's appearance. She seemed to us much plainer in every respect than any picture of her we had seen. Her complexion is far from clear—her figure diminutive—her dress devoid of taste. Doubtless the circumstance of her being in mourning detracted a good deal from the elegance of her appearance. She was drest entirely in black, without even the relief of a white collar or *manchettes*, a style particularly ill-suited to her figure and complexion. The Prince looks like a substantial German baron, not ill-favored, but quite behind the notion one gets of him from his portraits. If the Queen had married him on the strength of the impression made by one of those flattering semblances, she must have been sadly disappointed; but she was happily preserved from any danger of so fatal a mistake, by an early acquaintance with the Prince—her cousin—who studied with her under the same masters for two or three years. They are said to be truly happy in their domestic relations; and the English have a deep respect for the private character of their monarch. They consider her a model wife and mother. She is extremely systematic, and makes a point of superintending personally all the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of her children, reading all the books which are provided for their use, and acquainting herself with the characters of

those who have charge of them. We were amused to hear that the Queen of England does not like literary people ; that she excludes them, as far as possible, from the Court ; and, in fact, considers having produced a book as equivalent to loss of caste. A person who had by dint of great science and ingenuity perfected a plan, by means of which the public interest was essentially benefited, embodied the result of his studies in a book, highly esteemed by the critics and the public. It was proposed by a certain lady at Court to present this gentleman, on the strength of his merit ; but the Queen absolutely declined receiving him, *because* of his literary character. Some one suggested that he had served with honor in the army, upon which ground her Majesty consented to receive him. But the gentleman very properly declined appearing at Court on these terms ; so that her Majesty was after all the only person presented in the affair. (Somebody says, there is hardly a magistrate that does not commit himself twice as often as he commits any one else.) But the Queen is only proving her legitimacy ; for who ever heard of one of her family as a patron, or even an admirer of literature ?

#### THE PARKS.

BUT to return to the parks. The chain most frequented comprises Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and the Green Park ; but Regent's Park, a little separated from these, is a magnificent expanse of verdure, surrounded and dotted with handsome residences. The occupants of those houses enjoy the advan-



tages of both country and city life, and need hardly resort to more rural scenery for the summer months. The area includes the Zoological Gardens, and other places of beauty and amusement; but the true charm lies in the trees, the grass, the water, the quiet, and the human faces one meets in traversing the walks. Nothing we saw in London made our own dear city of New York seem so poor in comparison as these parks! Why can we not have equally ample and delightful ones, as our city stretches northward towards Harlem? There is still abundant space, and all the capabilities in the way of wood and water, and inequality of surface, that can be desired. Surely our citizens, who come in crowds to look at the great and beautiful things on this side of the water, cannot be satisfied that New York, more likely, perhaps, than any other city to outvie London in many important respects, shall remain so immeasurably behind her in this. After once seeing these lovely oases in the wilderness of streets, one can never be content with the scanty patches of verdure, beautified though they be with fountains lovely as the Diamond of the Desert, that form the only places of afternoon recreation for the weary, the sad, the invalid, the playful. It is true that, scanty as they are, they are unspeakably valuable. Many is the tired workman I have seen meeting his wife and child in the Park, as he returned homeward, with his coat on his arm, and his tin dinner-box in his hand; and when I have seen them sitting down upon a bench to listen to the fountain-music, and rest their weary eyes by looking at the grass and the trees, and the playful children, and careless promenaders, I have

thought that was the class for whom it is worth while to make parks. There is some exclusion, though but little, about the London parks: one must not pass through them with a burthen, or even a parcel. But I would have no such restriction. I should love to have people with bundles—the bigger the better; for then the park would be put to its highest use, in lightening the toil of those whose recreations are so scanty. There are people, even among us, who glory in locked parks; but they are melancholy affairs. I would leave them for those who enjoy good things the more from knowing that others are excluded; but I plead earnestly for wide, generous fields, clean walks, and soft-flowing water, for the use of such as own nothing but hands and hearts. Who can estimate the benign influence of passing through delicious shades every day in returning from hard and depressing toil? Next to public baths, I covet ample public walks for the people; and I hope to see them supplied, before our city increases so as to occupy the ground now eligible for the purpose.

Not content with the parks I have mentioned, London is to have yet another, on a magnificent scale, at the east end of the town. The older ones being in the midst of the more aristocratic portion of the population, and at a great distance—say five miles—from the part of the city where operatives chiefly reside, a large tract has been appropriated near Bethnal Green, once—in ballad-making times—a country village, now a suburb of London, and near Spitalfields, where the silk weavers burrow in poverty and discontent. This park, which includes the domain of Bishop Bonner, whose house was taken

down in preparing the ground, is to be the largest and finest in London, as far as space and arrangement are concerned, though it must long lack the old trees which so dignify the others. It will not be completed in less than five years ; but, meanwhile, it is rendered accessible to the people, and they resort to it in crowds. If the sums necessary for this splendid work had been "laid out in bread," it might have quieted the starving people for a while ; but the park, a permanent pleasure and advantage to body and mind, will do far more for them, in bracing their nerves, and inspiring thoughts infinitely more sustaining than "bread alone." Even in the way of physical benefit, if the evening walk among the fields should suggest to the father of a family the preferableness of a country life, for himself and his offspring, over close-pent alleys and vile neighborhoods, it would have done more for him than any mere present relief could do ; and if the fresh air inspired him with courage and energy for a removal to America, no legislation could half as much improve his earthly lot, and raise him in the scale of being. In leaving Victoria Park to the people, the Queen will provide for herself a more noble monument than could be erected of marble or gold. Happy he whose memorial can be expressed like Sir Christopher Wren's—"Circumspice."

There is nothing in London more striking to the American traveller than the policemen that start up at every corner, at every gate, in every concourse, before every public place. That great dragon, the law, seems to have sown his teeth in London ; and the product is a race of good-looking men, with shining tops to their hats, and

embroidered numbers on their collars, who are ready to be eyes to the blind, wits to the stupid, path-finders to the stranger, and great annoyances to any one disposed to transgress certain fixed rules and boundaries very arbitrarily observed and enforced in England. They are the most civil people in the world—to all well-dressed and civil passengers. The way they handle orange girls, and Punch-and-Judy-men, is quite another affair. To the stranger, their assistance is invaluable; indeed, they make it safe to walk about streets one has never heard of, in the great Babylon, where one could get lost as easily as in the Black Forest. It is not pleasant to see such a force, however, in the streets of a quiet commercial city. One cannot help asking, what kind of people must they be, who require an army to keep them in order? On the day of the first drawing-room after the Queen's return from Osborne House, the streets through which the procession was to pass from Buckingham Palace to St. James's were absolutely lined with policemen, and not the slightest liberty of choice was allowed, even as to which side of the street one would walk on, or whether to walk or stand still. Carriages going to Court must fall into the line; those going in the opposite direction were to pass only by one particular course. Persons on foot must walk on, or stand only in certain specified spots, to see the procession. In short, one was annoyed every moment, and could not help wishing to be in a land where it is safe to allow people some little exercise of their own judgment, and where a good deal of crowding may take place without the least fear of broaking the peace.

By the way, this show of ladies going to the drawing-room which brought the police into such prominent notice, was one of the least agreeable things we saw in London. There was something puerile and offensive to good taste about the whole exhibition; but, above all the rest, the liveries with which the servants were generally bedizened, and turned, as nearly as possible, into apes and punch-inelloes, were melancholy travesties of humanity in our American eyes, and seemed far better suited to Timbuctoo than to free, intelligent England. It really appears as if ingenuity had been exhausted in contriving awkward and humiliating badges for those whose business it is to minister to the pride of rank and wealth. That those who wear it should be contented under it, is only a proof—as Mr. Burke said of the “happiness” of our American slaves—how deep is the degradation that belongs to it. The ladies in their court livery did not appear to us very dignified; but there is, at least, something graceful about a *panache*, while the poor footmen and coachmen looked as if they were made of gilt gingerbread. The royal liveries are, perhaps, the most absurd of all, except, indeed, the Lord Mayor’s, which we happened to see on another occasion. The Queen and her relatives, in full mourning, looked oddly enough, in such resplendent surroundings.

With a strong prepossession in favor of English beauty, and a notion that such an occasion as that of the drawing-room would afford a fine field for the display of it, we have been disappointed in our search. Very few of the ladies we saw were more than comely; a large proportion fell behind even that. One beautiful woman there

was, whom we were led to suppose to be the Marchioness of Douro, though we could not ascertain it. We were told that that lady, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duchess of Argyll, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, were the only conspicuously-beautiful women about the court.

#### ENGLISH HABITS.

NEITHER among the common people, in the streets of London, nor in the country towns, did we observe the fresh complexion and buxom air which we had been taught to expect. Low-life beauty seems to have been spoiled by factories; and if there was rural beauty, we did not see it. Pretty children one sees in abundance everywhere—and so nicely kept! It seems to us, that nobody knows so well how to care for the physique of children as the English. They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high-seasoned dishes of their parents. Oat-meal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven. Exercise is considered one of the necessities of life; and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form of it. It might be superfluous to notice anything so obvious, if it were not that so many people in good circumstances, with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as a daily requisite.

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We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well-ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of parents and children.

The English are a rational people, most emphatically. Nothing is more apparent in small things than their strong, useful common sense. All the arrangements of daily life go on with a perfect system which is unthought of among ourselves. It is curious to look at ourselves from this side the water. What a headlong, shifting, mercurial, impulsive, imitative, unfinished people we seem to be, compared with the steady, reasonable, stolid, self-complacent English, who, having been a thousand years busily engaged in discovering the best way of doing everything, are quite sure they have found it, and that every body who does anything in any other way must certainly be wrong! The excellence which has been the result of their patient efforts, leads to their obvious self-sufficiency and prejudice; our consciousness of deficiency, and willingness to learn, drive us into servile imitation, and a disposition to think whatever is new must be an improvement upon the old. Yet the English are evidently, in spite of themselves, imbibing something of the American spirit, which we take to be the spirit of this age; let us hope that we shall settle into whatever is good and stable of the olden *regime*. A short residence in Lon-

don cannot but inspire one with great respect for the English character.

There is something very pleasing in the tone of English hospitality. It is manly and dignified, yet sufficiently solicitous to satisfy the feelings of the stranger; it is elegant, without apparent effort; abundant, yet not superfluous; considerate, intelligent, sympathetic. Hospitality is considered in England a duty of life, not an onerous burthen imposed by circumstances, and to be gotten rid of as cheaply as possible; or as an opportunity for ostentation, which is to be made the most of. It forms part of the plan of life, instead of being, as is too often the case with us, a rare thing, for which no regular provision is made. Dinners for show there may be, and doubtless are; we know there are royal dinners, and cabinet dinners, and Lord Mayors' feasts. But dinners where, although everything is handsome and good, society is the first object, are much more common. Conversation is a recognized pleasure; one object in coming together socially, is the exchange of information, and the collision of thought. And still more agreeable than these dinners, where all the guests are invited for a reason, are those ten o'clock breakfasts, from which all the *gêne* of dinner is excluded, and at which one may sit in a straw bonnet, and speak to a neighbor without introduction. This form of entertainment is almost unknown among us; but it deserves to be introduced and adopted. It affords ample scope for elegance, while it excuses all that makes a dinner party terrible to the mistress of a family, in America, where domestic service is so imperfect. Tea, coffee, chocolate, rolls and butter, a few slices of cold



meat, honey, marmalade, plovers' eggs, and, perhaps, a basket of oranges, or fruit in season—these, as far as I can recollect, make up the mundane part of one of these quiet London breakfasts. To give an idea of the better part, I should enumerate the company; but that would be contrary to my vow. Such visits leave a mark in the mind; they belong to a state of high civilization, and form one of the most unmistakeable signs of it. The lunch is another means of unceremonious hospitality in England, and an excellent short cut to a good understanding between parties who have never met before, and who have not time for the slow ripening of acquaintance into friendship. There is the social position round a table not too large for general conversation, nor too small for more particular interchange of thought; there is the pleasant variety of refreshment, which, while it gratifies various tastes, suggests no unpleasant thought of care and labor beforehand. There is the very agreeable possibility of dispensing almost entirely with the attendance of servants, rendered so necessary by the complications of dinner. Everybody agrees in thinking that a quiet supper is the most social, and unbending, and heart-warming, of all meals; but next to that, commend me to the English breakfast and lunch, of which we have seen such charming specimens.

A few weeks' residence in London in the spring—when everything in England is in its glory, and London in particular shines forth in all those respects which constitute its claims to the first place among the cities of the earth—opens a new world to the stranger, who is every day more and more convinced, that for all that

belongs to the comfort of the body, the improvement of the mind, the gratification and cultivation of taste, and the acquisition of information ; in whatever gives charm to social intercourse, and shows human nature in its best light ; in regard to everything which centuries of success in arts and arms has been able to accomplish or to acquire—he need go no further. In all these aspects, London is the queen of the whole earth ; and, perhaps, the space of time usually devoted by the traveller in scampering over Europe would be quite as profitably employed, if he could content himself with acquiring a knowledge of the great capital, and obtaining access to its resources. May was our month in London ; and a brighter sky we never wish to see than rose upon us every day, without exception. The parks were all velvet verdure ; and there was just enough of haze in the atmosphere to give that magic softness to the rich foliage which makes old trees seem part of the primal Eden, too fair for mortal use. I can never forget the view in Kensington Gardens, as we stood on one side of the water, and looked far through the ancient groves upon snatches of rich sky beyond. The walks were alive with children and their attendants ; boys were launching their gay boats upon the water, and watching their progress as the wind wafted the tiny sails here and there. Other boats were there, larger, for they held men ; but still, more like the most delicate of the sea-shells than like boats of mortal mould. Below, Hyde Park was full of elegant equipages and equestrians, as well as throngs of people on foot ; and that famous statue of the Duke, which afforded “Punch” material for so many

good jokes, stood out fair against the sky, overtopping the arched gateway towards Piccadilly, making, at least to those who associate it with the great events of 1815, no undignified feature in the landscape. Then on every side are palaces, and more parks, and more trees, and more water, and more people. A lovelier or more exciting circle of vision I do not expect to enjoy in this life, though Fate should lead me to the top of the Himmalehs, or to that "peak of Darien" from which Cortes and his men "stared at the Pacific!" A sense of the majesty of human life and human ability—of the goodness of God, and the accountability of man—filled my thoughts, and inspired my imagination as I gazed. Not but some painful considerations found place too—not but I was ever conscious of the truth, that much of this splendor is the result of an unjust and oppressive inequality of condition, in this land, so favored of Heaven. I felt all this; but the scene as it was made an indelible impression, and I shall ever think of it as a model of what may be done, and, in our own country at least, without any of the attendant evils which seem but too pertinaciously to dog the steps of whatever is best and most glorious in England, and especially in London.



## WINDSOR.

MAY 17.—To-day we went to Windsor, most unpoetically, by railway as far as Slough, and thence in an

English omnibus—always a very disagreeable thing—to the Castle. We did not stop at Eton, but merely saw its “antique towers” in passing; nor dared we spare time for Stoke Pogis, though we would gladly have looked upon the tomb of Gray. One of the things the traveller must learn is to renounce; it is strange that we are so surprised to find that we cannot see and do everything!

Windsor looks newer, smaller, and more complicated than I expected. It is difficult to connect anything so smooth with William the Conqueror. The old walls are in such perfect repair that they are no better than new ones. For the same reason, perhaps, the Chapel, called a splendid specimen of the perpendicular style, scarcely filled out our preconceived picture. It has a compact and delicate beauty, minute in finish, and most sweet and harmonious in coloring. The stalls and banners interested me much. I would fain have staid long enough to study them all; but when my imagination filled each seat with the figure of a modern knight in his robes, and when I recollected that many of these would be the very commonplace gentlemen I had seen in the House of Lords, I found officious fancy had spoiled the scene. The splendors of velvet and jewels suited well enough the times of divine right and feudal subjection; they were good enough for what they symbolized; but now, when the only supremacy heartily recognized is that of mind, dignity resides in an absolute simplicity. All splendor that is meant to be impressive—all that has any purpose beyond that of delighting the eye, is a confession of weakness. The ceremony of investiture, once so

significant, is now only a pretty *tableau vivant*, the actors in which condescend to perform for the gratification of certain privileged spectators, while the sovereign herself submits to the part of *prima donna*. How sincerely different was the estimate of all these things when Edward IV. built these beautiful arches!

A more magnificent site for castle or palace can hardly be desired than this of Windsor. It is very lofty, and commands a great extent of country—such country as perhaps only England can show. We were told that from the top of the round tower twelve counties may be seen. The forest adjoining has even now, after its various diminutions, a circumference of more than fifty miles, though to apply the idea of an American forest to this highly-cultivated expanse, would show a mighty contrast between a forest in law and a forest in fact. What constitutes a forest in England, is indeed “vert and venison,” or trees and game; but still more, the appropriation of all the game and wood within its limits to the use of the Crown, or some great proprietor to whom it has been granted. And these limits are not walls or fences, but rivers, highways, and hills, including dwellings and towns, and looking very much like the rest of the country. So we must not be too literal in our notion of an English forest.

Some portraits by Vandyke enrich the State apartments of the Castle, but the general impression is poor. The furniture is scarcely equal to that of our first-class hotels. It seems strange that in the course of centuries so few objects of interest should have been collected here; but that is probably owing to the bad taste of successive

sovereigns, who have been ambitious to bedizen the royal home with the fine things of the day, forgetting its character as a national monument. There is a shield by Benvenuto Cellini, said to have been presented by Francis I. to Henry VIII. on the field of the Cloth of Gold. A splendid Malachite vase, presented to the Queen by Nicholas of Russia, is the handsomest thing in the State apartments; the meanest (from its subject) is the colossal statue of George IV. by Chantrey. Never did essential vulgarity more decidedly impress itself upon a man's whole aspect than in the case of this royal upholsterer.

Eton looked cool and quiet under its old trees, but what strikes one most in all this neighborhood, is the fact that it is completely permeated with the memory of a poet. Gray, a man who seemed to those about him but a simple, insignificant private gentleman, is the presiding and consecrating genius of the spot. There is something delightful about this.

#### A FLOWER SHOW.

A PRETTY sight was the Botanic Garden in Regent's Park, with several thousand well-dressed people straying through its ample walks, or thronging the pavilions where were displayed the most splendid collections of flowers of the season. The heaths and calceolarias were the glory; I never dreamed of such exquisite varieties. But the company was truly a sight! Such an array of ball-dresses I never saw by day-light before, for when Stewart exhibits such finery at noon, he does it by gas-light. But the London ladies have a different notion of the fitness of

things. There were not only the richest and gayest silks, satins, and velvets, but transparent dresses over pink and blue silks, and all the paraphernalia of evening costume, shaded only by rainbow mantillas and parasols. All this, in a mixed company and in the open air, was most strange to our American eyes. The way was thronged with elegant private carriages, and the multitude of servants in livery showed the rank of a large portion of the company, so that we could hardly be deceived as to the real position of those about us. Display like this, in similar circumstances, would be considered *mauvais ton* any where in the United States, and we hardly knew how to reconcile it with what we had heard and seen of the haughty exclusiveness of the English.

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## TOWARDS FRANCE.

WE left London for Folkestone at half-past four P. M. by express train; and we made the distance, eighty-two miles, in about two hours. This was nice travelling, and we had a sort of coupé, glass nearly all round, quite to ourselves; so we sat in state, with abundant opportunity to see and enjoy the prospect. The country was like all rural England that we have yet seen—a succession of undulating fields of the softest verdure, crossed by hedges, and diversified with scattered trees and patches of wood; winding brooks fringed with alders and dwarf willows; windmills on the rising ground; pretty bridges; primi-

tive-looking villages, each with its old church ; here and there a gentleman's seat in the Elizabethan taste, or the more ambitious Italian-villa style ; such are the objects that diversify the scene. Grand features we have seen none yet. Somebody says that the face of Nature is the only face that can be beautiful without a nose ; and the face of England is an exemplification of the truth ; for, beautiful as it is, we look in vain for a ridge of any kind. There are gently-swelling hills ; but they are more like cheeks than noses. Lakes are as scarce as hills, in the country through which we have yet travelled ; indeed, water is wonderfully infrequent, considering the abundant supply from the clouds ; and we have as yet seen no mill but a windmill. Between London and Folkestone there are few villages, and the landscape has no very distinctive or striking features until we approach the coast, when the land rises in larger swells, and these show chalky rifts where there have been slides. As you come thus upon the white cliffs of Albion, the soil becomes whiter and whiter, until, as you reach the port, you seem to be riding over stucco.

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## FOLKESTONE.

It was odd, two hours from London, to find one's self in a foreign-looking hotel, in such a lonely place, with the sea rolling and flashing before it, and the most conspicuous object a sort of custom-house observatory,



pagoda-like in its height and shape. Folkestone has an unworldly, forgotten air; at least such is its aspect at dusk of a breezy day, after the closeness of London streets, with their trampled sunshine and their emmet crowds. The Pavilion, at which we alighted before seven o'clock, might be mistaken for a converted barrack; and the inner aspect of things is not much more comfortable. Yet we had delicious *café au lait*, and truly English bread-and-butter; and the silken-robed *soubrette* who attended us condescendingly, with her hair dressed with artificial flowers, was civil, though lacking the respectable manner of an English servant. A French air pervaded everything: the floors were uncarpeted, while large mirrors decorated the walls; and we heard scarcely any English spoken. A few moustached men were smoking the London papers in a great coffee-room under an impracticable gas-light, which gave forth such a black radiance as only bad gas can. We took our refreshment at a little table by a window looking on the sea, and next us sat a gentleman and lady at a similar table, doing the same thing; and we, and they, and every body, were unanimously talking about the steamer *Clementine*, which lay high and dry by the side of the wharf, waiting for the in-coming of those restless blue waves.

The town of Folkestone is built partly on the cliff, and partly on the shore below—a picturesque and romantic-looking place. If it were not used merely as a point of transit, it would be praised, doubtless, for it is really pretty; but people are so full of London and Paris when they stop at Folkestone, that they scarcely deign to look

about them. As the tide did not serve till half-past ten, we had ample leisure, after our *café*, for a walk through the town. That part of it which lies on the cliffs looks somewhat as if it were hewn out of the solid rock, like Petra. All is stone ; and the streets are continually interrupted by flights of rocky steps, so rough that one has to tread carefully. These stairs wind in and out, among quaint old houses, and come where you least expect them, and bring you out in the oddest corners, so that they form a very marked feature of this old town. But perhaps the most interesting point is the ancient church, the outline of which is humpy and peculiar, seeming as if it did not care how it looked, sticking out a shoulder here and an elbow there, and lying heaped up together in a way quite different from the pert smartness of the new-old churches. The church-yard lies all about it, and there is a tall dial in the midst of it—gentle mentor—and a public way winding among the graves, and issuing in a gate at each end. There was an indescribable charm in threading this path by the light of the golden west after set of sun, with the murmur of the distant surge in the ear, and the old graves about you. Even the graves were different from any we had ever seen—made up more formally, and covered with a sort of stone arch. The moon rose full, and showed the ocean one sheet of heaving silver, giving leave to the imagination to turn the old town into a feudal stronghold, with keeps and battlements ; while the newer buildings, clustered round the foot of the cliff, stood for the subject village. There were not wanting, however, handsome modern dwellings on the summit of the cliff,

facing the sea ; houses with bay-windows and handsome grounds, and a comfortable air. In the narrow streets of the town proper are many old shops, stuck here and there with old-fashioned independence of right lines, and offering their wares with very little appearance of solicitude to attract buyers. The people we saw about the lighted doors of these primitive places of business were evidently resuscitations ; their caps belonged to the days of Queen Bess, and their general appearance to a period not much later. They had probably heard of London, but as a distant mart.

At half-past ten the steamer *Princess Clementine* got under weigh, and from the splendor of the night we anticipated a fine run to Boulogne ; but from the moment the vessel rounded the pier, she sprang and pitched like a mad thing, and in ten minutes almost every body on board was sick. Such leaps as that possessed *Princess* made, such frantic plunges ! At times a summerset seemed unavoidable, when suddenly she would bring up with a jerk that made all quiver, while she took breath for another effort. One might better cross the Atlantic, as to sea-sickness, than encounter such a kicking sea for two hours. As midnight approached, sleep came to the relief of most of the sufferers ; and when the steamer had fairly entered the dock at Boulogne, we began to hold up our heads again. We did not know whether to class among French or English customs the fact that there was no female servant to wait upon the ladies in this emergency. When help was needed, a young man was the only person who appeared. We felt glad to think that among the barbarisms complained of by Eng-

lish travellers in America, there was none more shocking than this.

We landed at Boulogne amid such cries and clatter as we had not yet encountered. The town looked deathly quiet by the light of a struggling moon ; but this general stillness served but to make the wild scene on the great, bare pier, the more striking. A score or two of hotel-runners clustered about us, behaving so like lunatics as to put us in fear of life and limb, though we laughed heartily at their absurdity. We were glad to rush into the custom-house to get clear of them ; and we looked on with some degree of satisfaction while our carpet-bags were turned out by the officials, and night-gowns, brushes, shoes, and cologne bottles, subjected to their untender handling. Then came the examination of passports, minute enough but quite civil ; and when the passport *provisoire* was ready, we took our way to our hotel, surrounded as before with shrieking Boulognians.

The interior of a French hotel of this class is not particularly prepossessing to people accustomed to carpets ; but looking-glasses were abundant ; and the table, at which we saw several persons taking their supper at two in the morning, was furnished with a clean cloth and napkins. Everything seemed going on as regularly as at noon-day, although it was by this time almost dawn. Nobody looked sleepy or surprised. The hostess, a handsome woman of forty or so, was everywhere ; smiling, speaking excellent English, and making each guest feel himself the favored individual. We sat down to wait for the train which was to leave at ten

minutes before four, and the time seemed a little long, spite of the pleasant landlady, after a night of sea-sickness. We wished to stop at Amiens, to visit the Cathedral; and for this purpose set out in the early train, leaving our luggage, which would not be cleared before, to follow us at eleven. The commissionaire of the hotel was to attend to this, as soon as our trunks should be out of the clutches of *messieurs les douaniers*; and it is but justice to the Hotel d'Albion, to which we had gone by mistake, to record for the benefit of future travellers, that this service, as well as whatever else we required, was performed with the strictest honesty, and the most obliging civility. We felt a little anxious until we received our trunks; for a considerable sum of money had inadvertently been left in one of them.



## AM I E N S.

At Amiens we breakfasted, *à la fourchette*—that is to say, on a half-starved cold fowl, that cost us three or four francs; and then went to the Cathedral, which is one of the most splendid in France. A funeral service was performing for the repose of a young girl, and a troop of her companions assisted, all covered from head to foot in white veils, and attended by some Sisters of Charity. The chanting was wild and mournful, and the general effect—the veiled mourners, the choir filled with friends clothed in black, the mysterious gesticu-

lations and downcast looks of the officiating priests—very striking. It seemed like an incantation ; and the ancient architecture on all sides formed no unfit background for mystic rites. After we had explored the aisles and chapels of this grand structure, we ascended to the leads, and thence to a tower or belfry, whence we could discern a great extent of country, but not of a picturesque or romantic character. The interior wood-work of the roof is considered a miracle of carpentry, two pilasters or piers at the sides being the sole support of an immense expanse of arches, so that nothing interferes with the grand simplicity of the view from below. From the bottom of the dome on the outside, where one walks through galleries of statues, the roof seems like a village with ridges and gables, while the architectural effect of the pinnacles, turrets, flying buttresses, and elaborate balustrades, is wonderful. The amount of sculpture on the exterior of this Cathedral exceeds anything we had anticipated.

The inn where we stopped was clean and well-furnished ; but most of the townspeople that we saw looked wretchedly poor, and we were besieged by beggars. Not a bonnet was to be seen ; but in place of that appendage, so necessary with us, there were the most grotesque caps, put on hind part before, if one may judge by the border, which reposed upon the shoulders, while the face was entirely unshaded. Sabots and very succinct petticoats marked the damsels of Amiens ; and caps, pipes, and blue blouses the men. The donkeys looked raggeder even than donkeys generally do, and their loads seemed for the most part rags and rubbish. There was a good,

honest look about the people, however ; and they seemed to bear their hard lot with tolerable patience. In the church we could not but be struck with the deep devotion and humble faith which they evinced. There was an appearance of complete abstractedness from all outward things, not often observable in more enlightened congregations.



## PARIS.

MAY 22.—THREE DAYS IN PARIS.—We arrived on the 19th, and were made very comfortable at the Hotel Meurice, the customs of which are somewhat accommodated to the habits of American and English travellers. But what a different thing is a French hotel from an English or American one ! To begin with the broad *porte cochère* through which you drive into a paved court on which look numerous windows and doors of the house and offices. A pair or two of stairways present themselves, and at the foot of one of them you alight, meeting the concierge and his wife and also the *maitre d'hotel* or head waiter, who ushers you up stairs. At Meurice's, we encountered, besides these, the lady of the house, Madame C., a portly dame in silk and ringlets, and her husband, a person of gentlemanly and obliging manners : after looking at several suites of apartments, we chose one in the *entresol*, not liking the continental fashion of living near the sky. Here we had bare floors, but much

upholstery in gold-colored damask ; a French clock in every room, not one of which went ; and narrow French beds, hung with very showy curtains—but all very comfortable and quite clean.

The tired traveller's first cry is for tea, the next for hot water. "De l'eau chaude !"—"Oh ! un *bampier* ? oui, madame, certainement." "Apportez de l'eau chaude !" "O ! certainement, madame ; un *bampier*." We were weary and meek, and so waited quietly for the mystery to solve itself. By and by appeared some great tubs of hot water, and we found our good fille-de-chambre had all the time meant bains-de-pieds, or foot-baths, but in her curious *patois* had given the word or sound which was as Chaldee to our unaccustomed ears.

The next morning was rainy, and we went about in a carriage, "dropping in" at sundry churches, which I shall not inflict upon the reader, particularly as they did not much interest ourselves. We felt a much keener desire to see Paris—the Paris of our dreams ; and so drove up and down and around and through the barriers, and across the bridges, and past the spots made memorable by the various civic fights, and along the gay boulevards stripped of their trees in the time of the barricades, but now flaunting in silks and millinery and bijouterie and restaurants. It is strange how inferior Paris seems to London in grandeur and even elegance. We have threaded it faithfully, and tried hard to get into the spirit of things, but I am not sure that we have succeeded fully.

[One of our days in Paris deserves perpetual memory, for somewhere between its morning café and roll, and its five o'clock dinner of a dozen courses, we hired a courier.



This is a ceremony which unwary travellers are almost always inveigled into, either in London or Paris ; and though we escaped in London, a few days after we were domiciliated in the French capital our hour came, and we accomplished what was no doubt written in our foreheads.

Nothing is more odd than the different notions which men cherish as to what is comfortable, desirable, or conducive to dignity. The Hottentot likes to be oiled ; the Indian puts a ring in his nose ; the Chinese feels his grandeur much improved by a yellow button ; the Englishman or American travelling in Europe covets a courier. This last taste may justly be considered characteristic, for it is almost universal. The demand creates supply, of course ; and there is a class of persons who present themselves to the fresh traveller in the light almost of a necessity, and overwhelm him with testimony to their worth and indispensableness. I hope it will never suggest itself to any enterprising Frenchman that a five-wheeled coach would be a taking thing to milor Anglais or Americain. If it should, we shall soon see a complication of the running machinery of travelling carriages.

For my part, I could almost apply to the genus courier Charles Lamb's ingenious accumulation of metaphors suggested by the contemplation of a poor relation. For instance : "A courier is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a drain on your purse—a drawback upon success—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai at your gate—a

lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—the one thing *not* needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.” I could go on and justify every special application of these comparisons, if it were worth while ; but to those who feel them at all they will justify themselves, while others will go on and hire couriers, and travel through Europe never suspecting what makes them uncomfortable. I do not think our luck was worse than usual. We found a veteran in the business, with recommendations as long as a bill in chancery, awaiting us at Meurice’s. His bodily presence was not enticing ; he might have been called bullet-headed, if a very small pug-nose had not broken the globular outline ; and his figure was in close conformity to this crowning roundness. He had his good qualities, and would probably rank as high in point of honesty as most of his tribe. A man who receives a percentage from everybody that his employer deals with, from the hotel-keeper down to the coral merchant or the cicerone, is not likely to be the most scrupulous or disinterested of advisers ; but we never suspected or had reason to suspect our Palinurus of any extra-professional taste for speculation. My dislike is to the class, rather than to any particular specimen of it. My objections relate principally to the disgustingness of such a presence at a time when one would possess one’s soul ; the perpetual vicinity of a vulgar mind when the very zest of the moment lies in forgetting all vulgar things ; the ceaseless iteration of threadbare commonplaces, while the best powers of memory are tasked to call up its most precious hoardings. At first the intrusive

gabble was the great annoyance; but the time came when the mere sight of that intensely meaningless face seemed always to find a bare nerve; and in the very Vatican I was more sensible of his presence than of that of the Apollo, on which he stood commenting in a way that made one feel wicked. I appeal to any reasonable soul for sympathy under such an annoyance as this. "Ver fine ting dat! Tres bien! ah! ver fine ting! Two tousand year old! Dieu! qu'il fait chaud!" and so on and on and on—continual dropping.

We feel it essential to be rid of the presence of servants when we would enjoy conversation at home, yet we provide for their constant presence when we go abroad for the highest kind of intellectual pleasure. A courier is at once more and less than a servant; his position is held to excuse both servility and insolence, and while he receives the wages of a lackey he takes the airs of a companion. He becomes, in fact, the master, at length; for as it is his interest to rule, all his cunning is exerted in that direction. The traveller may make now and then a faint attempt at independence, but long practice has made the courier an adept in getting him into the rut again, and he goes along, blindfolded, though seeing enough to prevent his feeling satisfied.

There is an essential dishonesty in the very plan and rules of this class. They ask certain wages,—ten or twelve napoleons per month—agreeing to "find" themselves, yet they pay nothing at the hotels. Why? because their lodging is added to the bills of their employers. This is an understood thing; it is, as it were, a well-known secret; yet every fresh set of travellers sub-

mits to it, for want of knowing better. Some couriers even insist upon high charges at the great inns, because they are themselves to receive a percentage on the bill, as a gratuity for having brought their employers to that house. Innkeepers themselves hate the whole system, since the high charges they are obliged to make in order to satisfy the private exactions of couriers, often give dissatisfaction, and make the fleeced traveller speak ill of their houses ; but the system is so well established that it is difficult to effect any change. My object in dwelling upon the subject here, is to put American travellers upon their guard.

The principal reason generally given for employing a courier is a want of knowledge of the language of the countries through which we travel. Now the best way of remedying this is of course to learn the language most needed—French—before we set out. The money a courier will cost us will far more than cover the expense, and the saving of vexation and disagreeables of all kinds will far more than repay the time spent. But when this cannot be done, the real truth is that English alone will carry us through France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, without difficulty. A little patience, coolness, and resolution will serve in every case to make our wishes known, even in places where there is no person who speaks English ; but *there are very few such places*. We scarcely found any. Almost every tolerable hotel has some person whose business it is to speak English, and where there is no such official, there is generally some chance aid in the same way ; where neither is found,

the traveller is served without the necessity of giving orders.

Another reason for employing a courier is the trouble of attending to passports, but this is entirely obviated by placing your passports in the hand of the innkeeper or his *commissionnaire* as soon as you arrive, with a request to have it properly attended to before a certain time. For a small commission, this will be accomplished without the least trouble to the traveller, although the courier always makes a prodigious fuss about it, in order to enhance his own services.

The traveller generally supposes that when he has provided himself with a courier he need give himself no further trouble as to a guide in sight-seeing; but he finds at every place at which he may choose to stop, that the services of a *valet de place* are none the less necessary; and he has, besides, the satisfaction of paying more than if he had no courier, since this worthy must have his share. The courier never expects to act as *valet de place*, though he accompanies his party everywhere, in order that when they make any purchase, however small, he may secure his commission. I happened to buy a book at a stall, in Paris, and looking back saw our courier getting his share of the two francs !

If these exactions were open and avowed, there would be nothing to complain of; but they are secretly made and studiously concealed, so that the very plan is, as I began by saying, essentially dishonest.

Attention to the baggage is, after all, the only service which a courier performs that seems indispensable; but this too is a mere illusion. A servant at the hotel, or an

official at the railway or steamer, will do the same thing for a trifling fee.

I have heard of some couriers who made themselves very useful in various ways, and really added to the enjoyment of the party by their activity and faithfulness; but these instances are certainly rare; and I have no hesitation in advising American travellers to plan the European tour independently of a courier, or servant of any kind, except in cases of ill health. Little trials will occur, of course; but it is futile to think of avoiding these by hiring an ignorant person, whose business it is to make as much out of difficulties as possible. The additional expense is far greater than it seems; for besides the wages of the courier, the cost of his travelling, and the percentages I have mentioned, there is a general increase of charges, every where, from the notion of abundant means which a courier is supposed to indicate. This is the testimony of many intelligent people with whom I conversed on the subject during our tour. Indeed there was but one idea among experienced travellers as to the employment of this essential humbug.]

Paris is, of course, a very different affair for the sight-seer, since the Tuilleries is converted into a military hospital, and soldiers' shirts hang drying out of Louis Philippe's bedroom window. Every body looks serious, or fierce, or sad. Add to this that many people have gone into the country for the summer, and it is easy to account for an impression of dreariness. Our letters of introduction find no responses, save now and then a civil note, or an invitation to some *campagne*, whither we cannot go, because we must see what we can of Paris,

and press forward to Italy, which we desire to reach before the heats of summer shall render travel there unpleasant and unwholesome. We cannot even obtain admission to the Chamber of Deputies, for the entrance is now so jealously guarded for fear of the mob, that personal acquaintance with a member is not always sufficient to secure the favor. But a certain number of admissions is allowed, and these are always bespoken so long beforehand! The famous pictures at the Louvre are covered under the modern ones of this year's exhibition, which one can have no desire to see after having visited the collection at the Luxembourg, of the masterpieces of living French artists—a collection, which, whatever be its merits in some respects, certainly affords ground for the popular idea that the *nude* is necessarily the indecent. If all art were like modern French art, I should be willing to see it swept from the earth for ever.

We saw nobody shopping in Paris. We threaded the Rue de la Paix, buying shoes and gloves, and such like matters, with the true New York prejudice which supposes Paris must afford better than we could procure at home, but not a purchaser besides ourselves did we meet. In the Boulevard des Italiens we saw some well-drest women, who seemed to be bent on shopping, and who flitted in and out occasionally; but the shopmen were generally standing idle. Such a state of things must occasion great distress. No wonder the people regret the driving away of Louis Philippe and the Court, as many of them certainly do. This intermediate time of stagnation and scarcity must be dreadful, even with golden

dreams of an abundant future. Starvation is a sad reality.

I had accidentally stained a cap with ink, and went to a chemist's in the Rue Castiglione, near Meurice's, for a little oxalic acid. The salesman was evidently very unwilling to sell it to me. He asked me for what purpose I needed the acid; offered me other things; inquired my name and address, and at last gave me the smallest possible quantity, on the assurance that I was an American, and lived at Meurice's. Whether I looked starved or suicidal I know not, but the man's care and scrutiny certainly bespoke some great solicitude connected with the poison. I believe charcoal or the Seine is the more usual resource of the despairing Parisian; but perhaps prussic or oxalic acid is the choice of some minds. This time of excitement and penury is said to be appallingly suggestive of self-destruction.

We saw the monument of Pascal at the Church of the Sorbonne—a sight not even mentioned in the "Paris Guide," which dilates on the splendors of that of Cardinal Richelieu in the same Church. In this Church were several old women with little trays of images, *ex votos*, beads, and reliquaries, which they quietly offered for sale. I bought a little silver cross—a memento of one of the pleasantest half hours I passed in Paris. The quiet of this Church, its solemn light, the poor *marchandes* with their holy wares, the tomb of the saint—all seemed consecrated. Paris has few such memories for me. When we left it, scarce glanced at, I tried to be glad that we were to give it more time on our return; but in truth I cared little for the prospect. Paris was to me a city of



discontent and unsound principles ; of bold and heartless show ; of gaudy pretences and hidden vice and misery ; of art poisoned by sensuality ; of military infatuation, and not even Catholic religion. It was a city without homes—without a Sabbath, yet aiming to be republican. It was practically a city under martial law ; for nothing could be more obvious than that there was no government except that of the bayonet, even though this pretended to wreath itself with flowers. The people talked of this man and that among the would-be rulers ; but they evidently felt themselves masters of the destiny of the gentlemen sitting with locked doors at the Chamber of Deputies. Lamartine commanded just as much respect as a poet ought who allows himself to be made a political leader ; and his brother-theorists in philosophy a still smaller measure. Wisdom, Truth, Justice, Religion, seemed obsolete words and ideas. Honor, Heroism, Glory—"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité"—these were the substitutes. Could one be happy surrounded with mirages, or enjoy pleasure on the crust of a volcano whose threatenings were already audible ?

The Hotel Meurice is ordinarily much thronged, but the astounding overturn at the Tuilleries has stricken such a panic into the travelling world, that its halls are nearly deserted, and the table d'hôte not half filled.

Paris is said to be very dull at present, though there is ample amusement for the traveller. Scarcely any private equipages are seen in the streets, and very few well-drest people. All the English fled at the first rumor of a change, and the French noblesse do not show themselves at present. Add to this that the unusual warmth of the

weather has driven many Parisians out of town, and it is easy to account for the change in the appearance of the streets.

On Sunday the 21st, the *grand Fête de Fraternité*, so often proposed and deferred, took place, and there was no lack of people then. It is estimated that there were a million of persons present, including spectators, and the whole day was devoted to this expression of public feeling. Nothing could have been more harmonious than the day's rejoicings. The procession was enlivened by various emblematical devices, some of them very splendid; and still more by bands of young girls, drest in white and crowned with flowers or oak leaves, who marched in the procession, bearing small tricolored flags and other popular emblems. Multitudes of soldiers had bouquets in the muzzles of their guns, and wreaths about their bayonets; and in spite of the glitter of war, nothing could be more pacific than the general aspect of things. The *Marseillaise* and the *Depart du Paris* were sung spontaneously by whole crowds, both in the procession and out of it; neither time nor tune being very strictly adhered to.

The scene in the *Place de la Concorde* was magnificent. There is perhaps no more favorable esplanade for such a display. On one side the beautiful trees of the *Tuilleries*, opposite those of the *Champs Elysées*; to the north the façade of the Church of the *Madeleine*, a fac simile of the *Parthenon*; on the south, the front of the Chamber of Deputies, a noble building. In the midst two fountains embellished with statuary, and the grand obelisk of *Luxor*; while all around are groups and single statues

which add much to the effect. An immense crowd, bristling with bayonets, fluttering with banners and flowers, and all alive with gay dresses and smiling faces, filled this area ; and from the excellent stand we obtained on the raised platform in the centre of the square, we saw the whole to great advantage.

The Champ de Mars, however, was the scene of special display. There were grand preparations there of every kind for the characteristic portion of the fête—the defiling of this immense crowd, both civil and military, before the officers of the Provisional Government and the members of the Chamber of Deputies, who were ranged on a platform in front of the Polytechnic School for the purpose. The decorations of the Champ de Mars on this occasion were more truly French than anything we have yet seen. In the centre was a statue (in plaster) of the Republic—a female figure holding in one hand a naked sword with the handle pointing forward, in the other several garlands—the whole being one hundred feet high, including the pedestal, on the steps of which were tripods, flags, fasces, stands for musicians, lions in plaster, and sundry emblematical devices. Besides this, there were many other statues and stands, but of less pretension, and on every side preparations on the grandest scale for the illuminations and fireworks of the evening. Multitudes of well-dressed people thronged this great plain, and nothing can be imagined more animated or more beautiful than the scene.

The *Fête de Fraternité* finished with a splendid illumination. I never saw anything of the kind half as beautiful. The Place de la Concorde was as usual the

grand centre of display. Here obelisks and pyramids of light showed the fountains and statues with the clearness of noon; while the railing of the garden of the Tuilleries was transformed into a row of elegant vases, each bearing a huge bouquet, the leaves of which were living emeralds, and the flowers rubies, amethysts, topaz, or chrysolite. Such an effect in colored lamps was new to me, and as charming as unexpected. Besides this, the entire length of the Champs Elysées, down which one looks to the Arc de Triomphe, was like the enchanted bowers in Eastern story. On each side a row of beautiful devices in the most brilliant colors carried the eye to the arch, whose outline was perfectly defined by innumerable lamps, while, along the centre of this immense space, a row of chandeliers, proportioned in size to the distance they were meant to illuminate, shed the richest light on the dense crowd moving and fluttering below. Scarce a bonnet was to be seen. The women wore gay caps or flowers or veils—the men generally military caps; for how few civilians were scattered through these immense multitudes!

It must be allowed that soldiers, puppets as they are, add much to the mere display of such occasions; and the presence of the various military bands is very enlivening; but when we think of our French brethren as being in the midst of a noble struggle for liberty, and desirous of founding their Republic on immutable principles, these soldiers are the most discouraging sight that meets our eyes. We are told that it would be exceedingly unsafe for France to be unarmed in the midst of the nations of Europe, who would be very likely to take advantage

of her defenceless state ; but without quoting the pacific wisdom of Mr. Cobden, who repudiates this barbarous and degrading notion, we reply, that no republic founded upon military force will stand. The idea of a republic is the result of the general progress of the world, which has outlived the monarchical age ; further progress will as surely leave behind the idea of brute force. We shall never see a permanent government, until we see one absolutely Christian. Christianity is immutable, uncompromising ; and He who has said that by it alone the world shall be saved, will surely overturn, and overturn, and overturn, till mankind shall submit in truth, as they now do in profession, to the rule of Christ.

Here lies our chief fear for the new French Republic. The accursed military spirit, which has been inbred in the people for generations, is still predominant ; the bayonet may be wreathed with flowers, but it glitters through them ; and the world applauds the folly under the name of prudence. The men whose counsels have prevailed, though wise and good, are not in advance of their age, as were the founders of our Republic. Their sentiments are fine in the way of poetry, generosity, bravery ; but fall far short of Christian principle, which recognizes no modifying power in expediency, declines all compromise with the spirit of the world, sees no safety but in a rigid adherence to the law and to the testimony. Our hopes prophesy the best for France ; our fears have been increased by a visit to Paris at this juncture. Every third man is a soldier ; you are waked in the morning by the beat of the drum and the trumpet of cavalry ; in every street is a *corps de garde* ; if you ask the name of

a fine building, ten to one you are told it is a *caserne* (barrack) or a military hospital. The public reliance is not on wisdom, on virtue, on justice, on the spirit of peace; but on fighting; a quickness to resent, and ability to revenge an injury. Herein is fatal weakness.

The French are a nation of sentiments. Words are things to them. The number of inscriptions of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," in the city, already, when the old king's traces are hardly cold, is truly wonderful. Those magic words appear not only on every public building, churches included, but on every gateway and each side of every gateway; on the Arc Triomphale, on the column of the Place Vendome, on the statue of Louis Quinze—in short, wherever the government or the people have any power. One is ready to fancy that the painters of Paris must have been making money, while all other trades and professions have been suffering during the late convulsions, for inscriptions are the order of the day. They are set up, as if to give direction rather than expression to the feelings and sentiments of the people. Some of them are commonplace enough, but they all appeal directly and warmly to the people, in high-sounding phraseology.

MAY 24.—We were amused the other evening with a patriotic effusion which we happened to hear en passant. A young man was singing in the midst of a great crowd, and accompanying himself on the guitar. The words we heard as we passed were

"Non—non—non !  
En France les Anglais  
Ne regneront jamais !"

and the audience responded with great animation. But the most striking thing of this kind is the singing of the *Marseillaise*, by Mademoiselle Rachel, and the enthusiasm of her audiences. She appears after the tragedy, in the simplest possible tragic drapery, majestic in simplicity; the voice is nothing, as a voice, but her declamation of the hymn is sublime. Her eye, her tones, her gestures, are passionate in the extreme; and at each refrain she becomes a Pythoness, and her audience is spell-bound until the last word, when they burst forth in acclamations that rend the skies. For the last stanza she grasps the tri-color; she kneels before it; she clasps it to her bosom; she waves it with a frantic eagerness; and she carries her hearers with her throughout. It is a perfectly unique exhibition, and one which only a Rachel could make sublime, instead of ridiculous. Rachel is born for tragedy, and nothing else. We cannot possibly conceive of her ordering breakfast, or cheapening a bonnet. A strictly classical drapery is her only wear, and she scorns the aid of silks and spangles, and even of point lace and diamonds. Without being handsome, she fascinates the eye; perhaps she is scarcely even graceful; but her *pose* is perfect, and, when passion throws her into attitudes of such *abandon* as would certainly result in fatal awkwardness in less perfectly artistic hands, she is sure to recover herself, without any apparent effort, and without a moment's break in the action. Thin to a fault, she is yet more like a statue than like a living woman, so completely is want of fullness of outline made up by taste in costume, and classic perfection of attitude. Rachel is not so much an actress as a great artist. Her voice is

low, almost hoarse ; but it is heard distinctly, even in a whisper. Her power is intellectual, and sympathetic ; it seems hardly subject to rules ; yet we cannot doubt that it is the result of intense study. The Parisians appreciate her, and listen with breathless interest to speeches long enough to tire any audience less accustomed to French tragedy. It is observable, however, that Rachel, and other finished performers, have a way of hastening through those interminable speeches, quite different from the declamatory style of our school-days, when we gave the "Madame !" and "Seigneur !" with such dignified emphasis. Rachel recites those passages in a tone almost of domestic familiarity. When she persuades, she uses not the theatrical, but the family tone of persuasion ; when she scolds, she does it as naturally as can be, whether the sufferer be husband or papa. She has no stage-trick ; takes no care of her braids, or of her train ; does not seem to know there is an audience in the house, even when they applaud her to the echo ; and is, in short, the perfect artist who conceals all art. I class an evening with Rachel among the grand things of Europe ; and her singing of the Marseillaise as almost the grandest thing she does.

The Churches of Paris are among the sights, of course ; but as they are amply described by the guide-books, we have nought to do with them here. We may remark, however, that the restorations which are going on among them, especially in windows, are terribly destructive of interest, for the present, at least. Let them be done as they may, they invariably produce incongruities. An old window is a cluster of rich gems, whose setting you scarce-



ly notice ; but place a trim modern one beneath it, and, though you see that the components of the intruder are but Bristol stones in comparison, yet the stylish look of the bran new makes the old seem clumsy and ill-fancied. And so throughout. But when time has mellowed these restorations, the generations to come will perhaps hardly perceive that centuries more have passed over one portion than over the other : so we must not complain. Every effort is made to accommodate the new to the old, as far as possible ; and much as we love ruins, we would not hasten the downfall of these monuments of the piety of old times, by omitting anything that could tend to their preservation. On the whole, however, I confess myself disappointed with the churches in Paris. They lack the appearance of sacredness, partly for want of worshippers, fewer here than anywhere else under Catholic rule ; but more from an excessive tawdriness in painting and gilding, which often produces the most shocking incongruity when seen side by side with ancient monuments.

Dining at a restaurant is one of the novelties of the lady-traveller in Paris. Taking a sandwich or a plate of oysters at Thompson and Weller's is a considerable feat, and some of our ladies at home roll up their eyes at the boldness which can venture thus far. But to sit down in a public room, to a regular dinner of an hour's length or more, is quite another affair, and it really requires some practice before one can refrain from casting sly glances around during the process, to see whether anybody is looking. But these restaurant dinners are very pleasant things when you are once used to them. At the *Tr Frères Provençaux*, for instance, which is one of the b

you are seated at a table covered with damask fine enough for royalty, with napkins to match, all of an extreme purity and whiteness. You have silver forks and spoons to as many plates as you can contrive to use in succession ; your food is all served in silver dishes, quite hot, and the cuisine is of the greatest delicacy, as well as variety. All about you are immense mirrors, statuary, flowers ; fruits in elegant baskets of china or *or mola*, and whatever luxury can devise to enhance the pleasure of dining ; and, withal, though there may be twenty other parties dining at as many tables within sight, yet nobody looks at you, or seems to know that you are there. One waiter takes you under his especial care, and the different courses are served with the precision of clock-work, everything being as neat and elegant as possible. One feels at first as if it was a transgression ; but after a while this subsides into a feeling of agreeable *abandon*, unalloyed by any sense of naughtiness ; and a dinner at a restaurant becomes one of the natural events of a Paris day.

The shops of Paris are abundantly supplied with the most elegant articles ; but we saw none which compared in magnificence with some of our own. The taste, however, with which merchandise is displayed, adds greatly to the pleasure of examining pretty things. The French seem to have a magic in their touch where dress is concerned. A bonnet that you may buy for five dollars, will have an air which you may seek in vain at three times the sum at home ; and a very ordinary *barège* made up by a Parisian modiste, will set off the plainest figure, at least so say those conversant with these things. My

own private conclusion is, that New York affords every facility for elegance in dress that can be found in Paris. I saw nothing, in fashion or material, superior to what we see every day at home. A certain sort of finery may be *cheaper* in Paris, but substantial elegance is quite as costly as with us.

No two cities in Christendom can well be more different, in many respects, than Paris and London. As to the impression on first survey, as one passes through the streets, it is difficult to account for the appearance of theatrical showiness and instability which Paris presents, contrasted with the solid magnificence of London. The buildings in the French capital are of a most substantial character; yet they manage to look like paste-board, whether from the light color of the stone of which they are built, or in consequence of certain ornamental flourishes, usually observable in façades of any pretension. The color has probably more to do with it than anything; but the impression does not wear off, even after visiting La Cité, and its vicinity, which are dingy enough to satisfy one. The poor quarters of Paris bear their poverty on the outside; you seem to perceive through the very walls the filthy and swarming wretchedness within. Either there are no such places in London, or our researches fell short of them. There is, at least, some outward appearance of comfort and respectability observable wherever we turn, and nobody in London was, or seemed, poor enough, to live with his family and his shop entirely out of doors, exposed to the comments of passengers. This living out of doors is usually ascribed to the agreeableness of the climate; but it is confined to the lowest of the people,

those who may at least be suspected of lacking the means of in-door comfort. Doing one's cooking, and working at one's trade, out of doors, is quite a different affair from sitting in the garden of the Tuilleries on a pleasant afternoon, enjoying the play of children or a chat with a friend. When we saw goods displayed in the open streets, on rails and boxes, without the shelter of roof or awning, we could not help feeling that it was the resource of painful, struggling poverty, not of choice, or of that joyousness of heart which seeks sunshine, and asks the sympathy of the passer-by.

No doubt the present aspect of Paris is very unfavorable; the revulsion in affairs caused by the expulsion of Louis Philippe, however it may result for the generations to come, has undoubtedly much increased for the present the poverty and suffering of the working-classes, by depriving them in a great degree of the patronage of the rich, whose revenues are now too uncertain to allow of any but the most necessary outlay. Then the military spirit so prevalent must have no small share in the distress of the poor, since a man who is drilling and mounting guard, and buying uniform, and spending the day on parade, is not likely to have much time to work at his trade, even if he do not become permanently idle and worthless in consequence of the glitter and excitement of the profession of arms. But after all, there is evidence of poverty whose causes are deep-seated, and whose habits are squalid and hopeless, and this is in outward impression contrasted with great splendor and showiness in the elegant parts of the city.

Paris struck me as being at once less substantial and

less elegant in appearance than London, and I record the impression because it is different from that of most American travellers. There is abundant provision for pleasure, and that of a cheap and harmless kind—far more, apparently, than in London, where there are fifty places where brandy and beer are offered for sale, to one where you can procure an ice or a glass of lemonade. The people themselves have not the drudging, business-like air that one meets everywhere in London; and the women, with their pretty graceful caps, stopping to chat with each other, as they pass to and fro, give the street a cheerful appearance compared with that of the greater city, where few women are in the streets, and those few shut up in particularly ugly bonnets, and never seeming to recognize any one, further than by a solemn bend of the head. Everything is gay, or makes an attempt to be gay, in Paris. *Triste* is an epithet of condemnation, uttered with a grimace; and it embraces everything serious. Only the beggars by the wayside and the old women in the churches are habitually *triste*, and this is for a purpose—the former to excite compassion, the latter to propitiate the saints, who are always represented as sad. The men and women who carry about large vessels of iced currant-water and other cooling drinks, always have their reservoir covered with scarlet velvet, and decorated with little gilt bells; and people who preside at stalls will mingle green leaves with their oranges and lemons, and scattered bouquets among their less-attractive wares. Half the men you meet have a flower either in the button-hole or the hat-band, and this reminds us that even in London it is the fashion for gentlemen to wear a rose or

a bunch of violets in the button-hole—a charming custom, not without its moral uses.

But Paris, with all its attractions, and they are many, is almost paltry, after London. The difference in national character is visible everywhere—as you walk along the streets, as you go through the *porte cochère* into a court decorated with plaster statues, and lively here and there with green-house plants. London reminds you everywhere of the aristocracy ; Paris seems, to us at least, in these days of searching and levelling, to have no aristocracy, and no provision for one. I do not desire an aristocracy, but I cannot but feel that in giving dignity and splendor to a city like London, a wealthy nobility, whose outlay for their pleasure and pride is almost unlimited, is far more effective than any amount of government expenditure. Everything splendid in the outward appearance of Paris is referred to the sovereign or the government. Napoleon built this or projected that ; Louis Philippe erected this monument or adorned that public square. It is hard to find the residences of great proprietors, in Paris. There are no streets evidently devoted to their wealth, and beautified with their taste and money. In the fashionable quarters, even, one is in doubt as to the quality of the houses, while in London there is no grand residence that does not speak for itself—not by any intentional showiness, but by a general unmistakable air of elegance.

The absence of all equipage in Paris at the present moment is perhaps another reason for the poor appearance of the streets, after London. If the absurdity and degrading character of liveries struck us in London, the lack of such carriages as denote opulent circumstances is

equally obtrusive in Paris. There is great appearance of a wealthy and absolute government, very little of a prosperous and enterprising people. At this present time, the men, in particular, have an anxious look, and gather into knots, talking earnestly, or surrounding the bulletins and placards, of which there are plenty everywhere. "CITOYENS !" figures on every side ; an appeal which shows the spirit of the hour, and, spite of the comparatively peaceful appearance of things, makes one tremble with recollections of the horrid scenes associated with such addresses. Thus far, however, great boast is made of the self-restraint and decorum with which the late revolution was conducted—particularly of the courtesy shown to women and children. This is a good sign—the boasting, I mean ; for it shows some glimmering notion of the odiousness of violence—the first requisite towards a wise change of government.

Paris abounds in shows, and one cannot walk the streets without coming upon conjurors, wonderful adepts in throwing the staff, dancing-girls, performers on every conceivable sort of musical instrument, polichinelles, tumblers, dioramists, and an endless list of artists of the same class, who draw crowds round them, and form their rings with as much deliberation as if they were in their own peculiar tents or carts, the police looking on quietly, and never interfering ; while in London one cannot be allowed to have Punch at one's door at nine in the morning, in a quiet by-street, for love or money. Amusement is evidently an important part of the business of life here, while in England and among us it is something incidental and half-disowned, for which no regular provision is made

except by the few who make pleasure their sole business. People always seem to have leisure in Paris; it is to be presumed there are exceptions—for the great works of all kinds done there are not accomplished by shows, lemonade, and bouquets—but one never sees anybody who seems to be uncomfortably laborious or even busy. The women seem to have the hardest part of life, but we are told they have also the largest share of power in all its affairs, and power is what we all love. They wear a confident air, walk with a decided step, and look one full in the eyes, as if quite accustomed to taking their own part, but yet not often with an offensive boldness. Perhaps they have discovered that true modesty can afford to be sincere; perhaps it is only another manifestation of the general *insouciance*. We had no opportunity, in the few days of our first stay in Paris, of seeing women of high rank; our observations refer to the lower classes of women—those whom one meets in the streets and gardens, and who appear just now to make up the entire population of Paris besides soldiers. One fancies there is an undue proportion of female life, from the fact that the men in uniform do not seem like regular inhabitants, though they are really so, being for the most part citizen-soldiers; and their wives are obliged to supply their places behind the counters.

Of beauty we have seen little. Dark hair and eyes are predominant, and sound teeth quite usual; but delicacy of feature one seeks almost in vain among the women of Paris. They look fresh and strong, and generally walk pretty well, and a certain grace about the dress shows to the best advantage whatever of good looks



they may possess ; but for an expression of sensibility or tenderness we must seek elsewhere. We may expect from such countenances not only ready wit and quick resentment, but active sympathy and generous effort—but we must not look for the deeper manifestations of feeling, or an enduring silence under injury. Meekness cannot be the virtue most natural to such eyes ; Raphael would have found no Madonnas among them, though many a tradesman's wife of Paris might have sat for a Judith—the female character apparently next in esteem in the churches of the continent.

Flowers are abundant and cheap, but for a glass of ice one pays twenty-five cents, and as much more for a little sponge-cake to eat with it. Indeed, we find our American habit of a free use of ice rather mal-apropos in Europe, where that necessary of life to us is counted among the expensive luxuries. A lady told us in London that it was only at the most splendid entertainments that are found ice-creams or fruit-ice, and that even there the morsel to which one was helped was significant of its costliness. We bought Wenham Lake ice daily in London, for not more than three or four times its price at home, so that the dearth of it must be partly owing to its not being yet naturalized in England. Some people there have even a prejudice against it, supposing it to be unhealthy. We venture to believe this notion will not outlive a more extensive use of it, and also that such use would in some degree diminish that of strong drink, so prevalent among all classes there. Where the water is tepid there seems some reason for adding something to remedy its insipidity ;

but with ice it is piquant enough, and certainly quenches thirst better than any mixture whatsoever.

We saw scarcely any priests in Paris, except in the churches, where their appearance did not impress us favorably. If there be any truth in physiognomy, they cannot be men of very exalted character. Many of the faces we happened to see were dull if not grose, and the manner of performing the services was truly melancholy, so devoid of all unction and earnestness did it appear. It may have been owing to the temper of the time, but certainly there was nothing encouraging in the appearance of religion in Paris. Both priests and people seemed formal, dull, and *distrain*, and the number of persons present at any one service was comparatively small. We did not happen upon any grand religious ceremony, unless the Fête de Fraternité be accounted one, as it took place on Sunday!



## SOUTHWARD.

MAY 26.—The route from Paris to Marseilles has an evil reputation, not because robbers frequent it, but from the various disagreeables of the way—its length—its sameness—its total lack of interest—and the nature of the conveyances used on it. Everybody sympathizes with everybody who is obliged to traverse it. The best mode is to travel post—that is, for those who can afford this expensive way; but the more usual is to go by *veturino*, one person taking you in charge, and travelling a

certain distance each day, passing the nights at various points specified beforehand. This last is, of course, very slow, since the same horses, two, three, or four, as the case may be, go the whole distance. Neither of these modes suiting our plans, we engaged places in the Diligence, securing the best seats by applying two or three days beforehand. The Diligence is a most unpromising looking affair, huge, cumbrous, and unwieldy, loaded on the top with a quantity of luggage, stowed with the precision of mosaic in order to make place for as much as possible, and drawn by five horses, with rope traces, and harness that looks as if it might have been made in the time of King Clothaire. Inside you have three separate and distinct apartments; one in front with glass on three sides, called the *coupe*, which holds three persons; then the main body, called the *interieure*, holding almost any number, as it seemed to us; and, still behind, a place called the *rotonde*, which our courier, the doughty F—— who occupied a seat in it, assured us was a "*véritable purgatoire*," for heat and dust and evil odors, being shared, as he declared, "Vid peop dat nevair wash himself, and dose nasty monks." The *coupe*, which we had been fortunate enough to secure for ourselves, is a very comfortable place; and when we found that we not only had the full advantage of the prospect, but travelled very rapidly, and over an excellent road, we were fully content with the course we had adopted, spite of all the warnings and sad prognostics of our friends. The bugbear of the way is the passing of the night in the Diligence; but, strange to say, although by no means very robust or experienced travellers, we passed not only one, but two nights in succession in it, between Paris and

Chalons, without experiencing any ill effects; and the second night was quite as easy as the first, because, being more fatigued, we were able to sleep soundly. The seats are roomy and well cushioned, and there are straps for support; so that one usually makes out to get a tolerable sleep, waking up now and then when the coach clatters into some town, and the horses are changed, an operation which is usually the occasion of a good many words.

Those wakings in the night affect one curiously. The towns and villages in which they generally take place have extremely narrow streets; and in the confused state in which one generally is on being suddenly aroused, with the deceptive lustre of starlight, every little place seems a collection of palaces, or castles, grand and mysterious enough for the most romantic fancies. The villages in France are all little cities. There is no appearance of rural life about them. They are built of stone, and close on the street, and huddled together, as if for mutual protection in time of war. There are no piazzas, or even porches; nothing that looks like country life at home. Now and then a door will have a vine trained above it; but in general the only shade is derived from the height of the houses, and the narrowness of the streets. The inhabitants sit at their doors in the latter part of the day, generally sewing, knitting, or tending baby, looking as much at home in the street as anywhere, at which we did not wonder, after we had seen the interior of the houses.

We thought the road from Paris to Chalons had been undervalued, in all the accounts we had heard or read of

it. The country is not particularly picturesque, but it is far from being devoid of interest. The earlier portion is somewhat tame and level; highly cultivated, however, and bearing marks of comfort and thrift. Here and there we come upon an old town or village, that transports us at once back to the middle ages, with great walls, and houses that look each like a fortification, and gates grand and elaborate enough for the times when kings sat in them. The country was in its first and freshest green; the foliage in all the shine of its unfolding; and the peasantry were busy, and looked contented. We were delighted with our journey, and when we reached Chalons, after having been thirty-four hours in the Diligence, we congratulated ourselves upon having chosen that mode of conveyance.

Chalons-sur-Saone did not seem to us a very charming place, for we were driven into a shocking stablish sort of hole, at three o'clock in the morning, and there obliged to sit in the coach while the custom-house affairs were settled, and various preliminaries arranged, before we could go on board the steamer that lay just below at the wharf. At daylight we were released, and hastened on board, hoping for a comfortable nap, and a place in which to wash and dress for breakfast. But comfort is a word unknown in a French steamer. The accommodations on board were of the scantiest character. For washing we were shown a curious sort of urn, from which dripped, after much solicitation, a stream of water about as large as a straw, into a horribly-dirty basin, already full of other people's washings. Our efforts at this unique fountain would have amused an impartial spectator, but were

somewhat annoying to ourselves, fatigued and disappointed as we were.

Breakfast was served as at a restaurant, each person calling for what he preferred ; but the bread was poor, and the butter uneatable, being curiously flavored with both cheese and garlic. No berths on board, so we made lairs of hard cushions and our carpet bags, and stole a little sleep, not much better than that which we had managed to snatch in the Diligence. The banks of the Saone have a quiet beauty ; and thriving towns, which occur frequently, show well on a back ground of mountains, the Charolais and Bourbonnais, as they told us. Macon, a great wine district, and the birth-place of Lamartine, is not far below Chalons. Murray's guide-book declares that the Jura Mountains ought to be in full view on the left, all day from Chalons to Lyons ; but they were certainly off duty on our particular day, for we could see nothing like them until the afternoon, when we named two clouds after them, which stand as their lieutenants in our imagination, although we shall forever remain uncertain whether they had substance or not.

Trevoux interested us, from having been the seat of the learned jesuits, who sent forth from that green eyrie several important works early in the eighteenth century ; and it is also a beautiful place, hanging on the side of the mountain, with its old castle looking down upon it, stately even in decay. But the most striking feature of the Saone is the bridges, which, for elegance and costliness, can hardly be equalled, in any similar position, in the world. Yet even these substantial structures are sometimes carried away by the great floods of this region.

## L Y O N S .

THE approach to Lyons is really magnificent, through steep and high banks, clothed with the richest cultivation, and ornamented with costly residences. We were surprised by the grandeur of the scenery, for we had but one idea of the entire region, which was that of a commercial tameness, so to speak,—a sacrifice of every beauty to business considerations, *à l'Américaine*. But Lyons having, like New York, a mighty river on either side, and being guarded, as it were, by the immense heights of Fourvières, sits like a crowned queen, seeming to look down upon the swarming crowds that bring wealth and power to her feet. Superb quays and bridges, and great rows of store-houses of immense size, give a majestic tone to the river banks, and extensive warlike defences add to this not a little; so that you are ready at first sight to set down the great commercial emporium of France as one of the grandest cities you have seen. But once within it, the illusion ends. Narrow streets, whose vileness can hardly be described in exaggerated terms, drive out of mind the fine exterior of the city; and you wonder, as you pick your way painfully, how the well-dressed people you meet find courage to set foot out of doors. The women, who were as usual walking about the streets, as much at ease without bonnets as if they had been in their own houses, were remarkably ugly—the unusual prevalence of flat or snub noses struck us particularly.

We visited the Cathedral, the stained windows of which

constitute almost its only attraction. They pretend that Becket lodged in the palace adjoining, but there is no reason to believe this. A more interesting fact is, however, well avouched, viz. : that, in the dungeons beneath, two martyrs were immured during the persecutions under Antonine, one of whom died there, and the other was cast to the wild beasts of the amphitheatre. The later immolations at Lyons, those of the Revolution, are too well remembered to need recalling here. Collot d'Herbois was the most infamous actor in these wholesale tragedies, and his name is execrated in Lyons accordingly.

We had found the steamer on the Saone so uncomfortable, that the prospect of going as far as Marseilles in a similar one was intolerable : so we decided upon taking our beloved Diligence again, and, crossing at once to Turin, giving up Avignon and Nismes for the sake of reaching Rome three or four days sooner, as the weather was becoming very warm. We took our places accordingly, at six in the morning, and left Lyons without regret, though we had entered it with pleasure. We set it down among the whited sepulchres, fair to look upon, but abounding in all corruption. If cleanliness be next to godliness, the people there must be singularly wicked. We ought in justice to say, that as far as the inside of our hotel went—the Hotel du Nord—we had nothing to complain of except men-chambermaids ; but the only sweet thing in the streets was the music of two poor little wandering Italian boys, the youngest hardly bigger than Tom Thumb, who, with each a violin, came and sang and played under our windows like errant angels. They are probably submerged ere now.



We had risen early, to take the Diligence at Lyons, and a more splendid morning never dawned upon this nether world. The streets looked none the fairer, but the Rhone did, and the heights of Fourvières, and the groves that one could discern from the bridge. It lacked yet a few minutes of six, the Diligence people were slowly putting in the horses, while passengers collected from all quarters, and watches were consulted, and luggage cared for; and all seemed on the eve of a start. At this critical moment F. remembered the passports. Where were they? Nobody knew! Pockets were turned out—hats searched—in vain. Were they left at the Hotel? No! every corner had been examined after the last nightgown was stowed away. They were gone—lost,—and we were and must be at a dead stand.

In this emergency F. ran puffing back to the Hotel, with more *mon Dieus* and evil surmisings than I choose to repeat. Presently he returned with an air of mingled dignity and indignation. He had found the passports, he said, “on de table.” I never knew whether he told the same story to his confessor.

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## S A V O Y .

MAY 28.—Charming scenery between Lyons and Chambéry; mountain passes, rushing rivers, convents, castles, pretty, slender campaniles, and very good-looking peasantry. At Pont-chéry, where we took our early café-au-lait, the fair dame who presided placed a great bunch of

roses dripping with dew in the middle of the table, telling us in soft Italian that she had just gathered them for us, and that we must take them with us in the carriage. Morestel is picturesque, like all the continental towns we have seen, and just beyond is an old castle, which has been fitted up and put in apple-pie order by a Lyons merchant, who uses it as his country-house. If its builder could look up!—

Pont de Beauvoisin is the frontier town on this route, and a French custom-house on one side the river stares across at its Sardinian brother on the other. A dirtier little nest need hardly be than this town, and there we were cooped up in a stable-yard while our baggage was examined by sundry officials, who were seemingly glad of something to relieve the tediousness of lounging about and smoking, with no earthly thing to do, now that wars and rumors of wars have frightened home all travellers but ourselves. But messieurs the *doganieri* of the King of Sardinia treated us with great courtesy, merely opening our trunks and carpet-bags, and slipping in their fingers very genteelly here and there, though what inducements to courtesy our courier may have offered them we did not think it prudent to inquire. Taking a volume of Alfieri from the top of one of the trunks, monsieur observed: “Vous portez de la poesie,” and replaced it with great respect, so we passed the ordeal triumphantly, and repaired to the inn for our dinner, which the *conducteur* desired us to finish *aussitôt que possible*, as he wished to proceed. The feast was not such as makes one linger, though the variety was more than sufficient; but when it was over, the conductor had vanished. We walked

about—we enquired—we wondered—we fretted. By-and-by the official appeared, but he was in despair, for a mail for which he was obliged to wait had not yet arrived, and we must have patience. So we went into the cathedral, which is never far off in a French town, and there we saw some very showy frescoes, and some other matters not worthy of special note. But in passing a side door, we caught sight of a fair-faced nun at a window in an adjoining building, whose pretty garden we had been admiring, and were seized with a violent longing to see the inside of the convent. The *sœur portière* received us with great courtesy, and introduced us to the superior, who showed us the fine prospect from a window, including the Grand Chartreuse covered with snow, but did not seem inclined to open the penetralia for us. Yet we saw enough to make us almost long to change places with her—the calm seclusion, the lovely position of the convent, and the sweet, healthy, and cheerful looks of the two nuns who received us. There is a strange fascination about the conventual life. It is certainly but a poor, starved, cowardly way of being good; but the romance of the outward aspect is such, that I would never send a daughter to a nunnery for education, let the sisters be never so charming and accomplished.

We waited at Pont de Beauvoisin two mortal hours after we had finished our dinner, our conductor protesting that he did not dare proceed without his mail, though we strongly suspected that his disposition to frolic with the young men about the inn was more potent in detaining him than his government responsibilities. At length we got off, however, and the road soon became such as to

make us forget all vexations. La Chaille is the name of a portion of the way, which equals in interest any mountain scenery we have yet seen; and the road by which we pass this grand defile is itself one of those miracles of human skill and industry which one finds so often on this side the world. Much of the way has been blasted from the solid rock, and several of the zigzags are supported by huge bodies of masonry, that look as if they would outlast the mountains. Below, there is a wild mountain torrent, so far down that its music is scarcely heard. You look at it over the fearful precipice, and almost doubt whether it moves. This is the Guiers Vif, the same stream which the good nun had pointed out to us from her window, and you follow it to Les Echelles, a little village of but small attraction.

After this, the road grows wilder and wilder; mountains close around you; frowning brows overhang your path; horrid gulfs yawn below. The road is however too good to allow you a moment's apprehension, and you are almost fearing that all this charmingly-exciting scenery will too soon flatten out into dull plains covered with grain and dotted with farm-houses, when you find yourself all at once completely enclosed—evidently at a dead stop; mountains on every side, with no means of egress. This is the moment of triumph for the conductor. He shows you your position and its hopelessness, and when you have been suitably appalled, points out to your wondering gaze what appears a mere mouse-hole in a corner of the precipitous rock which shuts you in. This proves to be a grand tunnel through the mountain—a *grotte*, as the French poetically call these common-place affairs—

commenced by Napoleon for the passage of his armies, but finished by the King of Sardinia, some thirty years ago. It is a thousand feet long, and large enough for two great Diligences to pass, with room to spare. You do not emerge upon smooth country after passing this strait, but still find mountain scenery for some distance. A little waterfall, alluded to by Rousseau, who spent much time in this neighborhood, is the most noticeable point of the route just here ; but if he had not praised it, it may be doubted whether it would have found its way into the note-books of ordinary travellers.

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#### CHAMBERY.

We drove into Chambéry at ten o'clock at night, and received a magnificent impression from the walls, arcades, and trees, among which we wound for some time before reaching our hotel. Among the grand features were some elephants, as large and as natural as life, which met our wondering gaze as we crossed a public square of this Savoyard town. What they should be doing there, even in stone, we could not conjecture. There are four of them, facing four different ways, and spouting water for the use of the citizens, and all would be very well if they only had bodies. But unfortunately they have only each a head and a pair of fore-legs, while the structure out of which they pretend to be coming, is too contracted to allow the most brilliant imagination room to construct corresponding remainders. So they look like Baron Mun-

chausen's horse after he had been cut in two by the portoullis of the enemy's town. This fountain and many other public works, Chambéry owes to one of her citizens, who made a fortune in India, and returned to enrich and beautify his native town, which holds his name in due honor—De Boigne makes almost as much of a figure in Chambéry as 'the Duke' does in London. You meet him everywhere in some shape or other.

Chambéry is beautifully situated, surrounded with hills, and rendered interesting by many old buildings. Our hotel was "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" enough for a castle of the middle ages. One sees as many shadows, and hears as many suspicious noises, in such a rambling old place, as the heroines of Mrs. Radcliff's novels used to do, but no fair nun or venerable senior comes to pilot one through the labyrinth of arched passages by the light of a trembling lamp. On the contrary, a huge, bearded fellow lights you up stairs, and not only so, but arranges your room, and is quite surprised if you insist upon seeing any other chambermaid. This fashion of men chambermaids is universal here, and it is difficult to become accustomed to anything so completely foreign to our notions. But there is no contending against Fate or fixed customs, so we submit with the best grace we can muster, and learn in time to find such novel chaperonage much less offensive than some other things about foreign lodgings. The continental fashion of building hotels in the form of a hollow square has some advantages, but I am not disposed to reckon among them the privilege of having one's bedroom windows and doors open upon a balcony which overhangs the stable yard, or yet of having

this balcony the only hall by which to reach the lower part of the house in any weather. The vicinity of the stables is extolled as wholesome,(!) but surely the certainty of being awakened several times in the night by the clatter of horses' feet on the stones, and early in the morning by the noise of grooming operations, is not to be coveted unless by some Catholic devotee under severe penance. My chamber at Chambéry had, besides the window on the stable-yard, another window opening on a small inner court used as a kitchen, whence ascend the ceaseless clatter of pots and pans, and the squeals and laugh of romping serving maids and men, and still worse a vile cooking odor of garlic, etc., which pervades every article of furniture in the room. The floor has not known the blessing of a scrubbing-brush since it was laid, if we may judge by appearances, and the whole appearance of things accords as little with our notions of comfort as possible, with the exception of the bed, which is furnished with clean linen, though that, too, smells of dinner.

At Chambéry we first met with a curious kind of bread, in dry strips from a foot to eighteen inches in length, and perhaps half an inch thick. It is, I believe, made of semolina, and we found it rather tasteless. At Chambéry, too, my note-book says, we met with the advanced guard of an army more numerous than that of Napoleon, which to this day drains the life blood not only of the natural born citizen, but especially of the thin-skinned sons and daughters of the North who venture within the lines. Chambéry is, to us at least, the frontier of flea-dom! defended by a host who allow none to pass without paying for it. Dogs and cats are supposed to afford the

harbor preferred by this description of soldiery, but after two nights spent at Chambéry we concluded that these worthy domestic animals must have given some offence to their usual inmates. Subsequent experience made us think the miff was a national one.

I never before fully sympathized with Gulliver under the needle-shafts of the Lilliputians.

Spending Sunday at Chambéry we heard what is called a *masse militaire*, in the Cathedral, which is a building of some pretensions, though not rich in works of art. About two thousand soldiers were marched into the church, drums beating and colors flying. A double line was formed up the middle of the nave, the pioneers taking their places—axes, leather aprons and all—nearest the altar, while the standards were planted a little lower down, and the band near the door. After a while, the general and his staff entered, and marching with heavy tread between the files of men with presented arms, took their stand in front, when the mass began. The signals for certain portions of the ceremony, usually given by the bell, were here made by beat of drum, a startling novelty in a place of worship. At the elevation of the Host, the note of command was given, and the men grounded arms with a heavy clang, and knelt on one knee, holding the back of the right hand to the brow. This scene was so impressive, that we almost forgot the incongruity of it. After the mass, some three or four of the officers, being about to be promoted, were led by the general up near the altar, where each, kneeling, read and subscribed an oath, which was afterwards signed by the commanding officer and the priest; each officer, before he



took the oath, unbinding his sword and giving it to his commander, who returned it to him formally afterwards, he devoutly kissing the hilt as he received it. The whole ceremony, including the mass, was performed with a truly military brevity, but it was full of picturesque and dramatic beauty.

We walked out in the afternoon, and seeking one of the eminences by which the town is hemmed in, found eight little chapels or shrines at equal distances along the way, each with its picture of one of the sufferings and humiliations of the Saviour, and at the top a sort of temple, within which could be seen a dead Christ and other symbols of Catholic worship. Over the door was an inscription purporting that whoever should pray before each of the stations on this Calvary, should be entitled to the same indulgences which would belong to the performance of a similar duty at the stations at Jerusalem. Accordingly, a number of poor people, both men and women, were on their way up, kneeling at each shrine for some time, and making a prolonged stay at the uppermost chapel, after which they returned, with evident buoyancy, feeling that they had performed an acceptable service.

On the same hill, a little lower down, are two churches, one an ancient one, built on the site of a heathen temple, the other belonging to the convent of Our Lady of the Visitation, a pretty church, much ornamented by the labors of the nuns. A charming-looking woman opened the door for us, and showed us, with an air of the purest and most simple faith, a waxen image, which she assured us contained the bones of Santa Modesta, found in the

Catacombs of Rome. The figure was that of a beautiful young woman, with a face expressive of exquisite purity, richly drest in velvet and gold embroidery, the head thrown back so as to disclose a gash in the fair neck, the legend stating that the saint suffered decapitation. The nun looked upon it with beaming eyes, and told us that the convent possessed the bones of another saint, but had not yet placed them in the church, not being rich enough to array them properly. She showed us all that was remarkable in the church, and we then asked to see the interior of the convent. To this she acceded very readily, and ushered us into a parlor plainly furnished, and decorated with a portrait of St. François de Sales, and a little glass case containing a representation in wax of the Nativity. Common wooden chairs were along the walls, but there were two large fauteuils for the use of visitors, and these were placed so as to face a double grating which ran across the middle of the room. A sliding shutter was drawn before the greater portion of this grating, leaving open only what seemed a sort of window, at which, after some little delay, appeared the Superior and another nun, clad in flowing black robes, with the close cap and chin-piece of the order. They received us with great politeness, and readily entered into conversation on such subjects as we chose to introduce. The Superior told us that the other nun was an English woman, who had been sent when a child to a convent school. There she became converted, and immediately felt a great anxiety for the salvation of her family, and with this view took the vows. "This sacrifice was rewarded by the conversion of her parents and their children, and they had all subsequently removed

to Savoy for the enjoyment of their religion." The English nun had almost entirely lost the use of her native tongue, having been in the convent more than thirty years.

All this was told in good faith, and the countenance and manner of the speaker were of the most prepossessing kind. One becomes almost bewildered in listening to such stories from such people. Right and wrong, religion and superstition, are in danger of becoming confounded in our minds; but a little further conversation generally discloses the deficient development of the reasoning faculties of these devotees, and also the traces of the heavy yoke of authority under which they have been educated. When the fundamental principle is the renunciation of the right of private judgment, we learn to understand how people may say the least credible things without suspicion of falsehood or hypocrisy. These nuns were charming women—the English one the least attractive—but we could not from their conversation draw favorable conclusions as to the faithfulness of their spiritual directors and instructors.

When we took our leave we made a small offering, which was accepted for the Church; but when we came to part with the fair-faced nun who had been our chaperone, she declined receiving anything, with a countenance and manner which made us ashamed that we had offered money. She said she would pray for us, having been much shocked at finding we were Protestants,—while we, on our part, would gladly have converted so interesting a creature to a faith which would allow her the full use of her fine natural powers. She was an *exterieure*, not

*cloître*, which accounts for her waiting upon us, as the Visitandines do not go out.

The parish church on the same hill is said to have been built on the site of an ancient temple of Mercury, a caduceus in marble, with some other emblematic remains, having been found there.

There are other Roman relics in Chambéry, but they are too indistinct to be interesting to any but the antiquary. The remains of an old ducal castle are more striking; a shady garden on the same height, and the beautiful view from it, pleased us best of all. We looked over a splendid expanse of country, adorned with all that can beautify a rural landscape, and besides, with picturesque buildings, chapels, and campaniles and bridges; and over all a flitting veil of shadowy clouds, and in the far east, a rainbow. Beneath our feet, as it seemed, was a parade ground, on which battalions were moving, with glittering arms and gay colors, and now and then a breath of soft music.

Les Charmettes, the cottage in which Rousseau resided for several years, is an object of curiosity, and of a certain sort of interest; for although there is something, to me, detestable about the character of Rousseau, genius such as his always excites the imagination to a feeling resembling reverence. On this account, I should have liked well enough to stand on the floor often trodden by "*l'homme de la nature*" and to look round upon objects long familiar to his eyes. But here the interference of that marplot, a stupid courier, came between me and my wishes. F. represented the walk as one of two or three hours at least, and made such a bugbear of it that we

concluded to see the farm only by proxy. Besides an account of the old farm house and its homely adjuncts we had for our note-books this inscription, placed above the door by some enthusiast. To my thinking, Rousseau had but one persecutor—an egotism amounting at last to insanity, as egotism is apt to do.

Reducit par Jean Jacques habité,  
Tu me rappelles son génie,  
Sa solitude,—sa fierté—  
Et ses malheurs, et sa folie.  
A la gloire, à la vertu,  
Il osa consacrer ses jours ;  
Il fut toujours persécuté  
Ou par lui-même ou par l'envie.

After leaving Chambéry we passed Mont Grenier, a slide from which once overwhelmed sixteen villages ; and a little later, on the banks of the Isère, the chateau Bayard, whose massive walls doubtless once looked eternal to the infant Chevalier, who little dreamed that his own fame would far outlast them. They are now but a mass of ruins. The castle of Montmeillan, once the key of Savoy, is barely distinguishable ; its ruins are as much like rocks overgrown with briars, as like towers and bulwarks. But the interest of this route to Turin is the Arc, one of the finest mountain torrents in the world, tremendous indeed, when swollen by the spring floods from the mountains, as we saw it. The road follows its margin all the way to Lans-le-bourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis ; and as we made it in a night so dark that the white way-marks which serve as warnings against the river's brink were our only guides, I shall long remember the Arc.

The noise of the waters, and the occasional gleam thrown on them by our lamps, gave an impress of weird sublimity to the scene ; and when after a short sleep these attracted the attention, it was difficult to repress a thrill of awe, not to say fear. My own imagination was too much excited for comfort. But the night was short, and the sun rose in splendor as we reached Lans-le-bourg, an odd-looking collection of stone houses, with a hotel odder than all, where our *café au lait* awaited us, with the accompaniment of dry and rather brown rolls, the butter being uneatable. One gentleman of the company, a foreigner, insisted upon having soup : and when we saw him fill it with bread, and add a large spoonful of strong grated cheese, we thought his breakfast odd enough even for Lans-le-bourg. Beggars lined the way as we began our march up the mountain, and among them were some terrible goitres, and other deformities. The morning was, however, too inspiriting, after the ghostly terrors of the night, to allow of our feeling annoyed by these importunate reminders of misery. Besides, were we not going into Italy ?

MAY 31.—The road over Mont Cenis is a wonderful affair, requiring an amount of labor which would hardly have been thought worth while anywhere else ; but they do everything so substantially here. The window fastenings at a common auberge would serve for those of a bank with us ; and the road across the mountains is supported by masonry like that of the Croton Aqueduct. The pass is even now so dangerous in winter, that there are more than twenty houses of refuge, established by the government, where people reside for the sole purpose of affording

assistance to travellers; and frequent crosses erected by the wayside mark the positions of peculiar peril and past mischance. At the top, about seven thousand feet above the sea, we found great fields of snow extending down quite to the road, and the air was of course very cold, though all below was summer.

## MONT CENIS.

No traveller omits to speak of the curious effect produced, on looking down from this height, by seeing Lans-le-bourg lying immediately below, after the miles of laborious zig-zag just passed; and the Arc, whose noisy waves rang in the ear all night, now looking like the meekest, most insignificant serpentine that can be,—a mere garter-snake. All around one is snow, very black and muddy near the road, and chopped at continually by the *cantonniers* who are obliged to guard against its encroachments on the road. This cutting away of the advancing surface leaves in some positions a perpendicular wall on each side, three or four feet high; but what rather disappointed me was that these huge snow-banks perversely refused to look at all strange. The air was duly cold, and the green fields were a great way off, and the mere knowledge that we were on the threshold of June and Italy was not impressive enough to counteract the present testimony of the senses. It is astonishing how soon we get past sensations, in travelling. I expect to become quite *blasée* before we reach Naples. The prospect from the road is beautiful and much varied, particularly on the Italian side, where we come down upon

the old town of Susa, and begin to see something of Italian vegetation. Some of the erections still standing in Susa date farther back than the Christian era. A very high mountain which overhangs the town, affords, it is said, a splendid view of the fair plains of Italy; but we did not try it. Whole troops of pilgrims climb it annually on the 25th of August, to pay their vows at a small chapel on the top, erected to the Virgin by some wicked old Crusader.

After Susa we pass Rivoli, where is an unfinished palace that looks like some great Western hotel, perched upon a high bank on the right. Its only dignity and interest arise from the fact that it was the prison of a former king of Sardinia, who having once abdicated in favor of his son, wished, on second thoughts, to resume the sceptre. The reigning monarch, perhaps from having tried the harassing cares of royalty, decided at once that his father must be mad, and so shut him up lest he should bite other people. The poor king died soon after—and the palace stands a monument of his son's affectionate care. The present sovereign, his grandson, goes there occasionally, but not often; perhaps only when under the perplexities of his position he finds himself tempted by thoughts of the pleasures of private life.

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## T U R I N .

THE entrance into Turin is the most monotonous possible. For six mortal miles a straight, level road, bordered by formal trees, leads to the city, the vista being



crowned by a hill on which stands a conspicuous building, called the Superga, which looks like a mosque, or still more, on its airy height, at a cloudy distance, like some of those half-defined edifices, of flowing outline, which imaginative artists picture when they would paint the invisible. It certainly has a mystical, unearthly look. It was erected by the same king who was afterwards locked up at Rivoli, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made when the French had possession of his city, in 1706. It is a monastery and basilica, or church of the first class, having a cupola and two campaniles of rather unusual form.

The great level road leads into as level a street, where, though there are no fortifications, you are not allowed to pass one step until you have given up your passport to some very ill-looking officials; and after you are in you are quite willing to be out, for a less interesting city than Turin can hardly be found. It is placed upon a dead level, and has no beauty of position. The streets are well paved, but not elegant, and at the time of our visit, the king being at the wars and the nobility with him, there were no equipages in the streets, and very little appearance of business or pleasure. We are sorry not to have come in time to see Carlo Alberto, who is quite an idol just now. All the world is for making him King of all Italy. Perhaps he is taking the most effectual way of bringing this about, by seeking military success. The Italians, like their brother republicans across the water, are wonderfully fond of the heroism of steel and gunpowder. The opera was still maintained, and very elegantly, but there were hardly a hundred people to hear it.

We drove about the town, and saw the palaces and the

picture gallery, and the Cavallo di Marmo, an equestrian statue of which the horse is the best part. Turin is proud of her bridges. The Po and the Dora Susina flow past or through the city, and there is a fine range of hills beyond, on which are many beautiful villas. But the glory of Turin is the Santo Sudario—a fragment of the “shroud” in which our Lord’s body was wrapped by Joseph of Arimathea, *with the impress of the body upon it*. This precious article, which was first deposited at Chambéry, has a splendid chapel to itself, rich with gold, silver and precious stones. It is exhibited to the people only on great occasions. Francis I. adored it at Chambéry, and it was brought to Turin in order that St. Carlo Borromeo might have the benefit of doing so without crossing the Alps. This particular portion of the holy garment, of which other folds are preserved in other Catholic cities, was brought from Cyprus, in 1453. There is nothing more curious, or more melancholy, than the history of relics.

Turin boasts half a dozen theatres, in one of which Alfieri’s first tragedy was first represented. Theatres seem to be reckoned among the necessities of life here. In the midst of war, when the country is groaning under its burthens, the splendors of the stage are no whit lessened, though a part of the expense is borne by the government. At least two hundred performers, at a rough guess, appeared in the Lombardi, and the dresses were new and magnificent in the extreme, while the house was almost empty. The audience talked *à pleine voix* all the time, so as really to drown the softer portion of the

musio—a piece of barbarism which we did not anticipate meeting in Italy.

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## A L E S S A N D R I A .

WE left Turin at five, and rode all night in the Diligence again, over a flat and stupid road, passing Asti, where Alfieri was born, and coming at breakfast time to Alessandria, considered the strongest fortress in this part of Europe. In fact it is all fort; the town seems a mere incident, and it is so situated as to be easily isolated by means of the River Tanaro. Here we breakfasted, at the dirtiest and most disagreeable of hotels, where the coffee and bread were only a little worse than the people who waited on us. The incivility we experienced at the Albergo Nuovo, in this strange looking place, is the single instance, hitherto, of anything but the most solicitous attention at the hotels. The servants appeared to have imbibed the bel-ligerent spirit of the town.

The mention of Alessandria reminds me that I have ungratefully neglected all mention of the small carpet-bag, which is one's best friend in this sort of halting, desultory travel, when it is desirable to have the attention as little taken up by insignificant wants as possible. As I have undertaken to give advice in some particulars, it would be unpardonable to omit it in this; and I proceed at once to counsel every petticoated voyager who does not travel in her own commodious and pocket-lined carriage, to provide herself at the very outset of the tour with one of

Catacombs of Rome. The figure was that of a beautiful young woman, with a face expressive of exquisite purity, richly drest in velvet and gold embroidery, the head thrown back so as to disclose a gash in the fair neck, the legend stating that the saint suffered decapitation. The nun looked upon it with beaming eyes, and told us that the convent possessed the bones of another saint, but had not yet placed them in the church, not being rich enough to array them properly. She showed us all that was remarkable in the church, and we then asked to see the interior of the convent. To this she acceded very readily, and ushered us into a parlor plainly furnished, and decorated with a portrait of St. François de Sales, and a little glass case containing a representation in wax of the Nativity. Common wooden chairs were along the walls, but there were two large fauteuils for the use of visitors, and these were placed so as to face a double grating which ran across the middle of the room. A sliding shutter was drawn before the greater portion of this grating, leaving open only what seemed a sort of window, at which, after some little delay, appeared the Superior and another nun, clad in flowing black robes, with the close cap and chin-piece of the order. They received us with great politeness, and readily entered into conversation on such subjects as we chose to introduce. The Superior told us that the other nun was an English woman, who had been sent when a child to a convent school. There she became converted, and immediately felt a great anxiety for the salvation of her family, and with this view took the vows. "This sacrifice was rewarded by the conversion of her parents and their children, and they had all subsequently removed

it was driving into its moated streets that I managed to lose the little key which unlocked mine. I did not discover the loss until we had nearly reached the great dirty Hotel de la Poste, so we walked back through the narrow, stony, garrison streets, to the spot where I remembered having last used it. The people were just getting up; a ceremony which I have a secret notion does not in all Italian cases imply washing and combing, even if dressing be a usual accompaniment. We are told that Magliabecchi, the learned librarian of the days of Innocent XI., slept in his clothes, to save time; I shrewdly suspect the poorer Italians of doing the same, to save trouble. The old women were at their doors, already knitting or twirling the spindle, with a distaff covered with painted paper stuck into the top of the laced bodice, and the square fold of linen covering the top of the head, with a portion hanging down behind. The young girls had their usual ornament of braided hair, fastened with a showy bodkin or dagger, but it was never my lot to see one that looked as if freshly done. If these picturesque creatures could only be washed up a little! In their natural state they are fit for nothing but to be painted.

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### M A R E N G O .

It was a charming morning, and the grassy ramparts, and the abundant foliage, were of the richest and most delicious green. We soon forgot the disagreeables of the breakfast, and looked with interest upon the field of Ma-

rengo, which is passed soon after leaving Alessandria. It is smooth and green, highly cultivated, and divided by hedgerows. The Bormida, once choked with corpses, flows peacefully through the plain, and it is difficult to people this smiling scene with hostile armies, by any effort of the imagination. It is here that Dessaix was killed, and the spot is pointed out, of course, though one is unhappily apt to grow skeptical as to these matters. The people of the neighborhood are full of the horrors and the wonders of the battle, and regard Napoleon as little less than a demi-god. His whirlwind path through this part of Europe has necessarily left a deep impression on the minds of the vulgar, who are particularly susceptible to the glare of military success. The memory of Hannibal, too, is almost as fresh as that of Napoleon, and the scenes of his achievements are pointed out as confidently as those of the more recent conqueror.

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## A P P E N I N E S .

I REMEMBER Novi with pleasure, because it was there that we entered the Appenines, and the road lost its tame character. The scenery becomes in all respects more Italian, and you see in every nook and on every eminence a chapel and its pretty campanile, and meet groups of peasants in picturesque dresses, driving their goats, or leading mules loaded with country products. The Appenines are smooth and gentle, after leaving Mount Cenis; they seem to have felt the influence of the soft gales of

southern Italy. Fine chestnuts shade their sides to the very summit, and every farm has its vineyard. Old castles are abundant, all more or less ruined, but invaluable in landscape, especially as they no longer suggest thoughts of war and misery.

It was just beyond Novi, too, that we began to see women with white transparent veils instead of bonnets—a style of costume that makes every woman handsome, except the old ones, who in Italy are always hideous. It was a festa day, and the roads were lined with people. Every body wore something gay and showy. The men had scarlet or gold bands and tassels on their curious little caps, and red stripes on their pantaloons, *à la militaire*; the women displayed all their little finery, in the shape of beads, and crosses, and long ear pendants of gold filagree. Priests were abundant, and we met one very long procession, where the women, all veiled, came first, then the men in their best dresses, looking very devout and bearing great crosses, and other emblems of their faith, the priests taking the direction of the whole. It was before we reached Ponte Decimo, that we met a courier with the news of the taking of Peschiera, by the Italian army under Carlo Alberto, and the report that the king and his second son, the Duke of Genoa, were both wounded. After this, great excitement was observable wherever we passed; the joy of victory superadded to the festa feeling, brightened every eye and animated every voice. We passed on the road a body of Austrian prisoners just brought in; men travel-worn and dispirited, quite a contrast to the exhilaration about them, though they seemed to be treated with humanity.

At Ponte Decimo, the land descends pretty rapidly towards the Mediterranean, and the scenery becomes still more beautiful. The road passes by the side of a river whose bed is very broad, though the stream is in summer quite trifling, leaving a huge expanse of gravel, which is scraped away in spots, in order to make place for small garden plots, where a variety of vegetables seemed to flourish. This redeeming of scraps of soil looks very odd to us, who are used to seeing land sold for almost nothing; but economy is practised here to the last extent, perhaps because level spots are but few. The sides of the hills are almost one continuous vineyard, and as we approach Genoa the vines are supported on stout brick pillars, a strange contrast to their lithe gracefulness, but no unpleasant feature in the landscape. Genoa, walled and double walled, comes gradually into view, as we pass between gay villas, curiously painted on the outside with mock windows, curtains, blinds, pillars, statuesque figures, wreaths, etc., in very theatrical style—most odd to our American eyes. This practice is defended on the ground that the almost perpetual sunshine of this fine climate enables the artist to place his shades securely just where he wants them, without fear that a prevalence of heavy clouds will nullify his shadows, and put his ingenious deceptions to shame. The attempt to paint in fresco walls entirely exposed to the weather, certainly speaks volumes for the climate; but the present state of the pictures shows that even in Genoa colors must fade in the course of a century or two of exposure.



## G E N O A .

JUNE 3.—Genova la Superba, is the idol of its people, and the envy of all the neighboring cities. Its position is unsurpassed, and the wealth and taste of its nobles have added all that can adorn and dignify their place of residence. The impression made upon the traveller who enters it either from the sea or land, is that of almost unequalled magnificence, and perhaps of the two, the entrance on the land side is the most striking, because the grandeur of the fortifications which crown all the circling heights is there most effective.

We entered by streets so narrow that the stucco was torn off the walls on both sides by the wheels of carriages passing each other, showing the literal truth of an observation of Dickens, which we had considered somewhat poetical. We found the streets crowded with people in festa dresses, every woman with her white veil and long gold earrings. Not a bonnet was to be seen. The custom-house people were very attentive, but we got off easily, as indeed we have done everywhere. Good fortune led us to the Hotel Feder, a palace with painted walls and gilded ceilings, and a capital resting place for the traveller. It is difficult to believe that comfort is to be found where the house stairs are great stone steps all the way up; where you are lodged in the fourth or fifth story; where the floors are all tile or marble, even in the bed rooms, without an inch of carpet; where high vaulted ceilings look chillingly far off, and the windows are large

enough for those of a church. But the benignity of the climate makes all these things appropriate, and a few days suffice to accustom us to them. The height from the street seems at first the most troublesome peculiarity, but when you find that the dining room is very little lower, that your room so far from the street is cool and quiet, and that everything you can want is perfectly accessible, the difficulty vanishes. To ascend the broad, easy stairs two or three times a day after walking out, is no great matter. So we found the Hotel Feder very comfortable in all respects.

There was a grand illumination on the evening of our arrival, in honor of the victory at Peschiera, and a more beautiful scene can hardly be imagined. Not that the lighting was peculiarly brilliant, for lanterns of white or colored paper were used almost universally, and these do not make much show ; but the crowd in the streets, seen by this soft light, was a perfect picture. White-veiled women, priests, soldiers, pretty children, filled the entire breadth of the street, and as there were very few carriages to interrupt the stream, it flowed on in a thousand rainbow tints. It was the most gentle and orderly crowd that could be. Not a loud word was spoken. Whole families walked together, and parties, chatting as if at home. It is impossible to imagine any demonstration more different from what such a thing would be with us. A rejoicing for victory, and yet not a shout—not a squib—not a rough push, or harsh word. The air was full of the sound of soft bells. There are no side-walks at Genoa, but the streets are flagged from side to side, so that the middle is as much used by pedestrians as any

other part. This gives a peculiar and most foreign air to such a concourse, but the tone of civilization was what struck us most particularly. The French ambassador's house was illuminated oddly. There was a long row of immense wax candles in front of it, as thick as one's arm, and perhaps six or eight feet long, and these, burning in the open air, flared bountifully, and shed their streams liberally on the passers by.

The peculiar decency and gentleness of a Genoese crowd struck us again, as we looked from the windows of our Hotel upon a small square, in which a conjurer was playing his tricks. He had several boys in fancy dresses, and a considerable portion of the entertainment consisted of the feats of these children in jumping through hoops, &c., which were placed at considerable distances; and as all this was to be accomplished in the open street, and on the side of one of the most crowded thoroughfares, everything depended upon the civility and good nature of those around. A ring, or rather oval, was formed, and the conjurer had only to walk round this occasionally, requesting the people to stand back, and all was done without the least noise or resistance. The behavior of the people interested us far more than the feats of the magician and his familiars.

It is not pleasant to drive about Genoa, because of the slipping of the horses' feet on the smooth pavement. They fall down frequently, but seem to get up with far less ado than if they were not accustomed to it. But such things make one feel a little nervous. We were obliged, in order to make the most of our time, to make our rounds in a carriage, passing through such narrow places some-

times, that the foot passengers were fain to stand aside in door-ways, to make room for our wheels. There are many streets in Genoa in which carriages are forbidden. We drove to the Acqua Nola,—a pretty promenade, and thence to the Doria Pamfili palace, outside the inner wall of the city. This splendid place was bestowed upon the great Doria by the country, and it was his pride and pleasure to adorn and dignify it. For this purpose, he availed himself of the services of the best artists within his reach, showing at least that he had a noble notion of embellishment. The frescoes have no little merit, but their chief interest is founded upon the fact that the pictures with which the garden gallery is lined, are absolute and acknowledged portraits of the Doria family, including the Genoese hero. He appears much better there than in the garden, where his stalwart form figures as the Neptune of a fountain. The garden is in the formal taste of olden time, and owes its present charm to its position, stretching down by terraces to the sea-shore. The whole place was refitting, and not in the best style, so it did not occupy much time.

The Brignole Palace came next, and we saw there some fine pictures by Vandyke, and a good many others, but few that interested us particularly. Thence to the Durazzo, of whose gallery a Madonna by Titian is the treasure. There are other good pictures—a larger proportion, perhaps, than in most of the private galleries. The Palazzo Serra, sometimes called the Palazzo del Sole, is noted only for a grand gaudy saloon, on whose decorations much money has been wasted, in my humble judgment. Gilding, mirrors, and specimens of costly marble are a

poor substitute for painting and sculpture in this land of Art.

We went the round of palaces, but there were too many at last to leave any distinct impression, particularly as there is really a great sameness. A cortile—arched and balustraded galleries surrounding it, rising one above the other—a grand staircase—a suite of saloons, hung with pictures, good, bad, and indifferent—these meet the visitor at nearly all the accessible palaces in Genoa. There is said to be a hundred in all, and what is curious, only about fifteen of these have passed out of the families of the original proprietors. A far more interesting place is the ancient Bank of St. Giorgio, part of which is now used for the customs. The great hall is surrounded by statues of the fathers of the republic—men who rendered important civil services, too often forgotten. Two rows of these figures, one row above the other, line the walls; and the dignity of the whole array is remarkable. Nothing fantastic, or even fanciful is there. The dress of the times is given in all simplicity, and the countenances of the honored dead wear a sober look of thought and conscious integrity, very distinct from the martial stare of the hero, or the official grandeur of the monarch. They are citizens, evidently; and the services which the respective inscriptions record are such as buying off taxes which pressed heavily on the poor; leaving dowers for poor maidens; obtaining a reduction of the duty on salt; founding a hospital, etc. The great names of Doria, Spinola, Grimaldi, are found among these benefactors, but it is in their character of citizens that they appear, and we cannot look upon their effigies without reverence.

Between the Hotel Feder and the bay is an extensive marble terrace, with a handsome balustrade. This *would* command a fine view of the bay, if the masts of the shipping did not completely shut it out. It seems not to be of any use at present, as far as we could observe.

The silver and gold filagree of Genoa is celebrated, and we saw many exquisite specimens ; but as we were not able to get sight of the mode of producing these curiously minute works, there is nothing to be said about them, since everybody knows how they look when they are done. We were told that much of the wire-work is performed by children, the designs and frame-work having been first prepared by an artist.

We had not time to go to Albaro to see the "Pink Jail" of Mr. Dickens, though, spite of all the naughty things he has said about our country, we would willingly have made a pilgrimage thither. But we set out one splendid morning to visit the Villa Peschiera,—as charming a summer palace as ever was let out in *pianos* to people in quest of a new sensation—where he spent the greater part of his year in Genoa. It is beautifully placed on an eminence commanding a view of the city and bay, and the grounds are much ornamented, and liberally supplied with fountains. There is a curious court of entrance, embellished grotto-wise, with shell-work, which our guide assured us was made by "Oliver Cromwell !" This bit of history I leave for the use of the next Hume. We did not try to be sentimental in tracing Mr. Dickens' haunts, but only exercised our ingenuity in guessing in which of the pleasant nooks in this greenery he loved best to write what

we all love to read. Several Latin inscriptions grace certain gates and fountains, and the whole thing is remarkably pretty. A boy brought bouquets from the gardens, which we delighted to keep fresh as long as possible, in memory of our pleasant pilgrimage.

The Church of Santa Maria di Carrignano is rich in fine pictures, though it has only half a dozen. These are, however, of that rare order of pictures of which we forget to ask the painter's name. They dwell in the memory, even after seeing many more celebrated works. A child's head, in the one called the Virgin and Saints, is exquisite; and the martyrdom of St. Blaise, by Carlo Maratti, is horribly beautiful. The church is altogether one of great interest, and its situation is unequalled in Genoa. To reach it, you cross a grand bridge over a dry chasm, built by the Sauli family—a magnificent benefit to the city. Some of the houses on which the passenger looks down from this bridge, are seven stories high.

The cathedral of San Lorenzo has much that is curious about it, among which may be reckoned the inscription, date 1312, stating that the city was founded by a grandson of Noah, Janus by name. The chapel of St. John the Baptist is made curious by the law enacted by some wiseacre of a pope, that it should never be entered by a woman, except on one day of the year, because of the wickedness of Herodias! One would think the Catholic reverence for the Virgin Mary would be sufficient to neutralize this feeling of revenge against the whole sex for the sin of one poor specimen. But so clumsily is the sacred place guarded, the chapel being entirely open, like

all the rest, that I walked quietly in, and saw all that I wanted to see—which was of course all there was to be seen—before a priest who was in another part of the church could sufficiently recover from his petrified astonishment to send the proper officer to warn me off. This personage was civil, and I ventured to ask him the reason of the prohibition, as if I had never heard of it before. He shrugged his shoulders, and explained. “*C’est bien drôle !*” said I, and walked out, quite satisfied. The only mortifying part was, that there was nothing remarkable in the chapel after all. The relics of the saint are *said* to be in a chest under the high altar, but I could espy nothing, although I peeped through the carved open work most sedulously.

The *Sacro Catino*, a cup of green glass, once believed to be a single emerald, is preserved in this church, and although it has long ago been ascertained to be glass, it is still looked up with extraordinary care, and accepted by the faithful as an emerald. It is strictly forbidden even to touch this inappreciable relic, taken by the Crusaders at Cesarea, in 1101 ; and above all made criminal to attempt any test of its genuineness—yet the faithful believe in it,—a most perfect practical application of the principle adopted by Don Quixote in manufacturing the second helmet, after he had cut the first in two by a single stroke of his sword. “He rested satisfied of its strength, and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.” As we did not believe the cup to have been used at the Last Supper, nor yet given to King Solomon by



the Queen of Sheba, we did not care to give five francs to see it.

On the whole, Genoa left a very agreeable impression. There is a romance about it, an air of taste, of cheerfulness, and bonhommie. Something of a theatrical aspect is given to the city, by the paintings on the outside of houses, and by the terraces set with flowering shrubs which are often seen far above the head of the spectator as he walks the street. Life does not seem to be in earnest here. The people live so much in the street, that it would seem they can do little at home. Shows of all sorts are patronized, from the Italian opera to the fantoccini, or marionetti, the conjurer in the street, and the professor of the hand organ. There is no lack of time for amusement, even when rags and dirt show that a little serious attention to private affairs would be a great advantage. But the Genoese are a good-humored people, if they are not very thrifty; and one cannot but be pleased with them upon the cursory survey allowed by a few days' residence.

One of the servants of the hotel this morning asked me with an air of great animation, if I had seen Gioberti. He talked so fast, and in Italian, that it was some time before I could make out the name which excited him so much, but when I did reply, that although I had seen the name placarded at every street-corner in Genoa, I had never heard anything about the owner of it, his astonishment was unbounded. Not know anything about Gioberti! he had too much respect for me to believe it. Gioberti—who had put down the Jesuits—who loved the people and whom the people loved better than any other

man—who told kings the most biting truths—who was the friend of the Pope and, (climax) the greatest writer of the age! I did not tell him that I had always cared far more about Italian pictures than Italian politics, and that as for the “affairs of Italy,” I had sedulously averted my eyes whenever I saw anything under that head in the newspapers. He was a good-natured creature, and full of patriotism, and insisted upon showing me Gioberti's apartments, which were next our own, and Gioberti's piano, and the chairs and sofas which had been honored with his use. But where was Gioberti now? Ah! he had gone to Rome—only just as we arrived. He had even addressed the people from the balcony of the Hotel Feder on the night of the illumination, and we did not know it! How sorry he was that he had been so stupid as not to tell us—but he thought everybody knew it. Gioberti had defied the Jesuits. When they procured his banishment—which they were able to do under the rule of Gregory,—he would not wear or carry away with him any garment he had worn in Italy, (so said my friend,) but took off his clothes and sent them back from the ship, saying he would never reclaim them until the Jesuits were driven from Italy! This *coup de theatre*—which I dare say is a popular fiction—had deeply impressed the susceptible imagination of Battista, who dwelt upon it and seemed to feel it a convincing proof of Gioberti's wonderful powers. Perhaps the great man himself has used the truth that the vulgar mind is impressed only by some outward manifestation or image within its comprehension, to arouse the attention of the masses to his great object. Gioberti was himself a Jesuit, and discovered

by actual experience the enmity of the Order against liberty and all human advancement. His political writings, though for some time anonymous, soon attracted attention, and as soon as he was discovered it was easy to find excuse for his banishment. This of course added both to his zeal and his power, and the Jesuits had ere long cause to rue their want of sagacity. Italy teemed with the stirring appeals of the ex-priest. The people learned the true nature of the influence of the Jesuits, and perceived easily enough that the liberty for which they panted was hopeless, as long as this all-pervading power ruled both Church and State. When the act of amnesty promulgated by Pio Nono on his accession allowed the return of the exile, he was received as a deliverer, and has ever since been the idol of the people, and as far as we can hear, has used the immense power he possesses only for the best purposes. Wealth and honors have been offered him, all which he steadily declines; and although he allows himself to be the friend of some crowned heads, it is only on condition that he is permitted also to play the part of adviser on the people's side. His writings advocate constitutional monarchies for Italy, but not a republic, which his political sagacity probably tells him the people are not ready for. He is now gone to Rome, to have a conference with the Pope, who is threatened with loss of popular confidence in consequence of his lukewarmness with regard to the cause of liberty, or rather his opposition to it. He professes to be opposed to all war, but that is what the Italian people cannot be brought to understand.

Our route not having brought us to Genoa by the

Cornice road, we chose to leave it by the next best in point of prospect—that which runs along by the shore of the Mediterranean, and the Gulf of Spezia, to Lucoa. So we took places in the malle-poste, and set off at four, with quite an original set of passengers. There was an old gentleman from Spezia, a boiling patriot, who spoke both French and Italian with the oddest patois peculiarity—using the sound of *z* for *ch*—as, for instance, calling Charles Albert, Zarle Albert, etc.; and his nephew, a young student at law, who had just undergone his first examination at Genoa, spruce, and not standing ill with himself. The only female was one who wore no bonnet or shawl, though she expected to go to the borders of Tuscany, where her husband was employed in the Dogana. She had been attending to a law-suit in Genoa, and believing her husband and herself to have been very much wronged, the energy with which she told her story again and again, the multitude of words which she enunciated with surprising rapidity, and the scintillations of her coal-black eyes meanwhile, were most astonishing. Her hair was braided and dressed with much care, and she wore a pair of true Genoa ear-rings, long pendants of gold filagree, that danced as she talked. A kerchief tied over her head was all that she added at nightfall, and she composed herself to sleep in the corner of the Diligence at dusk, and, to judge by appearances, slept as soundly through the night as if she had been in her own bed at home.

Conversation dies a natural death in the Diligence, when the night begins to fall. The smooth, rolling movement over those fine roads; the diminutive jingle of the

little bells with which the stage horses are always gar-  
nished ; the half light of moon or stars mingling with  
that of the one lamp in front ; the soft, lulling, natural  
sounds which make themselves heard and felt as the  
noises of the day gradually cease ; all conspire to induce  
sleep, or that dreaming indolence which answers the pur-  
pose of sleep. Our vivid dame's tongue confessed the  
power ; her sentences became isolated ; her hands declined  
to her lap, where they had been almost strangers for  
some hours, during the repetition of her story ; her ear-  
rings ceased to vibrate ; and at last her head dropped  
into some recess in the corner, and we heard no more of  
her until sunrise. Everybody was not so happy in find-  
ing or making a nest. Of all the Diligences we had yet  
tried, this was the most impracticable, in the way of lodg-  
ing. There seemed nothing but caves behind one's head ;  
nothing but sharp ridges to lean one's elbow upon—an  
aching void where the floor or a footstool ought to have  
been. We swayed and nodded like wind-swept dahlias ;  
our heads were too large for our necks ; and if we slept, it  
was to dream of running against stone walls or stepping  
off precipices. But there was moonlight, though faint,  
and I could console myself for broken naps, by looking  
out upon the Mediterranean, whose varied and mountain-  
ous shores were just beneath us. The foliage had a new  
character, evident even by a dim light. The fig, the  
cypress, the aloe, the cactus ; orchards of olive, groves of  
orange, forests of chestnut—these took the place of the  
trees to which we had been accustomed, and they seemed  
for the time, to our excited imaginations, more beautiful  
than all the rich growths of our more northern land.

We knew the rocks were marble—beautiful, gold-veined, purple marble—(*vide*, Murray,) and this made their very outline more exquisite to the mind's eye, humored as it was by the uncertain moonlight. These vague glimpses of grand and beautiful things—the sea, the cliffs, the abounding foliage—prepared us to remember Shelley, as we rounded the gulf of Spezia at daybreak. It was from these waters, now calm, though dark, that “the soul of Adonais, like a star,” took flight from a sphere to which it seemed ill suited.

At Spezia our conducteur stopped to recruit a little, and gave us leave to get a cup of coffee. Our old politician and our incipient lawyer found themselves at home, and so left us; and we observed them stretching their limbs vigorously as they walked up the street, evidently with reference to the very uneasy accommodation of the night. Our coffee was very black and somewhat groundy, but the boiling milk was good and abundant, and the sugar as white as the marble slab upon which it was served,—which slab, by the way, formed an odd enough contrast to the utter blackness of the forlorn auberge, at which it had pleased our conducteur to stop. This luxurious anomaly was accounted for by the vicinity of Carrara, where marble may be had for almost nothing, while wood is comparatively scarce; but really there never was a more striking example of one too elegant article “killing” all the rest of the furniture.

We drove on now in better spirits to Pietra Santa, which looked pretty and cheerful to us after Spezia; and so to Massa, once the residence of the beautiful Eliza Borghese, sister of Napoleon, who had the splendid old

cathedral razed to the ground, because she thought the public square in front of her palace would look better without it. Strange to say, she committed a similar act at Lucca,—thus earning for herself the eternal execration of the inhabitants, and not unjustly. Happily there are few such memorials of French occupation.

The square is now a plain, formal, unlovely area, bounded on one side by the Palazzo Ducale, and bordered all round with orange trees. The palace, though it is on the whole rather a fine building, has nothing particular, except that it is ornamented with busts over the windows, which gives it an odd, turned wrong-side-out appearance.

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## L U C C A .

Nothing could be more charming than Lucca, as we saw it, by the light of an afternoon sun, when its beautiful rampart-walk was all alive with people, well dressed, civil, and evidently at leisure to enjoy the exquisite prospect spread out before them. Range beyond range of distant hills lay basking, or misty, as the rays fell upon them directly or aslant. A range of broad, smooth, emerald meadows, filled all the space between the foot of these hills and the high rampart, planted with trees, which affords this inimitable promenade to the inhabitants of Lucca. The stream of human life was abundant, and, thanks to the prevalence of Romanism, nothing could be more picturesque than the variety of costumes. We saw priests in white, priests in black, priests in brown; and

priestlings in white, purple, and bright scarlet—all wearing the great broad-brimmed black hat, whose contour is made up of Hogarth's wavy line of beauty, instead of the awkward, unmeaning thing worn by other men and boys. Then there were ladies, gracefully drest, and much given to the gay-colored Roman silk scarf, popular throughout Italy; soldiers, in glittering caps and scarlet facings; children in various pretty summer costumes, and grave, old people, slowly pacing with their hands behind them, looking as if they drank in the balmy air, and health and peace with it. Those who visit Lucca in winter can have little idea of the magical beauty of this scene. It fascinated us till the purple of the sunset mountains had faded into grey, and the more lively features of the promenade disappeared one by one.

It would have been delicious to see the mountains by moonlight, but the moon rose late, and we were very weary, so we turned our unwilling steps to the Hotel, while the town was lighted up, the cafés filling, the ladies and children hurrying homeward, the priests and seminarists dropping off by twos or dozens as the case might be, except on one spot on the rampart, where, in the midst of a crowd, a reverend padre was christening a cannon, as we were told. When we reached the rather dreary area in which stood our Hotel, we found it full of people, not very noisy, but none the less excited for that. Somebody stood in the door talking, and a deep murmur was heard, as of suspense or smothered anger. We perceived it would be vain to try to get in by the usual entrance, so we went round, and groped in and out of stable-yards,



and among spare coaches and various lumber, until we found our way to the entry.

Here all was mystery. Nobody could or would say what was the matter, and we began to fancy we should at last see a revolution face to face. But it was not long before our dream was dissipated; for our host took an opportunity apart to signify that poor F., our *babillard* of a courier, had given offence to the sovereign people by saying he had heard the Austrians had re-taken Milan. They had sagely concluded that his wish was father to the thought, and marked him at once as an enemy to liberty.

F. meanwhile had disappeared. It was some time before he could be found, but when he did emerge it was with a much lowered tone. He had had a thorough fright, and construed the landlord's advice to keep quiet to mean something very terrible. We afterwards had reason to believe that poor F. was used merely as a blind to cover some obnoxious person of greater consequence. The master of the Hotel de l'Europe has been suspected of favoring the Austrian side of the contest; and it is not long since the officer who was sent by the king of Naples to withdraw the Neapolitan quota of troops from the war, having lodged at this house, was fairly mobbed, and obliged to flee for his life, while the people burned his travelling carriage, with all its contents, including his entire wardrobe—a loss which the Grand Duke felt in honor bound to supply, when he succeeded in getting the obnoxious emissary beyond the Tuscan frontier, safe in life and limb.

But it gave us a little sport in teasing F. who like

most of his tribe, is an arrant coward. We insisted that he must have provoked the mob by his bragging propensities, or perhaps picked a quarrel with them on purpose.

"They evidently consider you a dangerous fellow, F." "Me! *dangereux*! why—dat quite *absurdo*! If it was king, general, or some great man, might make fuss;—but little man like me! I no *querelle* wid so great *foule de gens*! If I *querelle* one man, he kick me, and tell me go to Jericho—dere an end of it. If I had tought all dose *gens* come after me, I died on spot."

F.'s jumble of French, Italian and Franco-Italian English was so really funny, that I took it down verbatim on the spot, but I cannot so easily give the half-empty, half-cunning face, blank and frightened and puzzled all at once.

I am often very much amused by F.'s talk, dull as it is, and full of repetitions and pointless stories picked up in a long life of courierhood. He has a curious knack of lying (in a small way,) with an air that makes it seem like wit. Only yesterday, in dismissing an importunate beggar he concluded with "*andate morire*!" which being literally interpreted means "go and die!" but bears a still further significance when said under such circumstances.

I said "F. you should not curse"—"Curse! madame—dat only mean 'God bless you!'"

At all the towns in our route we have found great excitement about the war. Wherever the Diligence stops, people crowd about it with eager questions, and if we happen to have learned nothing new, they turn off with great disgust, as if they thought we must be very stupid not to know more of the doings of Carlo Alberto

and the patriot army than they do. Every man and boy wears the Italian colors, either in cockade, cravat, or scrap at the button hole. Even the younger priests show a soupçon of the tri-color of young Italy, (green, red and white,) though it be but a quarter of an inch in width, and worn with a sort of timidity. We have observed nothing of the sort about the women, though all the little boys whose parents can afford it are dressed *en militaire*, with the odious brainless cap worn by the troops, or the steeple-crowned, middle-age hat and feather, adopted by moustached sympathizers who do not fight. Even the confectionery crystallizes, according to the law of the hour, into halberts, muskets, foraging caps, and steeple crowns. A tray of *bon-bons* look as belligerent as a box of cartridges.

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## PISA.

BEAUTIFUL as we found Lucca l'Industriosa, we could not, with Pisa so near, linger long about it; so we took the early train, and were whisked through a lovely tract of country, under the highest cultivation, and abounding in olives, mulberries, corn, and vineyards. The carriages on this route were the most elegant and comfortable we have seen anywhere. In half an hour from Lucca we saw the Leaning Tower, the Duomo, the Baptistery—all looking as perfect, in the clear, brilliant morning air, as they do in alabaster, under glass cases, at home. They are just within the city wall, on the Lucca side, so that they

seem to have stepped politely forward to meet the gazing traveller, who naturally expects to find them in the centre of the town. We could not pass them, so we sent our luggage forward to the Hotel Vittoria, and turned aside to the right, expecting to come upon the objects of our search in two minutes. We found, however, that their great size had, as usual, been deceptive; for our walk, under the now hot sun, was a little longer than we should have chosen.

However, this was soon forgotten after we entered the Duomo, cool as a catacomb, and filled with a rich, soft, semi-light from some of the most gem-like stained windows in the world. The general effect of this temple is magnificent; the details we shall not touch, of course. It was built in 1063, on the occasion of a victory over the Saracens in Sicily, from which the Pisans returned home laden with rich spoils. So we must not inquire too closely into the origin of the gold-grounded mosaics, the rich marbles, the exquisite sculptures of this superb basilica. "There's blood upon this hand," and though it be the blood of "infidels," the thought may spoil the ruby tints of the windows, and even tinge the white carvings of the altar. This altar, by the way, is of later date than the rest of the church, though it has settled on one side, like the Leaning Tower, owing to the nature of the soil. An old bronze lamp, suspended near the altar, is shown as the one whose vibrations suggested to Galileo his use of the pendulum.

But one soon ceases from particulars, in this cathedral. It has a wonderful majesty of spaces; an atmosphere which makes one speak in whispers; a fitness for worship,

like that of the great woods canopied only by the sky. The architecture is difficult to characterize ; it is called Byzantine-Romanesque ; and many of the capitals and other decorations are fragments of antiquity. It is infinitely superior in all respects to other edifices of the same date, and may be considered, indeed, a monument of original genius, since it had no parallel, either at the time of its erection, or until long afterwards. Mass was saying in the cathedral while we were there, and a number of workmen were at the same time engaged in removing a grand catafalque, which had been used at a public funeral the day before.

One feels a little impatient, before the survey of the cathedral is finished, for the Campanile is yet unvisited. A building so beautiful and so curious stands out distinctly in the imagination. While we may see many proud cathedrals in Europe, we can see but one Leaning Tower, and we hasten towards it with the true lion-hunting feeling. We were fortunate in a very intelligent cicerone, who was able to satisfy us on whatever points Murray had left unilluminated. The ascent is by a tolerably easy staircase, and there are frequent opportunities for rest, where one can step out on the successive balconies or colonnades, and admire the extensive view which they command. The cause of the inclination of the tower seems destined to remain a point in dispute ; for while the giving way or settling of every part of the Duomo seems to be conclusive as to the nature of the soil, and to offer an easy solution of the difficulty, as regards the Campanile, an English architect named Taylor, who examined the tower to its foundations, digging down thirty feet for the purpose,

declares the base line to be horizontal, and the stones of the inclined side to be actually smaller than those on the other, for the evident purpose of building an inclined tower, which should be a wonder of architectural skill. The change observable at about half the height of the tower, where there is an evident attempt to restore the balance, is supposed to have been dictated by the prudence of the second architect, who feared to carry out the design of the founder. We heard all this with an effort at faith; but the obstinate fact of the want of perpendicularity in the *Duomo*, and other buildings in the vicinity, where there can be no shadow of doubt that a change in the soil is the cause, brings us back to the old-fashioned opinion, begging pardon of Mr. Taylor, whose earnestness and perseverance we honor none the less. There is one solution of the mystery, however, compatible both with Mr. Taylor's discoveries and with the general belief founded upon the peculiar nature of the soil and the sinking of other buildings. There may have been a settling of the foundation at the very beginning, to obviate which the architect may have made the inequality in the size of the stones which Mr. T. thinks conclusive as to the intention. Yet a subsequent change in the level may have reversed this, so as to bring a new inequality, on the opposite side; and this would of course oblige the finishers of the tower to change the line again when about half way up. The whole appearance and character of the tower is so contradictory to any notion of its having been designed for a thing of wonder rather than of beauty, that no reasoning would be satisfactory in proof of so absurd a scheme, in Italy too—where beauty is the law of life.

At the top of the tower, we find the bells for whose sake it was erected. The largest of them was first rung at the funeral of Count Ugolino. All are now rung at funerals, and had been used on the day previous to our arrival, when a funeral ceremony took place in honor of the Pisans killed in the war.

The prospect from the top is quite extensive and much praised. We were told that we saw Leghorn, and the Mediterranean, and several other very interesting things, and we tried hard to make it true. But really this prospect-seeing is the most trying experience of the traveller. You ascend innumerable steps, to begin with; at the top you find a breeze that half blows you away, or a sun that quite bakes you, or perhaps a fine shower. Then your guide insists upon your seeing certain things which he declares all travellers do see, and he evidently suffers so much if he cannot make you see them too, that out of common humanity you put yourself to great inconvenience in staring, not at, but for, something which he assures you is a town, or perhaps an ocean, but which to you might as well be called a parcel of clothes drying in a meadow, or a cloud taking the interesting form of hawk or hand-saw. Then he tries a long spy-glass, which, after much engineering, he is sure he has adjusted for a point-blank gaze; you place your aching eye as directed, and find a blank, but no point; or cover a chimney-pot, or catch an undulating glimpse of something blue, which you declare to be the sea, in spite of conscience. There is no part of their official duty which guides perform so completely *con amore* as this; and travellers who have not very long sight, and who have tender consciences, are

put to sad straits in towers and belfries. To be content with admiring the near view, the town with its quaint roofs and gables, its boulevard, and its bridges; the country all garnished with plantations and dwellings, woods and waters—were surely wiser. We are too ambitious.

The Baptistery is beautiful outwardly, but within looks at first view bare and barn-like. The space is wide and high, and unbroken save by the font and pulpit. The Mosaic of the pavement is coarse and imperfect, and the monumental slabs which occur frequently, are much foot-worn. The eye accustomed to the pillars, the pictures, the hangings of the churches, finds the Baptistery vague and unsatisfactory. Examined in detail, however, there is much to admire, and the sculptures of the pulpit are not only curious, but beautiful. The columns which support it, nine in number, are all of different marbles, and they rest upon the crouching forms of men and animals. The reading desks, one above the other, are peculiar; the principal one, that intended for the Gospel, is a book, resting upon the back of an eagle, as in the old English cathedrals. But with all that may be discovered by close examination, the impression left by the interior of the Baptistery is that of bareness, and we recur to the graceful outline and beautiful proportions of the exterior, so familiar to the eye by means of a thousand prints and models.

At the Campo Santo we were obliged to give up our intelligent cicerone, and take, instead, the privileged one belonging to that particular spot—a customary and approved way of depleting the purse of the traveller, who pays, at every successive point, for each separate



wonder what to him at least seems quite enough for the whole. The new showman was a dull fellow, decorated with rings and chains, and dressed with a dandyish exactness, but destitute of anything like an idea beyond the meagre lesson he had learned to fit himself for the place. He was remarkable for white hair and black moustache—very odd for a man under thirty ; in all else hopelessly common-place. So we had recourse to our guide-book, as being far more intelligent. There we learned that this Campo Santo, the ground within whose walls was brought from the Holy Land by a disappointed crusader, is about six hundred years old, and that the structure was built for the sacred earth some seventy or eighty years after its arrival. How it was previously enclosed, or in what manner preserved from admixture with common soil, history does not inform us. Since the erection of the present building, all that grows within it is considered sacred, and we longed in vain for some of the holy roses, whose odors came softly into the beautiful cloisters. These cloisters are Gothic, and lined with frescoes much injured by time and damp, but prized by connoisseurs, perhaps all the more.

Far more interesting to the ordinary observer, are the Roman sarcophagi which it has been the fashion in Pisa to fill with modern bones. These are very numerous and in various styles. Some are elaborately and elegantly sculptured, and afford occasional elucidations of doubtful points in history. One needs not scholarship, however, to admire the beauty of these relics of classic times. Those whose subjects are exclusively fruit and flowers, are referred to the times of the early Christians, who

would not introduce mythological figures, and dared not use the symbols or historical representations of their own proscribed faith. Whatever be the merit of these as works of art, they are certainly in better taste as Christian sepulchres than those whose decorations are Cupid and Psyche, Phædra and Hippolytus, or the chase of the Calydonian boar.

There is a modern tomb in the Campo—indeed, there are several modern tombs, for burials still occasionally take place here—but one in particular, which we felt to be unsurpassable in pathetic beauty. It is a female figure—colossal—majestic—yet dissolved in passionate sorrow. The face, the attitude of perfect *abandon*—the utter simplicity and unity of the whole figure, make this one of the most remarkable statues I have ever gazed upon. Even the world-famed Niobe stirs not the heart more deeply than this marble grief, in which the sculptor has sought to give expression to the despair of some noble lady upon the loss of her husband.

After seeing the three wonders of Pisa,—the splendid group, “fortunate in their solitude and in their society,”—few travellers care to explore the town, though it contains many things worthy of note. On the road to Florence and to Rome, it takes much to detain us. The fair green meadow in which stand the Duomo, the Campanile, and the Baptistery, contains all that constitutes Pisa, in those bizarre receptacles, the chambers of memory. The Arno looks flat and dirty under a summer noon, and the Lung’arni were mere quays, without interest for want of promenaders. So we only staid to dine at the Hotel Vittoria, where we had a well-cooked and well-served dinner, and

then set out for Empoli, by railway. The country on either side is remarkably beautiful for railroad country, and the carriage was so comfortable that we sincerely regretted it was necessary at Empoli to take a vettura, and drive through a thick cloud of dust, white as flour, for a good many miles, in order to reach Florence. Here were fine trees again, and vines festooned between them for miles along the road—by far the most elegant mode of training the grape. The fields were richly covered with flax, broom corn, and maize, though no very great proportion of the latter, considering that polenta, or what we call hasty-pudding, is the favorite dish among the peasantry.

But the aspect of the villages near Florence is anything but agreeable. They are all closely built, like one miserable street of a large town; not a porch, not a green blind, not a little flowery court-yard is to be seen. A narrow door with a stone step is the rendezvous of the family at the close of day. Here may be seen the women and girls, plaiting straw; the man smoking, the old mother tending the baby, or twirling the spindle, while the distaff, gay with colored paper, rises into close neighborhood with her white locks. Children play about, with multitudes of dogs and cats,—always abounding most where there is least to eat,—and the whole scene is a compound of good humor and dirt, most amusing to witness. Indeed, when one thinks upon the sharp creaking tones and red noses of some over-neat housewives, who feel it a duty to make every life within their influence a sacrifice on the altar of cleanliness, and then upon the gay softness of these easy Italians, who evidently are

philosophers with regard to dirt, one is in some danger of a doubt as to which has chosen the wiser part. If the Italians were clean, they would be too charming. But it must be confessed that the lack of all appreciation of the blessings of soap and water detracts materially from our liking for these picturesque villagers. The handsomer a face is, the more vexatious is it to see it begrimed. Black eyes look well in their own shadows, but not in those of last week's neglect. Long luxuriant locks require worlds of care to make them lovely, and taper fingers lose their beauty, tipped with anything darker than henna.

Yet the Italian is always interesting, even under this unhappy cloud. He is a fine creature, full of ideality, always alive to sentiment, most compassionate. He is said to lack the stern virtues, but this must be the fruit of a wretched education, and of the want of religious freedom. His virtues are those which are in part the result of impulse; those of a colder character ask for judgment, resolution, and an enlightened conscience, which he has not. His church is full of appeals to the feelings. Charity to the poor, aid to the suffering, reverence for the sacred, are the prominent subjects there. Justice, truth, honesty, fidelity, are comparatively in the shade. They hold the position of abstractions, while the others are put forward in every form best calculated to give them impressiveness and immediate interest. If the Italian read the Scriptures for himself, and were encouraged to interpret them as he interprets other things, and to draw from them his own rules of life, he would not be at a loss to give to each virtue its due importance, and his idea of character would regain the balance which it

has lost under centuries of superstition. If there be any meaning in faces, the Italians are a people capable of the highest virtues ; and intercourse with them does not lead one to believe that nature has in this instance been untrue to herself.

But to return to the approach to Florence. Every young woman and girl that we met was plaiting straw, and this seemed the chief occupation in the houses, as far as we could see. Great, flapping Leghorn hats were, therefore, quite in keeping, but they do not add to the effect of the dark eyes beneath. The crowns are too high to be graceful ; and the wide brims have a flaring, unmeaning air, sometimes blown strait up in front, then falling over the nose, while one hand finds occupation in the vain attempt to regulate their movements. The most picturesque head dress that we saw was the square fold of white cloth, laid on the top of the head, with a portion falling down on the shoulders. This is most classic and beautiful, but it is worn only by old women. The younger ones wear their own ample braids, or the great Leghorn hats just mentioned. The general effect of the rustic costume is much improved by the laced bodice, which is universal, with young and old, and often ornamented with gay stripes of gold or silver at the seams, and large knots of colored ribbons at the shoulders. This is usually worn over a white under-dress with long sleeves—very pretty when it is tolerably clean. The apron has a gay border, generally of bright blue or scarlet ; and the shoe and stocking are almost invariably better, in proportion to the rest of the dress, than we are accus-

tomed to see them elsewhere. Nobody above beggary wears a ragged shoe, in Italy.

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## F L O R E N C E .

SATURDAY, JUNE 10.—We entered Florence after dark, by a gateway in which lounged half a dozen soldiers or more, who pounced upon us with the usual air of those people, who are evidently glad of something to do in order to break the horrible monotony of their lives. It would, doubtless, have been quite a holiday for them to rummage our trunks, but a few pauls from our courier proved still more tempting, and they allowed us to pass, after only a nominal examination. As we had absolutely nothing dutiable, (is there such a word ?) our consciences did not suffer ; but it would really have been more benevolent to allow them the pleasure and exercise of turning out our wearables, without distracting their attention by the sight of money. But we drove on rejoicing, and, after some threading of narrow streets, reached the Hotel du Nord, once the Bartolini palace, now very well kept as a resting place for weary travellers, by an old French cook who once had the honor of catering for Jerome Bonaparte. Our rooms are carved and gilded ; hung with fine draperies, and furnished with ample fauteuils ; but not so pleasant as our palace chambers at the Hotel Feder, at Genoa, inasmuch as they are carpeted—always an undesirable thing in Italy. Huge mirrors grace the walls, and grand frescoes cover the ceilings. One small bed-

chamber is painted with the story of Telemachus, the figures nearly as large as life; but the scene representing Mentor pushing his protégé off the rock, to save him from the fascinations of Calypso and the yieldings of his own weakness, is somewhat marred by a large wardrobe, which hides all the falling figure of Telemachus, except his feet and ankles. All is quite sufficiently splendid, however, and we have the treat of an old woman for our minister on proper occasions, most welcome, after a series of young men chamber-maids. The ancient cook labors in his vocation *con amore*. Doubtless each day's clatter of pots and pans sends him back, in imagination, to the days of the Empire, and awakens his professional enthusiasm, as the sound of the trumpet excites the old war-horse. The result is an elaborate series of dishes, to some of which our simple American habits scarcely allow us to guess a name, though our short experience on the continent inspires us with courage to taste even the most suspicious looking. If the artist could be persuaded to set all, or even half of them, on the table at once, we should dine more satisfactorily, from having a closer field for comparison; but he shows them up singly, probably for the same reason that the Apollo, the Perseus, the Torso, has each a separate chamber assigned it, while statuary less distinguished is exhibited in crowds.

The first morning in Florence is always devoted either to the gallery Degl' Uffizi, or the Pitti Palace. We chose the former, though less impatient people reserve the Tribune for the climax, and see lower things first, perhaps wisely. We darted at once to the central point, and stopped before the Venus—doubtless with extravagant

expectations, for we were disappointed. Beauty without majesty does not satisfy. The beauty of the Venus is neither that of a child nor of a woman. It lacks the expression of good sense and self-respect without which the fairest woman is not lovely ; and it has too much self-consciousness, as well as too much maturity of form, to please as the ideal of budding girlhood. The head is small, even to imbecility, and the hands, which are "restorations," by Bernini, are elfish in their shape and proportions, as compared with the rest of the figure. The posture is that of the danseuse, who, having just executed a feat, throws herself into an attitude, and looks with an express killingness at the audience. It is meretricious, and made worse by an affected modesty. The dimensions of the statue are insisted upon by its enthusiastic admirers as the standard of female beauty, but in point of fact, the universal judgment as to living women condemns such diminutiveness, as wanting the power, and the flowing, luxuriant grace that belong to perfect development. The impression of the whole is, therefore, painfully unsatisfactory, and it is only when we contemplate the statue in detail, that we discover the beauty which has earned its reputation—beauty not excelled, probably, by anything that sculpture has ever accomplished. The head sits beautifully upon the wavy neck, the limbs are exquisitely turned, the aerial balance of the whole figure wonderful. If the conception of the artist had been worthy of his executive power, we should have had a goddess indeed. All that is noble is now wanting, and our better judgment reproves our admiration.

The Apollino, or little Apollo, has been ascribed by



some observers to the same hand—a doubtful one—but the resemblance in style seems hardly to bear out this idea. The roundness of the Venus is, perhaps, excessive; and we perceive plainly that the sculptor's idea of youthful and delicate beauty required this turned smoothness and fulness of outline. But the Apollino is in a different taste, even to a degree of flatness in the contours. The form is slightly attenuated, and the difference cannot be ascribed to the artist's intention to distinguish between the masculine and feminine outline, because the Apollino is as delicate, and as destitute of obvious muscles, as the Venus. It is a charming *morceau*, however, and is free from restorations, an advantage possessed by few of the antiques.

The Tribune, with all its splendors of marble and mother-of-pearl, is a miserable place for seeing the wonders of art which it enshrines. There is so little light, that it is only on very bright days that one can see the pictures at all; and the statues are so arranged that it is difficult to view any but the upper pictures at the requisite distance. Then the pictures are crowded, for the sake of thrusting in several which ought never to have been there—such as the Endymion of Guercino, so unfavorable a specimen of that master that he would have blushed to see it in its present position. The same remark is true of some other pictures by great names, exalted thus conspicuously; while a part of the precious space is given to the works of artists unknown to fame—a circumstance almost condemnatory in our day of research and criticism. The view of the pictures is also very much obstructed by the easels of copyists who are always present in the Tribune.

It is nearly impossible to get a tolerably distant view of any picture on the eye-line, which is very vexatious, considering that this line includes the most precious. Of the five pictures of Raphael which hang side by side, one has been totally obscured by an easel during the whole time of our stay in Florence. The sculptures show to tolerable advantage under the perpendicular light of the Tribune, though the shadows thus cast, especially by the brows, give a somewhat pallid and melancholy air to some faces ; but the pictures, taken together, vex more than they please, from the circumstances I have mentioned. Artists may study their separate and technical excellences, but the eager traveller is denied the full view which enables him to drink in, at a glance, the sentiment and glow of a picture, and make its soul a part of his own—a possession for life. The unlearned observer wants to sympathize with the painter, and for this purpose he must be so placed that the fundamental idea will be obvious to him ; the student wishes to possess himself of the secret by which the idea is expressed ; and he may be content to pore for hours in a half light, or to dodge behind easels with his eye scarce a foot from the object of his study. This want of distance is the general complaint throughout the galleries of Italy, but it is, perhaps, nowhere felt so keenly as in the Tribune, the very heart of all this wondrous world.

As a mere curiosity, there is nothing in the Tribune more interesting than a small circular picture, by Michael Angelo—one of the two easel pictures he painted. This is pronounced a failure, though a splendid one. The grandeur of his conception seems to render him incapable

of executing in little, and his genius forsakes him entirely when he attempts to shine in a new sphere. When he is at home, he is possessed, inspired, and unconscious of self; when a petty vanity betrays him into competition and rivalry, the god deserts him, and there is nothing great but his egotism, which is stupendous. In this picture, which is a Holy Family, he introduces a parcel of brawny, nude figures, which have no pretended or possible connexion with the subject, in order to display his knowledge of the human form—a knowledge which one is sometimes almost sorry he possessed, since it was continually leading him to sacrifice the grace and beauty of which nature is so lavish, to an exaggerated delineation of bone and muscle, not without prototypes in nature, certainly, but by no means thrust by her into every picture. Michael Angelo, great and generous as he was, was tormented with a vanity which the impetuosity of his nature did not allow him to conceal; and, like Goldsmith, who was nettled by the praise bestowed upon a puppet, into an attempt to perform its tricks,—the great master could not see, without annoyance, the success of another, even in a line which left his own peculiar greatness unapproached. He said that easel pictures were fit occupation only for women, yet Raphael's Holy Families brought forth this strange attempt, labored to the last degree, and showing so painful an effort to surpass the unsurpassable, that one looks upon it with a sort of pity.

The Hall of Niobe has an irresistible attraction for the stranger, and the powers that be have provided well for the enjoyment of the treasures it contains. It is well lighted, and provided with comfortable seats. The six-

teen statues which are disposed within its ample bounds, are so placed that they can be viewed from every point, and at any desirable distance. The principal group—that of the mother and one child—occupies the head of the room, and rivets the attention for a time; and even after making the wondrous circuit, and finding something everywhere to move and to astonish, we recur at last to this, and dwell upon it almost to the exclusion of the rest. The supposition of Mr. Cockerell, that the whole was intended to decorate a pediment—probably that of a temple—is so ingenious and so probable, that one cannot but wish the statues could be arranged in correspondence with the design which he made in support of his opinion. We ought, if possible, to see the group as its creators, who are said to be Praxiteles and Phidias, saw it—each portion heightening the effect of the whole, an advantage entirely lost in the present isolated disposition of the figures. No group of statues could suffer more by being disjoined. The passion is in a manner lost, by the want of obvious connection, and the grief of the grand maternal figure is shorn of a portion of its sublimity, by the absence of the extraordinary and overwhelming horrors which justify it. A mother weeping over a dying daughter, is an object of the tenderest sympathy; but sympathy is exchanged for awe before a mother who sees her whole family expiring under a vengeance which she has herself provoked—a climax of tragedy. I cannot but hope, for the sake of future visitors at the Uffizi, that the connection between the thirteen figures which belong to the group, will, in some shape or other, be restored. Any grouping would be preferable to the present frigid arrange-

ment, which also includes two figures which are mere repetitions, and another of inferior merit.

We spent our morning at the gallery, and in the afternoon went to the Cathedral or Duomo, a building which one can hardly tire of looking at, so grand is it, so various, so rich and elegant in all respects. The two architects who finished it—for like all the great cathedrals, it had many builders—are represented in marble, on one side of the open square on which it stands, looking upon their work with a satisfaction which seems fully justified. The Cathedral is almost entirely covered with black and white marble, but its front is quite unfinished. It had once a front, by Giotto, but somebody "drest in a little brief authority," pulled it down, with the intent to build something that should be finer! and this intention—better fitted for a certain pavement we have heard of—is all that the front of the Cathedral has acquired, in the three hundred years which have elapsed since. One gets used, however, to unfinished churches, in Italy.

The dome is well known to have been the model of that of St. Peter's, which it exceeds in size; so that to Brunelleschi, who studied the ancient architecture of Rome with a view to this building, belongs in truth the praise of having "hung the Pantheon in the air," and he did it at almost the cost of his reputation for sanity, so absurd was the idea deemed at that early day,—the commencement of the fifteenth century—long before the revival of Art. It is 387 feet in height, and 138 in diameter.

The interior of the church is dark, but when the eye becomes a little accustomed to this, the inconvenience is readily pardoned for the sake of the exquisite "windows

which exclude the light." They could be no richer if they were really made of the gems they so resemble. Brunelleschi and Giotto repose within the walls they reared, and there are a few other monuments of interest, but as a whole, this interior has an air of less grandeur than might be expected from the outside view. The placing of the choir and the high altar beneath the dome, instead of in the Tribune, though approved by critics as giving a significance to the dome, certainly injures the general effect by breaking the length. The portion beyond this great mass is in a measure lost to the size of the building. In this case the obstruction is lavishly adorned with bas-reliefs of great merit, which detained us long, for they are very elaborate, and deserve far more time than we have been able to give them. In the floor not far off we find one of those silent remembrancers, which occur so often in Italy, of the obligations the world owes to the Church, as the conservator of knowledge during the dark ages—a circular dial, in the pavement, to which the sunshine comes by an aperture in the cupola. This was made nearly four hundred years ago, to ascertain the changes in the obliquity of the ecliptic.

The group by Michael Angelo, of our blessed Lord resting on the lap of his mother, while two other figures wait in attitudes of grief, is one of those overpowering spectacles which show the impotence of words; for when I would describe it, I find no expression that gives any idea of its effect on me. It is in twilight, behind the high altar—perhaps it is this that heightens the effect, and makes this work stand alone in the memory, hallowed above all other sculptured images of the Saviour. I believe

it is approved by connoisseurs, but I think the most ignorant observer, with only a heart to feel, would not have needed prompting by the learned. Michael Angelo is said to have intended this group for his own tomb, but though not placed there it will none the less be his monument. Surely death was never so dignified by art; surely no marble shape ever sent such pangs of sympathy to the heart, or exalted the imagination to such conceptions of divinity in human form. I forget all but the Mother and Son; I should hardly have known that there were other figures, if I had not been reminded of it afterwards. It is Christ as he *may* have been, and the pierced Mother as she must have been. Truly in Italy we find "sermons in stones."

The accessories to the Duomo are quite as interesting as the Duomo itself. The sacristies are rich in decoration and association. In one of them we are told that Lorenzo de' Medici took refuge when he was pursued by the enemies of his house. There are some fine groups in terra-cotta here, by Luca della Robbia, the first master in that department of art; also a portrait of Dante, placed in the Duomo by a decree of the republic.

The Baptistery, like that of Pisa, struck us as rather bare, inside, after the elegance without. Its pride is in those wonderful bronze doors, which one might study for weeks without coming to a full knowledge of all the subjects of their bas-reliefs. I could not have believed that a mere door could be made so splendid an object.

I cannot but think that one reason why the artists of Italy's splendid era have left us works that while they interest by their mere execution, interest still more by the

spirit and variety of their subjects, is, that in those days it was considered essential that an artist should be a man of learning—an idea now totally exploded, as far as I have been able to observe. What poverty of invention and allusion is always conspicuous on the walls of modern exhibitions! Even in England, where we hoped to find something in this way which should bespeak the advantages enjoyed by Art as a profession, in a country whose standard of learning is so high, the very same endless repetition and smallness of scope were conspicuous that mortify us at home. Such works cannot live in after times. They soon become as uninteresting as a gallery of family portraits.

The Baptistery boasts some trophies of the old victories over the Pisans, some links of whose harbor-chain are hung up here, as well as at Genoa and other places. These wars between rival cities in old times seem to have been full of personal and enduring bitterness, and the churches do not hesitate to lend their aid in perpetuating the feeling, as far as the spirit of the age will allow. Nothing can be more obvious than the essentially democratic spirit of the Catholic church. It sides with the people: appeals to them, makes their rights a part of its requisitions wherever it is acknowledged. If this bias had always been pure and unselfish in intent, we should have been able to hail the church as the great conservator of liberty as well as learning.

There are pretty good reasons for believing that the Baptistery, which was once the Cathedral, was, at a still earlier period, a temple of Mars, resembling the Pantheon in general character, and like that, having a circular aper-



ture at the top, under which was placed the statue of the god. This conversion of heathen temples is an inexpressibly beautiful idea to me. The old notion of the magical potency of certain words, but faintly shadows forth such results of the promulgation of truth.

I could tell to thee  
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone—

says the poet—but look at these cathedrals—“Behold what manner of stones and what buildings are here.”

#### THE PITTI.

THE Pitti palace looks a good deal like a prison, as indeed, do many of the Florentine palaces. The walls are roughened after the manner called rustic, and the windows are crossed with abundance of iron bars, made more conspicuous by rounding outward to allow the inmates to look up and down the street. In the *cortile* we find the usual jumble of sculptures, from Scripture and from the heathen mythology, reminding us of the Irish poet's

Heathen goddesses most rare,—  
Homer, Vaynus, and Nebuchadnezzar,  
All standing in the open air.

Here are Moses, Hercules, Ajax, and the mule that brought materials for the palace, thought by Pitti worthy of benign commemoration in stone.

But the outside of the Pitti does not detain us long, since the reputation of the pictures within is sufficient to

throw the palace into the shade, even though it is the actual residence of the sovereign. The liberality which opens these treasures to the public is so splendid, that one thinks more of the grand Duke than of his house; and, according to his subjects, his whole character is in harmony with this just estimate of the true use of art, a circumstance which adds much to the pleasure with which we traverse these noble halls. The magnificent tables of marble, lapis lazuli, and the most exquisite mosaic, which are found in the rooms, show the generous confidence reposed by the Duke in the lovers of beauty. These tables, immensely costly, and liable to be ruined by a scratch, or almost by a touch, are in nearly every room, uncovered, unguarded in any way, offering the highest specimens of a branch of art in which the Florentines are unequalled by any other people—the art of inlaying in stone. The different halls are named from the subjects of their frescoed ceilings—the Hall of Venus, of Apollo, etc., and of these there are twelve, besides various supplemental halls and cabinets, all rich in works of art. In the Hall of Mars, we find the world-famed *Madonna della Seggiola*, covered with a glass, which in no small degree lessens the pleasure of contemplating it, since it is almost impossible to avoid the glare of the glass. This picture is one of the many exquisite things which have become almost vulgarized to the imagination, by endless repetition in wretched copies. Like the *Cenci*, it stares upon you in twenty shapes, from every petty jeweller's window. You see it everywhere, in mosaic, in enamel, in cameo, in filagree, in alabaster, in bronze, in porcelain, in terra cotta, in plaster, in water-color, in en-

gravings of all sorts and sizes; and, unlike the Cenci, which has not been copied within the last eighteen years, the Madonna is copied every day, and engaged beforehand, like a belle at a ball, twenty deep. It is impossible to avoid the impression of these counterfeits, and to view the picture with the freshness of feeling which its delicacy demands. If one had a week in which to study it; could remove the odious glass, and the engrossing easel, and have, moreover, the best copy that ever was made placed side by side with the unique, it might be possible to discover for one's self, and in truth and honesty, the transcendent merits of the Madonna of the Chair, considered by good judges the masterpiece of the greatest of painters. Lacking these, we linger before it for ten minutes or so, and pass on, vexed, to the next marvel of art, feeling that we have lost something, through the perversity of Fate, or the unanimity of the world's judgment. This picture, which has been called a Christian Venus, is certainly as little Raffaelesque, as anything ever painted by the great master, always excepting both the Fornarinas which claim his name—two pictures which were surely painted by his earthly self, if by Raphael at all. Spite of the wonderful variety of styles mastered by him in the course of his short life, there is one in particular which we cannot help considering as more characteristic of him than the rest—it is that which partakes so markedly of the manner of his master, Perugino, whose taste evidently modelled that of his surpassing pupil. The fair-haired, passionless, impassive women, whose oval faces are to be found in all Raphael's early pictures, are evidently his ideal of divine

purity and loveliness. When he departs from this model, we may be more sensible of his power, but we are no longer so sure of his identity.

Michael Angelo's *Fates*—the second of his two *casel* pictures—is in the Hall of Jupiter. The sentiment of this picture has been praised, but it almost justifies the remark that Michael Angelo had no idea of beauty. Three old witches take the place of the beautiful *Parcæ* of the Greeks, and their looks and attitudes require to be interpreted, in order to excite the imagination at all. The picture would probably never have been celebrated, if it belonged to a less important name.

The Pitti gallery boasts sixteen pictures of Andrea del Sarto, a painter whom one must go to Florence to learn to admire. He is certainly little known to any beside artists, on this side the water ; and the pleasure we derive from the exquisite grace and harmony of his pictures has all the zest of a discovery. He is pronounced by some judges the first colorist of the Florentine school, and the mere amateur is prompted to accept the decision as valid. The glow about his *Holy Families*, seems like an emanation, and Mary is in his hands—

“ A spirit, yet a woman too—”

a tender mother, full of the proud sense of her great office, with worshipping eyes turned on her wondrous Gift, or raised toward the Heaven with which she claims affinity through him. It requires but little imagination to see in the pictures of Andrea del Sarto, all that the painter had in his mind when he was painting them.

The Venus of Canova, which occupied the pedestal of the Venus de' Medici, while French rapacity deprived the Florentines of their idol, is in some respects more gratifying than the more famous statue. The head is far nobler, and if there were not a little bad taste in the over-dressing of the hair, would be altogether more beautiful than the diminutive French-doll-looking head of the other. It is at least a passible head, which the antique one is not. The chiselling of the flesh is said to be inferior to that of some other of Canova's works; but to discover this is an unhappiness left to the connoisseur. To the mere observer, the Canovan Venus is altogether lovely, and quite as worthy of a domed sanctuary as her more favored prototype.

A statue must be precious indeed, to deserve a shrine, in the estimation of the Florentines. They are accustomed to see some of the most admired works of art standing for ages in the open air, either totally unsheltered, or merely protected by a roof from the falling storm. In the Loggia de' Lanzi, a sort of open portico in the piazza Gran Duca, opposite the Palazzo Vecchio, are the celebrated Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, a bronze of exquisite beauty; a Judith, by Donatello; a Dying Ajax, worthy of the Greeks to whom it is ascribed; and, not to mention many others, one of the most wonderful groups ever executed, consisting of a youthful figure bearing up, entirely clear of all support, a beautiful woman in his arms, while an older man is prostrate and struggling at his feet. Whatever technical criticism may say of this group, it is to the ordinary eye one of the

most striking things of the kind to be found in all Italy ; one of the few successful attempts to express violent motion in immovable stone—strong muscular effort in the stillness of death. It is by John of Bologna—an Italian town which has produced Guido, Domenichino, Guercino, Caravaggio, Albani, Francesco Francia, Imola, Lanfranco, and the three Carracci—Annibal, Augustin, and Ludovico, not to speak of a host of names only less eminent.

The statues in the Boboli Gardens alone would enrich and make proud an American city. Oh ! how these green and shady walks make us long for similar places of recreation and refreshment in our own dear country ! When shall we, too, have parks, beautiful with all that Nature brings in spring time, and with such glorious things as Art furnishes for all time ? When shall we too take strangers to some lovely hill top, crowned with a heroic monument or sheltering temple, in order to look around upon an expanse of beauty like that which environs Florence ? We have all the material—the wood, the water, the rising ground, the sprinkled villas, the abundant towers and spires, the wealth, the artistic skill—what lack we ? Surely not the conviction that such things are desirable, for no people enjoy them more than Americans, abroad.

JULY 14.—We saw a strange ceremony, to-day, looking from the windows of the Uffizi, attracted by the sound of music. The area below was filled with a dense crowd of people, and at one end of it, within a sort of portico, was a stage, on which stood two boys, dressed like theatrical Cupids, making a very ridiculous figure indeed, in broad

daylight and surrounded by people in their every day clothes. On the stage were two small lottery wheels, and at certain signals, these wheels were turned, and the shabby Cupids put in their hands and drew out numbers, holding them up to the gaze of the multitude, while a man announced them aloud, and they were at the same time exhibited in large characters, by means of machinery above. Then the populace shouted, the band struck up, and there was a sort of hubbub, until, at another signal, another number was drawn, waited for in deep silence, and hailed with new shouts and new music. This is, strange to say, a governmental provision for gambling; an attempt to regulate and turn to account this passion in the common people. If such things were the natural concomitants of gardens and statuary, I would never say another word about the latter; but let it be remembered that we, with a determined national repudiation of everything like amusement, have had our national lotteries too, though we have had them managed in darkness and silence, instead of the gay sunshine and band of music.

It is said that numbers of these poor people are ruined and kept in wretchedness by this fatal indulgence. It would seem as if a disposition to gambling were natural to the human race, for no nation has yet been discovered in which it is not practised. It would be a curious inquiry how far that "spirit of adventure" which leads men to compass sea and land in search of a short cut to fortune; that "enterprise" which induces a merchant to risk all he has, in the hope of a sudden acquisition; and a thousand other direct appeals to the chances, with money for

an object, differ from gambling. As to excitement, the poor Florentine, who has risked his only shilling and stands gazing at the wheel, unconscious of the multitude around him, enjoys that in perfection, if we may believe the intense expression of his dark eyes.

JUNE 11.—Sunday in Florence. The bells ring, perhaps, a little more vehemently and continuously on Sunday morning than on other mornings, but otherwise there is little to distinguish the day. Soldiers, with bands of music, pass as usual; men, women, and boys cry their wares with the same insane *abandon*; flower merchants establish themselves in the street, and the people in their gayest clothes throng every avenue. The shops are generally shut, and the general love of pleasure is more conspicuous. There are fewer priests in the street, and more beggars. Itinerant musicians betake themselves to the suburbs, where the *trattorie* reap their harvest. The better classes prepare for church, whither they go when the poor and the more devout have already heard two or three services. The weather, to-day, has been delicious—the sky as blue as we had heard it was, and the sun at least as hot. A cool breeze, however, moderated the fervors, and we have been able to walk about with very little inconvenience.

This day will always have a place in our remembrance, on account of a circumstance which occurred unexpectedly to hallow it—here, in this land of bell, book, and candle, and all the strange manifestations of the Catholic faith. Three clergymen, brethren of one faith, met by an apparent chance in Florence, and in the absence of any public worship intelligible to them and their families,



came together for social worship at one of the hotels, at which they were spending a few days. It was almost literally a gathering of "two or three" in the name of Christ, and the services and the sermon will not soon depart from the memory of any one who had the privilege of being there. It is impossible to convey an idea of the peculiarity of such a scene in the midst of Florence. Troops were marching past nearly all the time; and once the hymn was necessarily suspended, during the passing of a troop of horse with trumpets and band, which made all other sounds totally inaudible, spite of the closed windows. The height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets cause such reverberations, that the sound of a full band is almost deafening.

After our own service was concluded, we went to the Duomo, where, it being Whitsunday, a grand ceremony was to take place, for which great preparations had been made. A canopy was erected on one side of the altar for the Grand Duke and his family, and the church and the streets were lined with troops. We obtained good standing-places not far from the altar rails; for although there were multitudes of people in the church, its immense size is such that there was no crowding. The whole area within the railing was filled with priests in every variety of costume, scarlet being the prevailing color. The bishop entered in procession, with candle-bearers and train-bearers and mitre-bearers, and more attendants than one could even fancy uses or excuses for, and took his place on a throne which faced the canopy of the Grand Duke. A few moments after this, the soldiers presented arms, and the sovereign passed up the central aisle between their

ranks, followed by his sister and a train of ladies in full dress, wearing on their heads, feathers, flowers, and splendid toques of gold or silver lama. Two or three ladies followed the Grand Duke to the seats beneath the canopy; the rest knelt in the centre of the area, and remained in that position during the entire ceremony, which lasted above an hour. It were vain to attempt a description of the rites. The place within the railing looked like an immense tulip-bed swayed by the summer breeze. Priests in their gorgeous robes arose, and sat down, and turned round, and knelt, and crossed themselves, and went through a curious form of embracing each other, while the bishop's mitre was put on and taken off twenty times, and certain books carried first to one side of the altar and then to the other—now laid upon men's backs by way of reading-desks—now returned to the altar with many genuflections. Now the bishop unmitred and flung incense again and again toward the altar; then the mitre was put on and an attendant priest incensed the bishop in his turn. Then the censer was used in front of the Grand Duke and his attendants, who acknowledged the favor by profound bows, and these honors and bows formed no small part of the performance. The reverences of the priests seemed almost equally divided among the bishop, the Grand Duke, and the altar. The elevation of the Host was acknowledged by the soldiers grounding arms with a clang on the pavement, and dropping on one knee, with the right hand raised to the cap—a beautiful movement to the spectator, but somewhat foreign to our notions of the decorum suited to public worship. Behind the altar was a large temporary platform for the accom-

modation of a band of at least a hundred musicians, and the musical part of the service was performed with the aid of violins and drums as well as organ—an astounding volume of sound which the reverberation among the many arches, aisles and chapels of the huge edifice caused at times to become almost an undistinguishable bray. At intervals there was some fine singing—a tenor in particular, whose voice had a heavenly sweetness, and seemed to float away in the far distance, till it lost itself in the immense vault of the dome. The scene was splendid in the extreme, and the music calculated to excite the imagination from its very loudness. Only the manoeuvres of the officiating priests seemed puerile; all the rest had an air of grandeur, and reminded one of the ancient ritual, or what we may fancy to have been the scene at the dedication of Solomon's temple.

After the Grand Duke and his cortege had departed, in some eight or ten state carriages drawn by six horses a-piece, and followed by liveried servants both civil and military, we were glad to rest our eyes and ears by stepping into the cool and quiet church of San Lorenzo, interesting on account of the Medicean monuments contained in the Sagrestia Nuova, commonly called the Capella dei Depositi. These monuments are among the wonders of Michael Angelo's genius, which, with a courage which it is hardly possible now to appreciate, dared to take nature for a guide, at a period when Greek models were decided to have made nature seem vulgar. The sitting statue of Lorenzo—not the Magnificent, but his grandson, the Duke of Urbino, father of Catherine de' Medici—is one of the grandest productions of the chisel. One cannot

meet the fixed look of those marble eyes without emotion. The whole figure has a power which is centralized and intensified in the face. A more striking effect of this kind has perhaps never been produced, unless by the same master in his Moses. All petty criticism stands shamed into silence by the undeniable effect of this wonderful figure. Nothing short of transcendent genius makes such an appeal and elicits such a reply, spontaneous—enthusiastic—silent.

Opposite this great work is another by the same hand, but inferior; though excellent compared with all else of the kind. As decorations on these monuments are female figures, representing, on that of Lorenzo, Day and Night, on that of Giuliano, Morning and Evening—subjects which perhaps no genius could make distinct and expressive in stone—certainly not that of Michael Angelo, whose forte lay in the grand and the substantial. They are giantesses, sprawling, and not very symmetrically formed, and one cannot help wondering what they have to do there. The attempt to mingle allegorical figures with real-life ones seems the besetting sin of monument-makers. If the realities were left to the imagination, the imaginations might more easily be made real; brought forward both at once, they confound each other and the spectator.

JUNE 13.—It is so much the fashion to go to Florence in the winter and spring, that our general impressions of it, derived from the accounts of travellers, are quite at fault when we come to apply them to Florence in June. The older notions, instilled by poets, are far more to the purpose now. The skies are incessantly clear; the

breezes soft, and full of perfume from the fresh vines ; and the height of the houses on either side of the narrow and winding street, far from being a disadvantage, only pleasantly moderates the summer fervors, and makes "light to counterfeit a gloom." One scarcely needs a parasol, except at high noon. The pavements—composed entirely of broad and smooth flagstones—are quite clean, in the better parts of the city, and not very much otherwise anywhere. People seem almost to live in the street. Quite as many things are sold out of doors as within, and flowers are an important branch of merchandize. The Arno is very muddy and yellow, or rather Scotch-snuff-color, as it is at all seasons, and it is far from being an agreeable neighbor, both on account of the unpoetical odors rising from its sluggishness, and the hosts of mosquitoes which find their home on its surface. When we cross the Ponte Santa Trinitá in the afternoon, to visit friends who live on the other side, we can see clouds of these winged plagues hovering between us and the golden sunset ; but our Palazzo Bartolini, *alias* hotel du Nord, twilight all over with deep windows and triple blinds, and facing the cool, dark Piazza Santa Trinitá, is quite free from the nuisance of which those who live nearer the river are complaining. The position of this hotel is perhaps the best in Florence for a summer sojourner. It looks out upon a quiet square, nearly facing the Church Santa Trinitá, whose façade is much admired. In the centre of the square, and near the Hotel, is a column from the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, which must be surprised to find itself supporting a statue in miserable taste, called Justice, but no likeness, we may

be sure, or the symmetry of the cardinal virtues has been much overpraised. The poor thing seems painfully conscious of ugliness, and has put on a bronze cloak, which the wicked winds have sent flying in such a way that it does not answer the only purpose for which it could be useful. This want of grace is, however, quite appropriate, for the thing is but a memorial of wrong. It was erected by one of the Medici, to signalize his triumph over the Strozzi who had resisted his tyranny.

From the square we reach almost directly the Ponte Sta Trinitá, a handsome and imposing bridge, the view from which, especially westward, is most delicious. Indeed I think one comprehends better why Florence has been called *la bella*, in looking at it from this bridge, than from any other point. The bridge itself has excited much attention from some peculiarity in its arches, not very observable from the top, however. It is decorated with statues in white marble—very white and new they look—of the four seasons, and it is odd that Winter is the only one that lacks covering. The philosophy of this lies deep; we are intended to feel that Winter must needs be very cold.

The Ponte Vecchio, which is a street of shops crossing the river, has one open space left, in the centre, through which one may see, as in a frame, the smiling shores above and below, with the Ponte alle Grazie to the east, and towards the west the several bridges further down. One longs to have time to linger on these bridges, laying up a general idea of Florence that will help to make pictures in memory by and by. Threading the streets and examining churches, galleries, piazzas and *loggie* piece-

meal, is quite another affair. These things individualize themselves ; they are too striking to be wrought into a whole. We must look long at Florence from the bridges and from the Boboli Gardens, if we would carry it home with us as Florence.

The Café Doney is one of those pleasant places which are to be found only on the continent—resorts where one can be innocently dissipated, breakfasting away from home, with a sort of evening feeling of leisure and *abandon*, meeting pleasant people, and feeling disposed to be pleased and pleasant one's self. You sit on a sofa at a small marble table, and while the waiter is bringing coffee and eggs, and light rolls, or whatever else you choose for your disjune, you may look at yourself in half a dozen mirrors, or watch the various European ways of eating eggs, or the still more various ways of drinking coffee and chocolate. You will see many more people breakfasting on coffee and bread (without butter) than with any addition to those essentials ; and almost every one joining the pleasure of conversation or of reading with that of eating and drinking. In the midst of all this, observe that lady breakfasting quite alone, with as much nonchalance as if her feet were on her own fender, instead of on one of the ottomans of the Café Doney, with twenty men in sight. She has a newspaper, perhaps, or she sits musingly over her little cup of chocolate, dipping bits of toast or of Naples biscuit into it, and occasionally giving a scrap to her pretty Italian greyhound. On the opposite side sit an old gentleman with his daughter—a delicate girl, English probably, seeking health on the banks of the Arno, and choosing to breakfast in this gay,

*some sourd* way, rather than in the less cheerful quiet of the parlor at their hotel. Near them, but without apparent consciousness of their presence, sit two innominate youths, in close talk, with coffee and bread before them, or perhaps a tall bottle of red wine, which they drink out of tumblers, dipping their long rolls, and eating with great gusto, but talking still more eagerly. A knot of Americans are breakfasting in close neighborhood though at different tables, and comparing notes of night-seeing, making plans for the day, talking of home, and especially of letters received or expected. A more cheerful breakfast can hardly be imagined, when one is in a land of strangers, far distant from the means and appliances that make the home breakfast so delightful.

The hotel breakfast has a pinched, desolate air. The eatables are very scanty, according to our luxurious notions of that meal; and the dead stillness, the vacancy, the strangeness, will sometimes sink one's spirits to zero at the very outset of the day. No children's voices, no well-known domestic faces, no pleasant aroma of householdry, no home-feeling—none of these are to be had; and the next best thing is to forget them all, for the time, and accept the public breakfast in all its foreignness—a bit of practical wisdom which we should learn to apply as early as possible when we have resolved to spend months without a home.

Doubtless one occasion why the English in general are so laughably miserable abroad, is that they cannot leave their comfort behind and take up with pleasure in its stead for the time. Some degree of versatility is requisite



for this, and versatility is no part of English national character.

A drive in the Cascone is a favorite amusement at Florence, and no grounds more charming for the purpose can be found, perhaps, in all Europe. The drive is, to be sure, a parallelogram, and so does not afford much variety ; but in a drive which does afford variety there is always a portion which everybody prefers, and the Cascone is altogether just what would probably be the preferred part, if the grounds were ten times more extensive and various. One of the parallel lines is almost on the bank of the Arno, the other at some distance back ; and both are shaded with the most magnificent trees, enlaced with vines, and the ground between beautified with shrubbery and crossing walks, and a pheasantry and a race-course and herds of cattle feeding, and pretty flower girls offering bouquets, not to speak of the splendid equipages which constitute the principal charm in the eyes of the fashionables, and the beggars of all ages, more picturesque than welcome. After driving a mile and a half beyond the city, you reach an open space, on one side of which is the Grand Duke's cheese-farm, and the pretty villa appropriated to those who manage it. This is the lounge *par excellence*. Here carriages draw up, gentlemen equestrians gently insinuate their beautiful horses between the ranks, and make themselves agreeable to the fair ladies who, in very becoming dresses, sit enjoying the delicious air. Children are taken out by their nurses and allowed to ramble in the woods and by the river, and the flower-maidens bring their prettiest bouquets, sure of a market among the beaux.

One looks in vain for specimens of striking personal beauty amid this display. Not one really lovely face did we see among all those that figured in Parisian bonnets on the Cascone. Black hair is universal, and complexions none of the clearest; large dark eyes, but very little of the sensibility we are prone to expect among Italian women. There is no saying what extravagant expectations we may previously have indulged, to produce this disappointment. One has a romantic idea about Italy, and can hardly be satisfied with anything that might please elsewhere. We are at least willing to believe that some of these damsels, if we had met them, half-veiled, in Santa Croce, or in simple morning costume sketching at Fiesole, might have seemed beautiful. As it was, they had to our unreasonable eyes a common, and rather Jewish look, neither vivacious nor intelligent. After all, perhaps our disappointment may be explained very naturally. We receive our impressions of Italy from poets or poetical people; and these see with eyes quite different from our every-day ones. The perception of beauty depends much more upon the eyes that look than upon the object looked upon. Nobody but Petrarch thought Laura a beauty; and the treasures of border times collected at Abbotsford, and so highly prized by Sir Walter Scott, seem to the common-place visitor of to-day, mere antiquated lumber. Some people go through the world seeing lovely things, because they confer beauty, so to speak; others enjoy far less, because they dwell in dull reality, and are unable to idealize. They can be delighted with a statue or a picture, because the idealizing is there done to their hand by the artist, and nothing is

presented except as auxiliary to the governing thought; but show them the same figure in a common mantua-made gown, or tailor's broadcloth; the same face in a French bonnet or a beaver, surrounded by the common-places of daily life, and they see only the common-places. In this view, what a blessing are poets and artists to the world!

The influence of the poetic eye is amusingly exemplified by our disappointment in *La Bella Fiorista*, a flower-girl who has been celebrated by several late travellers. We were setting out upon our first days' tour, after breakfasting at Doney's, when we met a bold-looking young woman with a flat face, and a Leghorn hat to correspond, the great brim of which flapped about most ungracefully. This unprepossessing person had a common market basket on her arm, from which she selected a bunch of poor starved pinks for each of us, which she presented with a theatrical air and practised smile, and then vanished. We encountered her daily and went through the same ceremony, wondering the while where the least material could have been found for the poetical stories we had heard of her grace and beauty. These pinched pinks were always selected from a basket of pretty bouquets, to which they were probably intended as an allure. But as we did not admire the plan or the planner, we bought our bouquets of less pretentious and more modest *fioristas*, not omitting, however, to send this one some francs, which she took care to call for before our departure. The sum not seeming magnificent enough, she was angry and abusive, F. said, although we could have bought a basket

full of bouquets for less. So ended our acquaintance with La Bella Fiorista.

A homely old woman of whom we bought each a bouquet in the Cascine, insisted on adding two or three great sprigs of the most luxuriant rose-geranium, and a damask rose or two, fresh and dewy enough for Aurora. She was a dealer of no reputation, but her eyes sparkled as she thanked us, and seemed as if she was longing to give us her whole stock.

It requires a good deal of imagination to perceive the propriety of the epithet bestowed by common consent of past ages on Florence—*Firenze la bella*. A dingier town is nowhere to be seen, as far as the inner aspect of the city proper is concerned. Houses that have been stuccoed and then half peeled, are very frequent, and there is no great variety in the style of building. But there is a wonderful fascination about Florence, and we surrender ourselves at once, without a question, to the general impression. No place wears more the air of enjoyment, without dissipation. The people may be very wicked, and it is rather the fashion among foreign residents here to say they are so: but it certainly gives one a prepossession the other way to see so much provision made for innocent pleasure—flowers, music, pictures, statues, rural resorts, a beautiful drive, a delicious public garden, a cheap and excellent opera, where expensive dress seems to be forgotten, restaurants where ices and coffee are more called for than anything less safe. Scientific and charitable associations abound, and the general amenity of manners is delightful. The Italians must be the profoundest hypocrites on earth, if they conceal under this

a more than usual depravity, as some would persuade us, I should with more readiness believe in the extra wickedness of a city where brandy-shops, gaming-houses and cock-pits are the provision for popular amusement.

Without pretending to set down in order what we have seen in Forence—for the temperature of the weather is not such as to dispose one to any form of industry—it is impossible to pass Santa Croce without a grateful word. With what a holy pleasure have we lingered in its twilight aisles, standing above the very bones of its mighty dead, and recalling them by means of the testimonies of the world's esteem which are gathered here. Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Machiavelli, Alfieri, Filicaia, Lanzi, Aretino (Bruni,)—all lie here. "How awful is this place."

One turns first to the tomb of Michael Angelo, for it presents itself first on the right hand as we enter. As a work of art, I cannot but feel it a solecism that a mere bust of the great painter-sculptor-architect, is made to fill a subordinate place in the *coup d'œil* of the tomb, completely overpowered by the emblematic figures which are intended to decorate it. My imagination is scared and left powerless by these colossal attempts to embody the idea of the different arts. I wished them all away. The tomb of Dante seemed to me less objectionable in this respect, although the attempt is similar. That of Alfieri is more harmonious, perhaps because one does not ask quite so much there. On the whole, Santa Croce comes as near bringing with it the feelings it ought as anything we have seen since Oxford—or perhaps I was in an unusually collected and happy mood when I first saw it. There is a completeness about the idea in my mind which

this hurried mode of travel does not always allow. If I should never return to Florence, I should still feel that I had seen Santa Croce, while I can hardly say as much of any other great thing here.

Yet there is a wonderful multiplicity of interests in this church of churches. The names of those who are buried here would seem enough; but there is a world of beauty and sweetness beside; wealth of art and association; exquisite loveliness in statuary, and some precious pictures. The newly erected and snow-white tomb of a Polish countess, in one of the many chapels, affected us unusually. She is represented as half-sitting, propped with cushions, and so pallidly lovely in her resignation, that one's tears rise unbidden, as at an actual death-bed. The Capella Nicolini has some grand statues and pictures; and in that of the Holy Sacrament is the monument of the Countess of Albany, widow of Alfieri, and another, of some Russian princess, which we admired so much that we compared it with one which had enchanted us in the Campo Santo at Pisa. The cloisters, too, are full of interest, as indeed, are all the cloisters we have seen.

We have visited with great pleasure the studio of Mr. Powers and seen there some beautiful things that he is finishing. He kindly showed us a good deal of the process by which marble is gradually brought to the exquisite finish of the Greek Slave and the Eve, both of which stand among their brethren and sisters of the studio wonderful in their beauty, and set off by the neighborhood of things inferior, and of great blocks half-hewn to a hideous caricature of the human form, figuring forth, dropsy or elephantiasis or dreadful deformity. The effect of these

contrasts is overpowering ; whatever is not beautiful is so *very* ugly, that the perfect statues seem to have about them a distinct atmosphere of loveliness, and to fill the particular place in which they stand with an unearthly light. I looked long at the Slave with this thought. I had seen her again and again before, but she does not lose by long and intimate acquaintance. The boldness of Mr. Powers in departing from the classic models is akin to that of Michael Angelo.

We saw the Princess Demidoff, in an elegant open carriage, with a courier behind her in uniform gorgeous enough for a militia adjutant, and a great *chapeau bras* edged with white feathers. Princess Corsini drives in the same style, as well as some others whose names we did not know. There is evidently a good deal of emulation in this particular, though the Grand Duke's ordinary equipage is far from showy. He is spoken of with great respect, as a good and sensible man, whose devotion to the good of his people is most commendable. The only thing doubtful about him seems to be his having married a princess of the hateful Austrian blood—a circumstance odious in all Italian eyes. He is in the habit of walking in the streets in the manner of a private citizen, we are told, but we have not met him, or even seen him at the opera.

We have heard excellent music at Florence, as far as Verdi's music can be called excellent. It is certainly pleasing, and the performance is better than usual, a *tenore* in particular, whose name escapes me, charmed us in both *Linda de Chamounix* and *William Tell*. The Swiss scenery is surpassingly beautiful, and all the stage

business well done. The *prima* one cannot praise ; she is coarse and common looking, with no great voice.

It would be hard to speak of Florence without mentioning the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Browning—the Elizabeth Barrett Barrett of our poetic memory,—and her husband, the author of “Bells and Pomegranates,” and other things which bespeak exquisite taste and high poetic feeling. This pair of poets, happy in a perfect similarity of tastes and harmony of pursuits, are appropriately niched in a palazzo in the Via Maggio, on the southern side of the Arno. Mrs. Browning is evidently made for no breezes more boisterous than those of Tuscany ; how such extreme fragility could endure English damps seems remarkable. No poet ever came nearer being pure spirit while yet visible on earth. Mr. Browning looks like a man of this world, but his countenance, at once frank and gentle, is expressive of great purity and sweetness. They have taken a *piano* or entire floor, for a year or two, and were furnishing it when we first visited them ; intending to make Florence their home, and only visiting in England.

This mode of living has something very enticing to indolent as well as to poetical people. Mrs. Browning keeps and needs no regular servant but her own English maid, all household operations being performed by people who reside elsewhere. A char-woman, (*Anglicé*), comes daily for the cleaning and setting in order, and meals are sent (at moderate rates,) ready cooked and commendably hot, from the *trattoria*. What an Arcadian life ! It is the next thing to not needing dinner at all, to have no thought of it or for it before it appears. If one can only continue to forget what is and must be the essential char-



acteristics of the poor people who do all the disagreeable business behind the scenes for next to nothing, I can imagine nothing more delightful. Who knows whether freedom, and the good things that follow in its train, may not change all this? The West India planters have been always complaining, since the emancipation of their slaves, that the negroes shamefully eat all the sugar!

But the plan of occupying a whole floor or flat, instead of an entire house, must always be a convenient one in many respects. Such suites of apartments can of course be rented more cheaply; they offer a variety of prices to different means of living; and they have the advantage of giving one all one's rooms on a level. With all this, they afford entire privacy, each floor being independent of the rest, and the common stair, (usually of stone,) being only a sort of street, where one does not care to be private. Italian habits to be sure, are not famed for any pedantry of neatness; but there is no good reason why a dwelling of this kind should not be kept as clean as any other. The merest trifle contributed by the inmates would ensure the frequent cleansing of the stairs, and the *cortile* or inner court, as well as lighting them at night—a thing seldom thought of, here.

That we are prone to surround ourselves with a complication of what we consider conveniences, to the utter sacrifice of leisure and even of peace, I think nobody will or can deny in the face of the complainings heard on every side of the vexatious cares of house-keeping. Perhaps wants are fewer in Italy; cares certainly are. It seems to me that the occupation of the thoughts in matters pertaining to the intellect and the taste, has a tendency to

moderate our solicitude about lower things. It is certain, whatever be the reason, that ladies who live in Italy are not devoured with petty cares, as too many of us are at home. They have more time for self-cultivation, perhaps because they are without temptation to the mean little emulations in the way of show and expense which fritter away the thoughts and the time of too many women. It will never be possible for the fine arts to have a natural and healthy growth among us, until our general habits of living are so amended as to allow of more leisure, and we deceive ourselves when we imagine that our circumstances render this impossible. The moment we learn to prefer self-cultivation to display—reality to pretense—ennobling pleasures to belittling ones,—we shall find time for the acquisition of power to enjoy works of art, and money to purchase them too. So many American ladies go every year to Italy, that I think some lessons must be learned on this subject, of which we shall ere long see the fruits, in a wholesome change of pursuits and objects of interest, in a portion, at least, of our society.

The common Italians are certainly not particularly neat in their houses or their persons, but all places of public interest—as the Uffizi, the Pitti, the Cascine, the Museums and collections of all sorts, are perfectly tidy and well-cared for. The Museo di Storia Naturale, which contains the most extensive collections in all the *ologies*, is cleanliness itself, and the exquisite neatness displayed in the preparation of the articles exhibited is most remarkable. I never saw a museum of natural curiosities so very clean. The preparations in wax evince the utmost delicacy of workmanship—the wax plants, in particular, which are beauti-

fully natural and displayed with much elegance. Some of the most curious things here are representations in wax of several of the great plagues—the disease being exhibited in all its stages, and the accessories in character. There are besides several small waxen figures showing every advance of decay in the human subject, which, for those who like such sights, are wonderful. This museum joins the Pitti Palace and may be seen every day.

We spent a pleasant half hour at the Mosaic factory, seeing the process, which is a most interesting and delicate one, the coloring in stone for flowers, leaves, shells, landscapes, buildings, etc., being entirely natural, and therefore to be chosen with great nicety of taste. We have all seen Florentine mosaics, but I suppose many are ignorant, as I myself was, that the shades which produce such beautiful effects were natural—each flower-leaf, for instance those milk white at its edge and cut of a single stone, being shaded down to the junction with the stem, and ending in black. The specimens of this kind of workmanship in the large tables of the Pitti palace are the most splendid we have seen. The Florentine mosaics, being thus made of natural stones sawn to the requisite forms and inlaid in marble, are necessarily much more expensive than those of Rome, which are formed of as many minute pieces of colored opaque glass as there are shades in the object to be represented—a tedious process enough, but far less costly and difficult than the other. Some beautiful tables here were very tempting, but nobody bought, at the time we were there, though I hear our English friends went back afterwards to “treat resolution.”

Florence is the most intricate of towns. One needs a

map to go round the corner. Although we thread the streets all the time—and on foot, for there are no spaces that tempt us to drive about the town—we have not yet learned enough of the bearings to find any given spot except the Duomo, which I think one can hardly miss. Having engaged to dine at the Hotel D'York, I undertook, with the help of a friend, to find that place, whither we had gone more than once before, but not alone. We set off very bravely; made, as we supposed, directly for the spot; but wandered about in the heat for half an hour before we found it, although it is but a little way from our Hotel. Fortunately, most of the points that interest us most are easily accessible from the Ponte Trinitá, and some of our friends live in the Via Maggio, on the other side, to which this bridge leads. But one could be lost in Florence as easily as in London.

Making an agreement with a vetturino to carry us to Rome is quite an affair, and not without its amusement for us, who are not used to seeing a journey of two hundred miles provided for with so much solemnity. In the first place there are enquiries about the best man for the purpose, for there are well-known characters, and half the people in Florence are ready to advise you, the moment you speak of going to Rome by vettura. Then there are visits to the stables, to view the carriage and ascertain its capabilities, and to judge of the characters, physical and moral, of the steeds. Then your vettura brings in his testimonials from former employers, generally bound into a volume, and kept with a latchet, like a passport. After all preliminaries are satisfactorily settled, comes a printed blank, which tersely but effectually provides for all con-

tingencies that may arise, and guards sedulously against any evasion on either part. This being signed in duplicate, you are tolerably secure that Battista, or Jacopo, or Antonio, or Giovanni, as the case may be, will not maltreat you, since one of the stipulations, in plain print, of the *privata scritta*, is that the *buonamano* to the vetturino conduttore is to be according to the services he may render—that is to say, if he does not suit you, you need give him nothing over and above the stipulated sum; but if he makes you comfortable, and all goes harmoniously, he will expect a handsome gratuity.

Alexandre Dumas tells a capital story of a Russian prince who, having arrived at Leghorn—and being in great haste, as most travellers are, to get out of it—made his bargain with a vetturino to carry him to Florence, but neglected to provide the proper papers. The prince and his servant were soon bestowed, with their *roba*—which includes every possible description of luggage—and the vettura set off at a round pace. But the equipage was hardly out of hearing of the city bells, when the postillion let his reins lie on the horses' necks, sang, stopped to chat with his acquaintances, and conducted himself in all respects like a man who has but to enjoy himself.

The Prince somewhat surprised, remonstrates. "How much will you give for buonamano?" says the vetturino. "What are you talking of?" replies the Prince; "I paid your master twelve piastres on condition that I was to have no trouble with anything of the kind."

"Buonamano has nothing to do with masters. How much will you give me?"

"Not a sou; I have paid."

"Very good, Eccellenza, we will go on a walk."

"But your master agreed to put me in Florence in six hours!"

"Where is the paper?" demands the vetturino—

And on this point the story turns, the driver ingeniously tormenting the Prince, who indignantly refuses to be cheated into paying more than he had agreed to pay; his postillion lagging, changing carriages, doing everything, in short, that could annoy, save saying an uncivil word. After spending all day in getting to Empoli, twenty miles from Florence, he is told that he will pass the night there, which he refuses to do; whereat the postillion says nothing, but quietly drives into a stable-yard, takes off his horses, and when the Prince awakes after a short nap, he finds himself locked into the carriage, where he remains till morning, all his shouts having failed to bring any one to his rescue. All complaint to the authorities is answered by the single question which had always posed the Prince during the journey, "Where is your paper?" and the Prince ends by paying the *buonamano*, as everybody must who does not make his bargain in black and white. This lesson, which we happened to have read before we left home, stood us in good stead, and our bargain with Antonio Combersanno was firm as pen and paper could make it; specifying how many days were to be occupied with the journey, where we were to have *café*, where and when *dejeuner*, where and when *pranzo* and *letto*, the vetturino paying for everything—" *passaggio di Fiumi, Monti e Montagne, come quelle di Barrière*," so that in whatever emergency we were not to be called upon for any "fringes" to the bill, half the stipulated sum being

paid at Florence before starting, half at Rome after safe arrival.

Antonio is a Roman, and his list of stopping places in manuscript on the back of the paper pleased me. It runs thus—"Levane, Arezzo, Passignano del Lago, Perugia, Foligno, Spoleto, Terni, Narni, Civita Castellana, Sette Vene o Baccano, ROMA"—the last word being written *furioso*, with a great dash of the pen.

Antonio is very tall, has a scarlet face, and a most ominous squint—so bad that it is absolutely difficult to tell which way he is meaning to look. His dress is a short coat, and a pair of leather trowsers that probably stand in the corner like a pair of crutches, when not in use; and boots that reach above the knee, like a general officer's. His hair is white, but he wears over it a close black scull cap that nearly covers his ears, and over that a hat, seemingly a veteran in the vetturino life. Storms and disasters are visible everywhere about it, modifying its spongy outline into all manner of unexpectedness. He is a picture, this Antonio, and with a red face and cross-eyes—but his recommendations are unexceptionable, and he has just brought our friends the T——s from Rome. We hope all things.

We set out for Rome at a little after six in the morning, our blushing Antonio being encouragingly punctual. The morning was such an one as one likes to do anything in—to set out—to journey—to arrive—it was one of Italy's best—but why do I say this? It was just like one of our own June mornings, when the sky is serene, the sun bright but not yet too hot, and the vapors that retreat as he advances, showing purple near the horizon, crimson

higher up and shading off into golden or amber. We looked back as we ascended the Val d'Arno, and had a full view of Florence, which we left with regret, though with a prospect of returning after we had seen Rome and Naples, whither we hastened for fear of the later summer heats, which are said to be unwholesome. From this point, the city and its towers, its river and bridges, its domes and spires and campanile, is all beauty, for we do not see too much. The country all about is exquisitely picturesque, and now in all the perfection of June—too lovely to leave thus, not half seen.

We had not travelled many miles before one of our horses—the one that Antonio and his boots rode—fell down, not breaking the poor fellow's leg, thanks to the boots and other leathers. But how mortified he was, and perhaps in his superstitious heart appalled, too, at this evil omen! Truly we did not any of us like this beginning. The horse was a good deal bruised, too, and it did not appear certain, at first, that he would be able to proceed. But some spirits were procured with which his master bathed him, and after some little delay we jogged on, Antonio looking very low-spirited. The contrast between F.'s inefficiency and one's ideal of a courier is most ludicrous. Where is the factotum, with a resource for all emergencies, a helping hand for whatever may further the journey? It is wronging Sancho Panza to compare this puff-ball to him.



## L E V A N E .

BREAKFAST at Levane is no great affair, but we managed to get some lettuce, which made the bread and butter seem tolerable—though it was not. Somebody talks of “smuggling” things down one’s throat, by the aid of spices and high seasoning ; a very useful art in some parts of Italy, it seems. This *villaggio* is Italianissimo, to-day. It consists of one long paved street, built of heavy stone houses ; and spread along that street are numerous parcels of hay, which the inhabitants—the female portion more especially—are turning about on the stones—“making hay” on the pavement, as soberly as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Now and then comes a woman from the field (for the hay must not be supposed to grow in the highway,) loaded with a huge pack of it, under which you hardly see her ; and this she deposits on the street and goes to tumbling it about, sometimes with the help of her children, but never of her husband ; who, however, encourages her with his presence, as he stands smoking in the door. Little ones with a garment apiece show their enjoyment of the bustle by running in and out among the sweet-scented litter, and all is gaiety and good humor, for Italian women never resent being unsexed or made beasts of burden. Besides hay, Levane produces an extraordinary crop of beggars, tattered to the last supposable extent, but not low-spirited, though at the moment of the whine by which they seek to attract your attention, the corners of their mouths are drawn down into crying order. “Date mi qualche

cosa!" says a saucy urchin of fourteen, holding out a palm wrinkled with dirt, and putting on for the moment a dolorous look. "Date *mi* qualche cosa!" said I, holding my hand out as imploringly. He burst out a laughing and ran off. Others, who seemed more needy, we fed with biscuits from the windows of our dining-room, throwing now and then a baioc' to some specimen of failing eld. I noted that Levane was particularly distinguished for pretty roley-poley children, and young men in the gayest of striped pantaloons, generally with a broad band of scarlet down the sides, *à la militaire*. All the men that have caps at all, wear military caps, sloping off at the top, so as to give an idiotic expression to the head, but bound with scarlet and boasting a tassel or two.

The hay-making was at its height when some great drops of rain fell. In a trice all the hay got up and walked into the houses, each bundle with a woman under it—so that even as we looked, the flag-stones, that had just been covered as for a royal procession, were bare again, and the bustling crowd had vanished. Some poor creatures came hurrying in, burdened from the field, and some laughing girls with a skirt thrown over the head and perhaps a little brother by the hand. All this while the men stood calmly smoking as before, only resting a little more within the door while the rain fell.

The flurry was over in a moment, for the rain only spotted the pavement. Whether the hay was all brought out again to meet the sun I know not, for we drove off just then; but I dare say those patient drudges began again, and went through the same routine without a murmur.

## A R E Z Z O.

Whoso would travel in this memory-naunted region with all that belongs to it, must have in the carriage with him, besides Childe Harold, the Lays of Ancient Rome, whose ring can set the blood tingling even at home—and here will bring the glorious past visibly before us, or rather transport us at once into its living spirit. At least these poems make us feel as if we were breathing the spirit of the past; and if it is something else that we breathe—something created by the genius of the poet—the sense of pleasure is the same. As we drive along by “sweet Clanis,” or

“Where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her diadem of towers,”

we see the whole gathering of that gorgeous army of Lars Porsena—

“The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain,  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain;  
From many a lonely hamlet  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest  
Of purple Appennine.”

We live in the midst of the glorious tumult. We see the landscape with the very eye of the poet, for we have given ourselves up to him, because his eyes are gifted to see what ours might not have discovered. It is impossi-

ble to overrate the added pleasure which we derive from the landscape when the poet goes with us, step by step. Blessings on those whose genius has thrown a supernatural lustre over earth's beauty!

Here is this city of Arezzo—a romantic old place—girded with Etruscan walls—full of curious things—we care more to know that it was the birth-place of Petrarch, than for any other circumstance in its history, although that is in many respects one of no common interest.

"If through the air a zephyr more serene  
Win to the brow, 'tis his!"

And the sensible Arezolians have distinguished his birth-house with an inscription, that no passer-by need be ignorant of their glory. They signalize thus every house within their walls which has been honored by the birth or the residence of greatness. Meccenas was born here, and the good Vasari, who has thrown so much light on all that exalts his beloved Italy above the nations of the earth; indeed the old town is noted for having been the maternal nest of eagle-winged genius of all flights.

It is a beautiful little city; romantic even in its outward aspect, and without knowing a word of its history, as I said before. It hangs on a hill-side, and its principal street rises somewhat toilsomely to the high esplanade where stands its fine old cathedral. Our resting place was an inn like an old castle, with a great Italian garden behind it, whose walks were thickly bordered with orange and lemon trees, full of fruit and blossoms, and whole rows of myrtles and geraniums. The largest myrtle I ever saw stood in one corner, and a beautiful tall arched

gateway was wreathed thick with jasmine, all in flower. We dined, looking down upon this garden, and then set out to look at the churches.

The whole place was in a ferment, expecting Gioberti—the hero of young Italy. Shop-keepers stood at their doors instead of behind their counters; good housewives brought their distaffs or their babies to the street, that they might hear the first flourish of trumpets, for Gioberti travels with escorts and processions, and the dignitaries of the town had gone forth to meet him and bring him in. The available men were few, as in the days of Lars Porsena (Macaulay again)—

“The harvests of Arretium  
This year old men shall reap;  
This year young boys in Umbro  
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
And in the vats of Luna  
This year, the must shall foam  
Round the white feet of laughing girls,  
Whose sires have marched to Rome”—

And it was patriotism that had drawn them forth now, as of yore. The young girls that were left at home, thronged the narrow street, laughing as naturally as ever; and their mothers, in holiday attire, stood gazing toward the quarter whence the hero must arrive, shading their eyes with their hands, and looking more picturesque than they knew of. Preparations were made for a grand illumination, and scarcely a house but had its row of paper lanterns or its fanciful framework for candles. We found all this very pretty, and walked leisurely up the street, stopping now and then, rather to admire the truly

Italian whole than to bestow our attention where, according to the guide-book, we should have done. We did notice, however, a curious old church on the right, whose pillars were evidently stealings from heathenness, a caryatid being one of them. At the top of the ascent we were a little out of breath, but quite ready to admire the grand old cathedral with its treasures of art, when lo! from a great black cloud came a gust, and some huge plashing drops of rain. As we had forgotten there was any such thing as rain in Nature's economy, from long absence, we were unprovided with cloaks or defences of any kind; and our courier was as careless about such matters as if he had interpreted literally the proverb "He that regardeth the clouds, shall not reap," a penalty not at all likely to be set at naught by couriers. So we set off on a full run down the steep street, *saute qui peut*, individualism prevailing; and when we had, at the risk of broken necks, reached our hotel, not a drop of rain was to be seen, hardly even on our parasols, which were nearly blown away.

Too much tired by this escapade to try again, we amused ourselves by sharing in the general stare to espy Gioberti. We looked up the street till our eyes ached, and there saw the sun vexationally shining on the very spot we had wished to examine. It was dull; the people grew impatient and a little cross; the shadows of night came down upon the swarming street, but there was no excuse for lighting up the paper lanterns. We listened for awhile to the Dion and Compotton of the crowd, and then retired for the night. My journal says simply "Horrid bed."

## CLASSIC GROUND.

No Cortona for us ! There she stands, in full sight, verifying the poet's beautiful picture ; a mountain Cybele, wreathed about with vines, smiling in the sunshine or saddened momentarily by the flitting clouds ; inviting us, not without a hint that this is the last time she will ever offer us a sight of her beauty. A road leads from Camuscia, directly to her ancient Etruscan walls—older than those of Troy—yet we must go on, not rejoicing !

This learning to renounce is one of the greatest trials of the fresh traveller. All things seem possible ; a settled plan preposterous. Why should we omit what is truly as well worth visiting as anything we shall see ? Why not seize the present good, and let the future take care of itself ? If our time is limited, is it not better to see a few things well than to obtain a mere fleeting notion of many ? This has a certain air of wisdom, but, practically, those whose time is short, who have come from afar, and who may probably never come again, naturally desire rather to carry home with them a multitude of agreeable and suggestive ideas and pictures of things, than to gain anything which can deserve the name of information. They have been reading, all their lives, of certain places ; a mere glimpse of those places seems to fill out and clear up the images in the mind, as well as to make all future reading about them more satisfactory. Who has studied Italy thoroughly ? We whose

hours are numbered, see nearly as much of it, for the purpose of mere pleasure, as any but residents can.

And in order to see it in this way, we must have a plan. No matter if what we renounce be as attractive as what we select, so that it shall cost us much trouble to make the decision which might be as well made by lot—we must still choose, and abide by the choice. So we do not see Cortona.

Antonio is a capital vetturino, but he does not like to get up early. He much prefers sitting up half the night to chat with the stable-men. We, on the contrary, like to use the early morning, that we may repose during the heat of the day. We tried to get off from Arezzo at five, and our coffee was ready before that time; but Antonio delayed us until half-past six—so much time wasted, for we were not able to walk about the town because of expecting his call every moment. Gioberti never came, but we left the Aretinos as confident as ever that he would arrive the next day.

There is nothing the people just here are so proud of as that their country is the scene of the defeat of the Romans under Hannibal. They even hang up a string of fossil tusks in one of the churches, which they declare belonged to Hannibal's elephants. The circumstance of the victory having rested with the invaders, detracts nothing from the delight of possessing a tradition. Commend me to people who can care for such things! How would they live in the New World? Take away this, the poetry of their lives, and they would pine and die under the wretchedness and the inanities of the present, The humblest and the most squalid of all the men,



women and children that we see, is full of these traditions.

We found Papal soldiers not far beyond Camuscia, but the soldiers of his Holiness were too lazy or too good-humored to give much trouble. It occurs to me that in justice to the animal *courier*, I ought to state that he is of great use where a bribe is to be given to save time. He understands the hankering officials by sympathy, and gives them their fees as he likes to receive his own—very privately, and with great attention to the *bienséances*.

Sanguinetto—the brook “which all the while ran blood” during that famous battle, fought between the Gualandro hills and Lake Trasimene—that battle during whose rage an earthquake passed unheeded—is crossed just after the pope’s custom-house. Every inch of this road is interesting, and the guide-book is never out of one’s hand. A ruin on the left is called by the common people “the Tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian,” and I choose to believe that this notion, having been handed down from father to son among this unchangeable race, is the true one. These same peasants believe themselves acquainted with the very spot where occurred the greatest slaughter, and I believe with them. It lies near the Sanguinetto, and between that stream and the heights on which the Carthaginian army was posted before the attack. The people of Cortona have the great comfort of believing that they possess the tomb of the unhappy Flaminius, but the cruel antiquaries pretend that its sculptures are of a later day in art.

The Lake of Trasimene stands unchanged to tell its own story; and the little town of Passignano is just

where it was when it guarded the narrow pass between the Lake and the hills in Hannibal's time. It seems as if the Gualandro had indeed "pushed it into the water" and one fears lest a step more will seal its fate, for there is only room for one narrow street, which sweeps round the hill and leans against it.

What a town! It is the very ideal of poverty and filth. The street is full of hay, drying; the old women are spinning from the eternal distaff; the children lounging in half-naked hordes; the men either dirty and idle, or breaking stone for the roads; and everybody begs. This is the first town we have seen, of which we could say this with literal truth. I believe there is not one woman or one child who does not beg. The day is very warm—a travelling carriage (English) has just arrived from Rome, with a lady who has had the "Roman fever," which seems to be something very like our Western agues. As I understand, she stops at Passignano to take her shake. Our breakfast is not ready, and we walk down one of the filthy alleys towards the Lake. There is a great fig-tree, full of fruit, with a vine, also loaded, twining completely about it, so that its top is weighed down, and they both stand with their feet in the water, as if to keep clear of the horrors of the town. Wise vine—wise fig-tree! I should certainly "sit under" you from morning till night if it were my lot to live at Passignano. This tree and vine, wove into the densest of umbrellas, teach one why the prophets chose this as an emblem of repose and shelter.

After breakfast (high noon,) we climbed to the top of the rocky eminence against which the crowded stone

houses of this dirty village rest. There we found an old church, with a tall campanile ; a huge angle of a wall of defence ; and an unfinished stone building in ruins, the intent of which our self-appointed cicerone—a boy grotesquely dirty, and dressed in a frock coat and nothing else,—could not make clear to us. This creature was intent upon getting some baiocchi out of us, and persisted in following us, and pointing out the different objects and the points in the prospect. Seeing him permitted to aid us, now one and now another of his companions thought they had as good a right to the favors of Fortune, and our train grew insensibly, until by the time we had explored the upper regions and began to descend by a steep and rocky path to the street again, we had a tail of children behind us, like a flock of chickens following the meal-dish. In vain did we order them off ; in vain did we declare that we would give nobody anything ; in vain did the owner of the frock-coat threaten with his fist, and load with opprobrious epithets, those who attempted thus to interfere with his assumed patent ; hope prevailed, and our second entrée into Passignano was in comet-style, we, the nucleus, being absolutely weak with laughing, though we were all the time vexed enough to wish for an English beadle with his whip.

Our hotel has a bare, extempore air ; indeed these third-rate Italian country inns remind me continually of our new Western ones. I was shown a strip of a bedroom, containing two narrow beds arranged tandem ; and in order that I might find table room to pen these notes, the washing apparatus had first to be removed to the floor. All the provisions for comfort are of a piece with

this, but there are curtains at the windows, and a fringed towel. Our déjeuner was not so attractive but that we had time to admire the taste which had placed, upon the front of a dirty cupboard to which our attendant constantly resorted for the various items required for the table, a pompous inscription, in gold letters, claiming for Passignano the glory of having witnessed Hannibal's battle, or something to that effect. I am sorry I was too indolent to copy the legend. It is very grand.

I am disposed sometimes to pause and speculate a little upon the cause of the delight one feels in travelling in Italy—in being even here, in this vile town of Passignano. The pleasure is real; whence does it arise? Simply from association? It does not seem so. From gratified curiosity? No other gratification of curiosity was ever half so agreeable. From the hope of seeing Rome—the feeling that we are on the way to that heart of the world? This is no doubt an important element in our present enjoyment, but it can hardly be called a prominent one. All these things together must be taken into account, but the deliciousness of Italian travel remains still a sort of enigma to me. I cannot help thinking it is partly due to the gentle and humane manners of the people; for I have always found human magnetism far more important to my enjoyment than any other influence.

This Lake of Thrasymene fills the mind with the softest images of beauty and grace. Its shores present abundant variety, and its islands, on one of which is a convent, are like fairy-land, to the eye of the distant observer. We looked back upon it from the hill of Torri-

cella, ready to weep at the thought that we might never see it again.

We must pass along this pathway of heroes, and scene of struggles on which hung the fate of the world, without even a word of the many memorials of the past that meet the eye on every side. But those whose admiration of beautiful scenery is satisfied with wood and water, hill and dale, may easily imagine what additional elegance and charm these derive from the great ruined tower, covered with ivy, crowning yon rocky steep; the remains of an amphitheatre dignifying a recess in the hills; a tall campanile peeping out of a cleft, or a convent giving life to a lonely island. Now we come to an arch that speaks of the olden time; it is built perhaps into the gateway of a grange. Now to a Roman tomb by the wayside, or a bridge on whose keystone may be deciphered an inscription older than the *Eneid*. The sum of beauty and interest is made up of such contributions as these; the traveller has no time to explore, but he has ample leisure to enjoy. There are, happily, plenty of people whose enjoyment lies in exploring, for its own sake, and of their valuable labors we can avail ourselves as we drive along under this glorious sky, with the imagination excited and filled to overflowing, with the presence of beauty.



## PERUGIA.

As we approach this "city set upon a hill"—as most of the great Etruscan cities were,—a great Gothic build-

ing attracts the eye, looking like a modernized antique. And such indeed it is, for it was once a monastery of the Templars, and is now converted into a palace for the use of one of the Dorias, many of whom live in this part of Italy. Such a building makes one wish that some people who are ambitious of "modern Gothic" when they build, would take the trouble to ascertain what style of Gothic is suitable for residences. Many Gothic dwelling-houses in the United States would look like fragments of churches, were it not that happily being made of wood one can hardly make the mistake. This palazzo of Cardinal Doria is very beautiful, while it looks as if it might afford an interior of much comfort as well as elegance.

I was thinking this over, in a sort of home-reverie, when I perceived that our good Antonio had alighted, boots and all, and was busily undoing his horses from the carriage. At the same moment, from a shady road on our left, emerged a team of six beautiful dove-colored oxen, led by a youth in a scarlet waistcoat and tasseled hat, who, without a word, proceeded to attach them to our vehicle : after which we began to ascend a hill, at the top of which, after many windings, we were to reach Perugia, the home of the Umbrian school to which Raphael was so largely indebted, and the home too, though not the birth-place, of Pietro Perugino, whose influence on Raphael's style may be traced through so large a portion of his works.

Our excellent guide-book speaks truly of Perugia as "in itself a museum of art," and the best position whence to make excursions to the sepulchres and cities of ancient Etruria. Happy they whose leisure allows this pleasure.

Perugia is to us only a resting place, and we must drink in its beauty in such large draughts that we shall hardly know how they taste until afterwards. One longs very often in such cases for the power of the camels of the desert.

Perugia was one of the twelve free cities of Etruria, over each of which a Lucumo presided; and these cities were the nurseries of art and elegance while Rome was still a barbaric power. Etruscan refinement originated at the East, of course; but it served as a fountain for the Romans, who drew from it all that consecrated or beautified their dwellings, or softened the rudeness of their manners, The arts of wealth and even of war; the culture of the earth and especially of the vine; the science of astronomy and its sister science of navigation; the drama and its concomitants of poetry and music; the idea of aristocratic distinctions and the ceremonies of the banquet, the nuptial rite and the solemn feast; whatever was graceful in architecture and in the implements of domestic life; in short, all that contributed to make Rome what she ultimately became, was derived from Etruria; and of this wonderful country, whose very language is extinct, although its alphabet remains to show that it had a language of which no sentence can be found, Perugia is one of the richest and most characteristic remains.

The Academy della Crusca, once the arbiter of Italian taste in letters, gave the name of Lucumo as a title of honor to its presiding officer, and as it would seem, not without some propriety; although without explanation it seems at first rather absurd to dignify a professor of ele-

gant letters with the official designation of a class of princes.

It was on one of the most glorious of Italian afternoons that our carriage was drawn slowly up that long hill by the beautiful team of which I have spoken. The rural picture was altogether perfect, whether we looked on either side, into groves, vineyards, and farms rich in the picturesque accessories of Italian landscape, or backward on the expanse of boundless variety through which we had been travelling from Lake Thrasimene. After perhaps an hour's ascent—one does not mark the time very accurately in Italy—we found ourselves entering a strongly-fortified place, with enormously high walls, and perpendicular descents which one hardly dared look down, even from the carriage. After passing this warlike entrance, the streets became extremely narrow, so that at times it really seemed doubtful whether the carriage could pass without touching. The hotel Gran Bretagna, an old Radeliffian castle of a place, received us, and we were lodged very sumptuously, with satin damask hangings and rag-carpets; now a grand old chair that seemed as if it might have belonged to Pope Benedict XI., who was murdered in this city, not by the Perugians, but by certain cardinals at the instigation of Philip Le Bel; and now a rickety thing of bare wood, bearing the same name, but as unlike it as possible. The rooms opened in and out of each other in such a way, that the only hope, in case of a fire in the night, would have been to jump out of the window, and the general gloom and intricacy of the house were quite



enough to make one long to get out of it into the sweet outer air again.

We hurried off, while daylight remained, to the Benedictine monastery and church of San Pietro, situated on the very brow of the mountain, so that a balcony behind the church fairly overhangs the great void. After we had examined and admired the church, here on this balcony we stood, long after the twilight within the church was too deep to allow of our seeing any of its treasures, gazing with unsated eyes upon such a landscape as does not meet the eye elsewhere. It was then and there that we had our first glimpse of the Tiber, as it flows, almost brook-like, among villages, castles, and every object that the most fastidious taste could desire to see brought together to enrich the view. A range of blue and misty hills bounds the prospect nearly all round, and on a nearer eminence the town of Assisi is pointed out, still lighted by the setting sun, while deep shadows have settled on the valley.

We had not time for the cathedral, whose interest lies chiefly in some biblical treasures; so we did not see the Santo Anello, or marriage-ring of the Virgin, which is preserved here in a chapel dedicated to it; nor could we visit any of the works of Perugino, which are among the glories of the city. We saw the Palazzo Comunale, and a grand fountain, but day-light failed entirely before we had time to examine anything. We returned to the ominous Gran Bretagna, to an eight o'clock dinner, by the most sepulchral of wax-lights, in a saloon painted in gigantic frescoes, terrible as the wars of the giants, which I rather think must have been the subject, though I was too sleepy to investigate. After dinner we were urged to

visit the "gallery" of the house, a collection of paintings kept for sale; but declined, both from necessity and choice. A day of pleasure leaves one very little spirit for the evening.

Of the Perugian bods I may say that if they are gloomy, it is not for want of life. A detachment of the great Italian army, whose advance guard we encountered at Chambéry, has taken up its quarters under these silken curtains. If I should pass another summer night at Perugia, let it be in the balcony of the Benedictine convent.

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## TERNI.

WE left Perugia at half past five, Antonio having perhaps found some fault with his bed, too; and drove leisurely along, in that delightful state which one experiences after an early café, in an easy carriage, on a delicious dewy morning, amid the most exquisite scenes in nature. One such hour is enough to sweeten a whole day; but ungrateful creatures that we are, we are only the more unreasonable in our after requisitions from having had such a taste to begin with.

We had first to descend again the great hill up which we had toiled yesterday, but not for naught. Then we came into the valley of the Tiber—divided from that of the Caina, through which we passed yesterday—by the ridge on which Perugia stands. On this plain we met a number of peasants going to market in their holiday

dress, and for the first time noticed women riding astride, while many of the men rode sidewise. Crossing the river by a picturesque bridge, we come by a beautiful though level road, to Santa Maria degli Angeli, which stands in proud humility at the foot of the eminence on which towers Assisi, forever hallowed as the birthplace of St. Francis, and rich in the offerings which Art has made to his memory.

The church of Santa Maria, which gives name to the village, contains material enough to build as many more houses, so disproportioned is the splendid edifice to the poor dwellings about it. The church is of immense size, and has a celebrated altar-piece by Overbeck, the Vision of St. Francis. The whole has a new look, white and too clean; in consequence of the necessity of rebuilding after the earthquake of 1732, which nearly destroyed it. We went eagerly and hastily over its points of interest, feeling much more solicitous about reaching Assisi, an excursion for which we had made no provision at Perugia, as people should who are earnest to visit the shrine of the great Saint.

Antonio was not willing to drag us up the mountain to Assisi, on any terms. It was not in the bond; he had not been used to it; the idea seemed not to find a fitting niche anywhere in his vetturino brain. F. was despatched to find a conveyance; but he, too, had made up his mind that Assisi was just so much more than was necessary to be done; and he came back after a while with his usual "*Dieu qu'il fait chaud!*" and an old rickety cart that would hold but one person, and that at the imminent risk of breaking down before the first mile

was passed. Were there no mules to be had? Not one, for love or money! No other carriage? No. I wonder now what made us so credulous; I think it must have been the heat of the day that relaxed our understandings. As F.'s cart would hold but one on any terms, and as the only one of us who could have used it was too sympathetic to enjoy alone the pleasure of a visit to Assisi, we got into the carriage again, disappointed and vexed enough almost to forget the pleasure of the morning drive. There was a secret feeling all round that we had been imposed upon; but nobody said so, and we drove on, casting many a look of silent, longing vexation at Assisi, but afterwards cheering up a little as we wound round the foot of the high walls of Spello, a most picturesque old town, on one of whose gates is an inscription in honor of the great deeds of Orlando! The Italian will have a tradition, to consecrate his dwelling place, even if he knows its origin to be fabulous. If the historian will not help him to this corner-stone of his pride, he will seek the aid of the poet.

We breakfasted at Poligno, of which we saw but little, for the noon was hot, and we were more inclined to sleep than to explore. The parlor in which our breakfast was laid afforded the only access to another, to which there was such a continual passing and repassing of men of all sorts and sizes, that we concluded some very great personage must be ensconced there—perhaps Gioberti himself. We walked up the steep and narrow street, shaded as usual by high houses on either side, but we only walked down again, and got dreamingly into the carriage as soon

as Antonio gave the word. It is vexatious that nature will not hold out as long as inclination.

Foligno gives a distinguished name to that celebrated Madonna of Raphael sometimes called the Donataire, once carried off by the French, but now holding the second place among the inestimables of the Vatican. It was painted for a conventual church in this city.

How much of the beauty of the valley of the Clitumnus is due to poetry, and how much to nature, it might be hard to say, but we rode along it with a delight that made us forget the disappointment of the morning. The stream itself is one of those clear, brimming, crystal floods, that fill out one's ideal of a rustic river, the grass growing to its very brink, and the trees and vines hanging over it, and so doubling their beauty. It seems, under this hot sun and after a road whose dust is white as plaster with very dryness, a bounteous dispenser of freshness, near whose side all things revive and flourish. The sound of its waters had accompanied us for some time, before we came upon a full sight of it, near the little temple celebrated by Byron, which we examined with great interest. The extreme antiquity which he and others have attributed to it is disputed, but how much pleasanter is it to believe! The Romans have made a chapel of it, but they show the heathen side of its history with great gusto. And well they may, for it is from this side that the pence come. The temple is a beautiful object, a toy, almost, so small is it; but of the sweetest proportions. We felt amply repaid for clambering down to it—for it stands between road and river—and clambering back again up the steep bank to the carriage.

This whole region is famous for the beautiful white or dove-colored cattle which form so precious an accessory in the rich coloring of Italian landscape. One never sees an ox or cow of the colors common with us; and the size and fine shape and graceful branching horns of these cattle are almost as noticeable as their peculiar hue. The color is ascribed to the nature of their food, but what the peculiarity of this is I never understood. On this part of the road we read with new pleasure Macaulay's splendid ballad of Horatius, the opening of which, in choice, full-sounding words, calls up to the imagination the associated splendors of the whole region, while it fills this rural solitude with the splendid gathering of the allies and vassals of Porsena. Clitumnus is characterized as the stream dear above all others to the herdsman, for its milk-white steers.

Spoletto crowns a hill, of course, for it is one of the famous ancient cities, with more histories belonging to it than one can remember during a night's tarry. Its massive walls, which date back as far as the 512th year of Rome, once suffered a siege by Frederic Barbarossa, and the town was pillaged by his army. It seems built for war, and almost any house would do for a fortress in time of need. We climbed its long deep streets—cool as cellars, and damp after all the heat—to the cathedral, where we saw plenty of ecclesiastics, well dressed and civil, but not much of interest in the church. The beggars were particularly numerous and importunate here, and I think we have nowhere encountered so many wretched samples of deformity and idiocy. One poor disjointed creature, none of whose muscles seemed under

the control of his will, moved our compassion especially. The priests gave money to nearly all, but it was very offensive to see them so numerous, in their sleek self-complacency, while these degraded and suffering creatures were left to importune public compassion in the very porch of the sanctuary. I have learned in Italy to rank almsgiving among the sins. There is a certain poetic dazzle about it that is very deceptive. It seems to take the place of all efficient and judicious care of the poor, and to quiet the consciences of those whose duty it is to provide education and employment for these ignorant and starving hordes.

The Aqueduct of Spoleto is one of the stupendous works which must continue for ages to come, as it has done for ages past, to command the attention and respect of the traveller. It crosses a deep gorge in the hills, and serves the double purpose of aqueduct and bridge. We went by the citadel to it, and sat on a stone parapet, looking across it, at the convents and a few dwellings on the opposite side of the gorge, while a countryman recounted to us a horrible catastrophe, still quite recent. A man who had in vain struggled against a poverty which daily threatened starvation, had been for some time lodging with his family at one of those farm-houses opposite, now cheered by some hope of employment, now thrown back into despair by disappointment. At length his wife died, and he was left with a daughter of fourteen or so, more wretched than before. One Sunday afternoon the two were observed walking on the aqueduct, as the inhabitants are in the habit of doing; but it seems that the desperate condition of this man had caused his movements

to be noticed. He had a bundle with him, and was seen to sit upon the parapet in deep conversation with the girl. The next thing that met the horrified eyes of the gazer was the fluttering of a female dress down into the abyss and in another instant the unhappy father followed. A leap of two hundred and fifty feet, to the rocky bed of a rivulet that runs through the gorge, seemed to him better than the ills he knew of. God pardon the despairing madness of all such !

From the walls of the citadel, the whole valley of the Clitumnus, with Perugia on one hill and Assisi on another, can be seen at a glance; and it is a strange contrast to turn from that open view, all bathed in light and beauty, and plunge again into the vault-like streets of the town. We took a roundabout way, which kept near the edge of the hill, and so came first upon an open square, where some women were washing at a public fountain provided for the purpose,—a pretty, lively scene—and then upon a silk-factory, where we had the pleasure of seeing the process of winding off cocoons, in a large room full of machinery for the purpose, with the requisite vats of hot water, and the walls hung with pictures, not daubs, or engravings, but oil-paintings, some of which we might well like to own. There is something very characteristic of Italy in this. Imagine even a Lowell factory, which edits a magazine, hung with oil-paintings !

Would that our recollections of Spoleto included nothing worse than silk-worms. It is here for the first time that we find beds absolutely untenable through neglect. The night was more fatiguing than the day had been, and



we were glad when day-light came, and allowed us to get up and dress.

The people in this town did not seem to go to bed at all ; perhaps, like ourselves, they had found it of no use. The bustle of the street continued all night, to our certain knowledge ; and an old man in nankeens and a great white cravat, whom I left tending an out-door stall of small wares when I last looked out of the window about midnight, was there in the same dress and the same attitude, keeping off the flies with the same green branch, when I put my head out again at day-break. He did not appear even to have sat down.

After Spoleto, we cross Monte Somma to Terni, through scenery wilder in its character than any we have seen in this part of Italy. Every rise of ground brings its swarm of beggars, who take advantage of the slow pace to beset us with their importunities. F. has tired of loading them with anathemas ; he makes Antonio shake his great whip at them, a demonstration which generally sends them flying in all directions for the moment. Not but they get all our spare baiocchi, and Antonio's, too, for he often throws them some ; but that the more you give the more the crowd presses. For my own part I believe it would be a real charity in the traveller resolutely to refuse a single coin. A convention to this effect among British and American travellers, would go far to break up the wretched system of road-beggary, and oblige the authorities to provide for their poor.

Nobody looks at this old town of Terni, because everybody comes here for the sole purpose of going away again. We alighted at the Europa, a clean, cool and comfortable

place, where a nice little breakfast was soon ready. The next question was as to conveyance to the Falls and F. was commissioned to do the best thing that could be done in that way.

How he managed or why, I knew not ; whether it was a courier-trick or a piece of equally characteristic courier-stupidity ; but we were crammed into a wretched, dislocating, cabbish thing, with one miserable horse, and carried to the village near the foot of the Falls, instead of the heights above them. There we were all mounted on donkeys, to go I know not how far, to a point of view where we could look up at the cascade. A chattering crowd surrounded us while our saddles were arranged, and two or three people to each donkey was the smallest escort that was judged by the natives sufficient for our dignity. It was of no consequence that we thought otherwise. Threats and objurgations were of no avail ; even the stern declaration that we would pay only a single attendant upon each donkey produced no relaxation of attention. One brought a handful of wild flowers, which he presented with a fascinating smile ; another a specimen of a curious vegetable down, which we found irresistible ; one had crystals, another grasses. When we came to a particularly steep place in the rocky way, a great ragged fellow was anxious to guard against my slipping backward off the poor little donkey ; or if it was a descent, to take the animal by the bridle, and assure me of that of which I was already assured, that there was not the least danger.

All this time each ass had a woman behind him, whipping him, or twisting his tail, or urging him forward with

strange noises. The procession, single file and escorted by beggars, was a rich one; but its best point was P., who sat his donkey with a suffering air, his cap off and carried by an attendant, while a large umbrella, and his silk handkerchief folded into a square and placed upon the top of his head, scarce sufficed to protect the valuable brains within from "*ce diable de chaleur*." One woman led his donkey by the bridle, while another zealously twisted its tail. Sancho going in state to take possession of his island of Baratania never had so fitting a representative.

We followed the course of the Nar, by a rocky path deeply shaded, passing so many exquisite points of view, that the Falls were almost forgotten until we caught the first sight of them. To Americans such a cascade as that of Terni can never be an object of overwhelming awe; and Byron's description, read on the spot, shows how much more a poet can see than that which is before his eyes. In truth those who read Byron's magnificent verses on it should avoid seeing the reality. But the scenery around cannot be over-described—that is, if it were possible to describe it at all.

Art has happily done little to mar the wild grandeur of Terni. There are no *stairs*, those odious conveniences found about such scenes in our country. The needful paths are rough-hewn in the rock, or merely cleared through the thick undergrowth, where the inequality is not so great as to require steps. Besides the consideration of beauty, which is of course the first one in such cases, this plan is obviously far more convenient; since it affords opportunities for the use of donkeys, while one has

no resource but one's own weary feet when one of those detestable upright flights of stairs is to be ascended, as at Niagara.

Then at the points of view, instead of a coarse and formal edifice of pine boards or lath and plaster, with wooden seats out and hacked all over with cockney inanities, we have at Terni a mere bower, with seats of stone covered with cedar-boughs, or some other rural device in harmony with the scene and the occasion. These things may seem trifles, but are they such when we consider the design with which we come?

We sat long enjoying the sublime dash and music of the cascade. Its beauty grew upon us; we saw, as the sun rose higher and higher over the ravine, ten thousand flashing rainbows in the great clouds of silver spray. The sad green of the ilex groves came in like ancient memories in the midst of gaiety. Indeed, the whole scene induces sadness, in spite of the floods of sunshine. With me, the sound of falling waters ever had this effect. I would not have even a fountain, within hearing constantly.

The course of the stream is all beauty, and a lower fall, after the great dash of the Velino from above, excited my imagination more than that. Indeed, I have often remarked, in viewing our own magnificent waterfalls, that the eye dwells more on the minor points—the incidentals, as it were,—than upon the grand chute itself, which seems more common-place, in its direct descent, than the lesser whirls and eddies and rebounds afterwards.

There is one peculiarity about waterfalls, as portions of scenery,—that it takes longer to get into their spirit,

or take them into ours, than any other object of natural beauty. No one has really seen Niagara who has not staid there at least a week, or what is better, repeated a shorter visit often enough to become acquainted with every phase—by dawning, noon, sunset, midnight, summer, winter, moonlight and tempest—of that wonderful spectacle. So at Terni, I doubt not, one needs to spend a whole day, instead of the three or four hours usually devoted to the excursion, to do its loveliness justice. Our visit was particularly unsatisfactory, from a sense that we had been somehow unaccountably cheated out of seeing it in the best way. One needs to go once through Europe, in order to know how to go satisfactorily. I wish I were able to obviate, in behalf of the reader, the necessity of this somewhat expensive experience.

This cascade of Terni, like the still more celebrated one at Tivoli, is what is called an artificial fall—that is, it is made by turning a mountain-stream out of its former channel, where it did a great deal of mischief, into a safe one, with the additional advantage of adding a noble feature to the landscape. This Velino was an aggressor in the time of Cicero, who was consulted (as a lawyer) in the dispute which its ravages occasioned between the inhabitants of two adjoining districts. His decision or advice in the premises won him gratitude and a statue from his clients of Rieti, but he did not suggest throwing the bone of contention into the Nar.

It is curious to find how entirely not only ordinary observers, but scientific people, differ as to the height of the falls of Terni. One writer calls it 1230 feet—another about 300. Murray, who knows everything, says the

whole, including the long sheet of foam which we should consider as rapids, may be 800 or 900 feet in length. I, who know nothing whatever of heights and distances, had guessed it, after the manner of my nation, at about 500.

Donkey procession back again, with a full escort of beggars; and at Papigno,—where we had to resume our dilapidated cab, with one paralytic horse, and F. beautifying one of the inside seats,—a hubbub of hooching, arguing, vilifying and wheedling, from all the male and female tail-twisters and halter-pullers, all the self-elected guides, and all the affectionate supernumeraries, who had encumbered our route and nibbled little bits off our pleasure. Our estimate of these spontaneous services differed materially from theirs, and the distribution of *haicocchi* was like the opening of Pandora's box. Each individual set forth his or her peculiar woe in the most moving words that could be brought together on so short notice, interspersing the streams of persuasive eloquence with an occasional venomous outburst upon a neighbor—a practice universal among Italian beggars, who labor as much to convince you of the unworthiness of all other claimants, as to establish their own transcendent merit and necessity.

The moment it was ascertained beyond doubt that the very last haloo' that we would part with had been bestowed, thanks and praises succeeded to the lamentations and reproaches which had been used as hatchets and crowbars upon our hard hearts. We were the kindest and most magnificent of friends, and had earned an everlasting pre-eminence in their memories. At the same

time all the vices and impositions of others were forgotten, and to all appearance the Papignians became, under the mollifying influence of pence, once more a village exemplar of affectionate fraternity. Whether this happy state survived the advent of the next party of travellers, I shall probably never know.

Back to our hotel, and our excellent though rather self-willed Antonio, and so onward, through another expanse of Elysian fields, to Narni.

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## N A R N I .

PERHAPS some of my readers may never have heard of Narni. Such was my own case before we began to study the routes between Florence and Rome. Not that I had not read of it in the itineraries of other travellers, but it had made no impression, as I dare say will be the case equally, after I have said all I have to say about it. It is discouraging to think how little we can tell others, of the things that delight us. Narni stands in my imagination at once grand and lovely; stupendous in height and strength, as a natural position and a fortified post; so picturesque that a painter need but sketch it as it is, to delight all eyes; and commanding, from its bastioned walls, a view of immense extent, comprising in one visible circle all the perfection and peculiarity of Italian landscape.

And here I must be allowed to say one word to those who travel in Italy only in winter or spring. The objects

of this plan are two-fold, as far as I can learn. First to secure a sight of certain imposing Catholic ceremonies, after which the travelling world runs by common consent, and secondly to spend the cold and dreary season in Italy, because it is so unpleasant elsewhere. As to the last, the experience of some of my friends leads me to believe it a serious mistake, in point of health and comfort. Italy is just cold and damp enough in winter to be very uncomfortable for those who are accustomed to warm houses and good fires; while in the spring, heavy rains are frequent, making sight-seeing a very precarious pursuit; and often shutting up the disconsolate traveller, in great, gusty, shivering apartments, never meant for comfort, but only for pleasure—a commodity belonging to the idea of an Italian summer.

It were vain to argue against the attractions of Holy Week\* and its attendant ceremonies, for fashion has decided that whether anything else in Italy be seen or not, those, at least shall not be neglected. “But oh! the choice what heart can doubt—” to the traveller who comes for pleasure and not for fashion? I am almost ready to call it an insult to this pleasaunce of Nature, on which she has lavished beauty without stint or measure, to prefer to it any mere show, however imposing or gorgeous. Sure I am that whoever shall once travel from Florence to Rome, in June, will never think with regret of the crowds,

\* The evasion of the Pope will very probably have given a new aspect to Holy Week at Rome, before these pages are ready for publication; but I choose to let my testimony to the wonderful beauty and sweetness of an Italian summer remain on record none the less.



the processions, even the illuminations of the *Settimana Santa*.

At the foot of the steep ascent by which we must enter Narni, we alighted, and leaving Antonio to go on with the carriage and all the multifarious luggage, turned to the right, and followed the line of the stream to a ruined bridge called the bridge of Augustus, a Roman structure of the grandest kind, once forming a portion of the Flaminian Way, by which we have been travelling from Foligno. Its remaining arch looks so nearly perfect that one can hardly understand why the others should have fallen; but the huge blocks of marble of which the whole was built, encumber the bed of the little river—a most impressive sight. But here, as everywhere else on this route, the natural features quite overpower all that man has done; though doubtless it is partly owing to the wonders of human taste and skill that the landscape seems so enchanting.

We climbed up into Narni by a steep and very rough by-path, and entered at one of the minor gates, at so high a point that the way to our hostelry was all the way descending, although after we had reached it, we found it just at the top of a portion of the immense wall, so that a projecting bastion, just in front of it, furnished with stone seats, afforded us a most delightful position for viewing the prospect.

Another frescoed dining-room, the subjects apparently from Pompeii—lightly floating figures, with wreaths and musical instruments—pleasant to look at while one discusses a fresh salad and bit of chicken. House rather intricate, but clean and comfortable beds; so that after I had

carefully examined the stairs and passages to ascertain whether there would be any chance of escape in case of alarm, I went to sleep, not without regret to leave the moonlight which we had been enjoying on the bastion.

Nobody else disliked to leave it, too; for I observed from my window a figure on the stone bench, first twanging the guitar a little, then gazing long at the prospect, and occasionally at the kind moon; then quietly stretching out its limbs on the bench and going to sleep, evidently for the night. I hope whoever it may have been did not wake up lunatic. Perhaps he was only a lover, to whom moonlight could do no harm.

### CIVITA CASTELLANA.

Interesting objects thicken upon us as we approach Rome, but as they are of a kind of which our good friend Murray discourses at full length, I need not particularize. The approach to Civita Castellana is celebrated as one of the finest in Italy. The city occupies a somewhat isolated position, and the road crosses a superb bridge over a deep ravine. We stopped at the Posta, of which Murray speaks with much disapprobation, but were very well treated. The town was all alive for a festa; a white flag was flying over the citadel, and the people stood at their doors, or thronged the narrow streets in their holiday dresses. On inquiry we found that the anniversary of the elevation of Pío Nono to the holy chair was

to be celebrated by high mass at the cathedral, and the usual festivities.

As soon as we had breakfasted we hurried to the cathedral, which was crowded and with the most disgustingly dirty crowd we have yet encountered. Bishop, priests, soldiers; chanting and martial music; antique and curious church—but such unsavoriness that we were forced to rush into the open air. Even there, the vicinity of the people was intolerable; but I had time to notice that every woman had a dagger run through the knot of her hair. I do not mean a bodkin, or a *spile*, such as we have seen elsewhere; but a veritable dagger, with haft, blade and point, fit to defend one's self with. The correspondence between the glancing black eyes of these unwashed Italians, and this universal ornament, was somewhat alarming, but their manners were gentle, and their voices low, if not soft. This is one of the least pleasing towns we have seen on this delightful journey.

JUNE 18.—We slept last night at Sette Vene, a solitary inn, about twenty miles from Rome, kept by a Jew who was once a servant in London, and who seems more disposed to prove his nationality by his penuriousness, than his London training by the skill with which he provides for his guests. We were pinchingly served, and the house was by no means clean. The usual stopping place is Baccano,—another solitary inn, like almost all others on the Campagna—but that position has an evil reputation on account of malaria. Le Sette Vene is so named from seven little streams which rise within its grounds,—so said our host; and it has the capabilities of a pleasant and convenient resting-place. We saw some beautiful girls

playing on a balcony—daughters of the family, we were told.

From Civita Castellana our way has been over the Campagna, with Soracte on our left. The road is solitary but not undelightful. Multitudes of creeping and flowering plants border it, one in particular, whose masses of yellow blossoms fill the air with a rich, nutty fragrance. The surface of the country is not very much unlike that of a western prairie, but its undulations are deeper and more frequent. It fills one, however, with a quite different feeling, because we associate it with desolation.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad. The loneliness  
Loaded the heart, the desert tired the eye;  
And strange and awful fears began to press  
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.  
Then hast thou wished some woodman's cottage nigh,  
Something that showed of life though low and mean—

The only life we saw on the Campagna was in the shepherds and goatherds driving their flocks to the Appennines for the summer. Of these there were many; some on foot, some riding mules or asses; some seated in very odd looking carts loaded with the rudest kind of utensils for the huts in which they are to live. I forget how many thousand sheep and goats we computed to have passed us, but the number was immense. According to Mr Wordsworth, we had a right to be very drowsy.

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by  
One after one—"

being one of his morphine prescriptions in the Sonnet to

Sleep. But we were enough amused and interested by the extreme picturesqueness of the shepherds and their array to withstand the influence of the sheep. What curious looking beings they are! The young, handsome and gentle-eyed; the elders withered and sad; all dressed in clothes cut, made and fitted on all ready for the painter. We saw no boxes for clothing, among the multifarious loading of the carts, but every man seemed to have on his whole wardrobe; generally of a neutral tint with age and soil, but always relieved by some bright streaks, though it might be but in the listing with which the legs were bound. Generally, however, a scarlet waistcoat, or a streaming blue neck-kerchief, or a green over-jacket hanging by a strap from one shoulder, or a knot of ribbons from the hat, lighted up the figure and set off the rich olive of the complexion and heightened the dark fire of the eyes.

I had never before seen a large flock of goats; they are beautiful creatures, and behave as playfully and gracefully as they look. Their coats are silky and clean, and their eyes full of fire. Sheep are dull things in comparison. But we loved to meet them, although they filled the air with clouds of white dust, which we could see at a great distance on the Campagna.

Rome looks from a distance like a city of domes, that of St. Peter's being only the greatest of many. The sunshine was intense all about us, so that every color of the earth and sky was brilliant in the extreme. Far off, apparently in a sort of hollow, lay Rome, grey as if literally covered with ashes, perhaps from some mistiness in the

air. I would not have had it otherwise. Sadness befits the "Niobe of Nations."

The whole panorama here is beautiful, Rome forming only the crowning charin. On the left the Alban hills, stretching off towards the south, with white villages nestling in their clefts; towards the Mediterranean, Monte Mario, looking from this distance as if its whole extent had been beautified for some emperor's pleasure. The plain of the Tiber, rich in fields of waving grain, broken here and there with an old tower, or a tall Roman tomb by the way-side, and now and then a rustic church or a picturesque bridge; a few tall, melancholy cypresses, or an umbrella-shaped stone pine—but who can remember the particulars of harmonious beauty?

The Ponte Molle, by which we enter Rome on this side, is curiously decorated with a group of the Baptism of our Lord—St. John being placed on one side of the road and our Saviour on the other, so that if St. John's uplifted hands mean anything, they must be throwing the water across! A group so divided, at any Holy Station in Ireland, would be considered quite characteristic. Between this bridge and the wall of the city, we pass several villas, and the English chapel, tolerated in that position, but not permitted within consecrated precincts.

This morning was, I think, the warmest we have felt, and Antonio was too careful of his horses to allow them to be overheated by much exertion; so that the twenty miles from Sette Vene which we expected to have made by about nine o'clock, took us until near eleven; and we had the most ample leisure to "think our thoughts" and analyze them, too, while we were approaching the "city

of the soul." This would have been very pleasant, *but* for the heat and the dust and the flies, and a certain impatience which leads us to slight present enjoyment when anything greater is in view. Rome being the goal of our journey and of our wishes, we were disposed to neglect the novelties and beauties of the way—a piece of childishness against which I warn the reader, especially if in all human probability he may never pass through the Campagna again.



## R O M E .

THE traveller who approaches Rome from the Florence side has a stereotyped form for his first impressions. It is in vain to strive after an original word or thought on the occasion—not that so many things have been said and thought on the point, but because the very same thing must strike everybody, of whatever turn of mind, or travelled experience. It is that the entrance into Rome by the Porta and Piazza del Popolo, is the finest thing of the kind in the world. Other cities are usually approached by their meaner portions ; Rome by one of her most splendid. Up to the gates, almost, your eye is wearied with the blankness of the Campagna ; you enter, and it is as if the curtain of a grand theatre had suddenly been raised, offering at a glance an array of scenic wonders. Are these splendid things real ? are they inhabited and used by a living, working and trading community, or shall we get behind their fascinating exterior, and find

them only the artful decorations of emptiness and squalor—a holiday garb put on to attract and deceive the stranger? Does this work-a-day world afford such things in the shape of sober realities?

Passing through the Porta del Popolo, you are stopped at once by the Dogana, and so have opportunity for the *coup d'œil* of the whole immense area in which you find yourself. In the centre, directly before you, is a magnificent fountain, graced with a fine Egyptian obelisk,—more than a hundred feet high, and covered with hieroglyphics, carrying the imagination back at once to the time of Moses, when it stood with its mate before the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis. Looking past this, the eye rests on the two churches of Sta Maria in Monte Santo, and Sta Maria de' Miracoli, between which opens the Corso, the principal street in Rome, and on either side two other important avenues, all converging here, and divided at their commencement only by the two churches. On the left rises the Pincian Hill, whose front is cut in gentle Alpine zig-zags for an easy drive, and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, marble balustrades, fountains and sculpture. Opposite this, in front of the splendid buildings which form the fourth side of the Piazza, is yet another grand fountain, so profusely are these most elegant and most valuable of all decorations scattered in Rome.

This piazza is the resort of all who drive out in the cooler hours of the day. Open carriages in scores, filled with elegantly dressed people, pass and repass, either for a turn or two on the Pincian, the top of which is admirably laid out and planted for the purpose, or to go out at



the Porta del Popolo, for a longer drive in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, nobly devoted by the princely proprietor to the public pleasure.

An entrance like this is a fit preparation for the endless magnificence of Rome ; and if it does not prepare us also for the filth and squalor which prevail elsewhere, we can well afford to forget these for the time, and endow the whole with the splendor which is the prevailing characteristic. I find it difficult to bring within the compass of a single thought the idea I have received of Rome from certain travelled friends, and the aspect which she presents to my delighted eyes. Can it be that June sunshine makes such vital difference ? Mrs. Butler seems to have seen only the side that meets us now, but most people speak of Rome as if all its glory had departed.

We drove through the Via Babuino, which opens at the left of the Corso, to the Piazza di Spagna, near which is the Via della Croce, which runs from the Piazza to the Corso, where a friend had secured lodgings for us. It was Sunday morning, and everybody was at church—at least the streets were very quiet, and most of the shops were shut.

Our suite of apartments is quite palace-like in extent, and in a certain imposing air or grandeur, but nothing, except the beds, seems very clean. It is not the company season, and the abundant flowing draperies of white muslin have not been washed since last Autumn, I think. Thick carpets on the floor, afford nesting to myriads of fleas, whose homes are never desolated by the broom. The arts and tactics we have through necessity acquired with regard to these tormenting neighbors, might be collected in a pocket manual, for the benefit of future

travellers ; but can find no room here. The subject is too exciting.

Our table is served from a trattoria in the neighborhood, F. being the factotum ; and we find this way of living a very comfortable as well as economical one, for a party like ours. Everything is brought quite hot, and our tastes are consulted without the necessity of a troublesome minuteness in giving orders. I like such an *insouciant* mode of life vastly,—for a while.

We were obliged to take some repose during the heat of the day, but at three went to vespers at St. Peter's, the first sight of which must be considered an era in any common life. The great piazza was partly in shade, as we drew up in front of the inclined planes which lead to the portico ; the two beautiful fountains were flashing and glittering in the sun, and their brimming basins cooled one to look at them. We entered the basilica, and stood for a little time in silence within the door.

Vespers were to be performed in a side-chapel, and we took our seats there before the priests entered. They came in procession soon after, with a cardinal bishop and many attendants, in dresses more or less superb or picturesque. I had never before seen a Catholic ceremony performed in this full and sumptuous style, and it was very interesting to me, but only for the actual beauty which it presented to the eye. Soul it had none to me, for it was incomprehensible from beginning to end, and the genuflexions, and the incense, and the heartless air with which all was performed, deprived it of its religious influence. But the music—that spoke a language of its own, and the lofty and noble vault seemed to dilate, and

afford entrance to choirs of angels. This music—the novelty of our position—the glorious beauty by which we were surrounded,—and the twilight which settled over the scene before the rites were ended, all conspired to render the occasion affecting and memorable.

We drove to the Colosseum by moon-light—through streets deep and cave-like, through the Forum and the Arch of Titus—to where we found the sentinel guarding the opening of this marvel of the ages. One can see it but once thus—by moonlight and for the first time. We wandered about it; sat on the grass-grown seats; climbed to the highest accessible point; explored the interior by torch-light; filled the arena with spectators, by good leave of the lady moon and her shadows; furnished the huge space with victims—and almost started when the tall black cross in the centre came in the way of our creations—a solecism in the picture.

Our drive homewards was well-chosen, by the aid of a friend who is familiar with all the wonders of Rome. It included some of the most interesting points. Even fatigue did not make me willing to think it necessary to go to bed. I should have liked to sleep as I am inclined to think some of the Italians do, reclining on a sofa, without the ceremony of undressing.

The first thought, after securing a lodging in Rome, is to provide a carriage; and we engaged at once the large, open landau in which we made our first sally. We drove first to the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, close by the gate at which we entered the city, rich in works of Raphael as well as of other great masters. Thence to San Carlo, where are fine pictures. Thence among the

ruins, and afterwards to the Vatican. After wandering about the vast halls, unguided,—for F. knew no more about them than if he had never been there,—and continually enticed to stop by the wonders on the way, we had just found the Apollo, when we were chased away by the Pope's Guards, looking as if they had been dressed by the property-man of some provincial theatre, or as if they were fitted out to stand as signs to old-clothes shops. However association may dignify that collection of blue and yellow tatters in some eyes, it must be confessed that in itself, it is neither martial nor dignified.

St. John Lateran, (so called from having been built on the site of the palace of a Senator named Plautius Lateranus, who was put to death in Nero's days)—is a basilica, and almost too big to talk about. It is not an inspiring place, to me; perhaps yesterday's sense of St. Peter's has taken away my power of admiring. The new pope is always crowned here, and in some respects this church takes precedence of all others in point of dignity. It has five naves, and the piers which divide them are immense. In niches in the central ones are statues of the twelve Apostles, so large that a man employed to clean them had to stand on the hand of St. Bartholomew to reach his head. The whole is cumbrous and unpleasing, and we could not like it. But the position of the church is magnificent, commanding a full view of the Alban hills with all their charms, on one side, and Rome on the other, so elevated is it and clear of all obstruction from surrounding objects. The Baptistery contains the great vase of porphyry in which Rienzi bathed on the night previous to

his great demonstration, and the pious ascribe the failure of his efforts for liberty to this sacrilege.

To this church belongs the Scala Santa, which the faithful ascend on their knees, with the idea that they are pressing the identical steps by which our Saviour descended after his condemnation.

We saw numbers of people performing this awkward and painful rite, and though the height and steepness of the stairs might have reminded us of Jacob's ladder, the devotees did not look at all like angels. The upward movement of women dressed in abundant flounces was strange beyond description, and some of them took pains to hold up their gowns all the way, no easy matter with a prayer-book in one hand. There were old men and children too, and all seemingly intent upon this singular service. At the bottom stood an old monk, with a money-box for contributions, and at the top another person, who invited us to ascend. But the scene was too painful to leave us even curious as to what was at the top, which we might have ascertained by means of a common stair at the side; so we did not see the Sancta Sanctorum, or chapel of relics.

Next in order of dignity comes Sta Maria Maggiore, so we went thither duly, and with much more pleasure. This church is also superlatively well placed, and for some reason particularly beautiful within. I say for some reason, because I am not able to say what the reason is, though the learned profess to know. The roof is gilded with the first gold brought from the new world, presented for that purpose by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The mosaics are very numerous, and both curious from extreme antiquity and beautiful to look upon as a whole,

however they may suffer in comparison with those of a later date. One must come to Italy in order to appreciate the importance of mosaic to art. The extreme destructibility of all other painting makes the power of reproducing it in stone invaluable. It is by this means that the great pictures in St. Peter's have been secured to the world, unchangeable except by fire or some convulsion of nature. Mosaic appears to have been known to the Greeks at a very early day, and it was evidently the favorite form of pictorial art in Rome at the time of the emperors. That of the Battle of Issus, found at Pompei, is a splendid specimen.

Byzantine art, which prided itself on richness of material, putting crowns of gems upon the Virgin, and borders of gold on the garments of saints and angels, introduced the precious metals into mosaic also, by using transparent pieces of glass, under which gold and silver laminæ were inserted. The art of mosaic was never lost, even during the darkest period, so that it may be considered the chain by which ancient and modern painting were united. The Venetians brought mosaicists from Greece to decorate their Saint Mark's, which is rich in beautiful and curious specimens. The Florentines soon after established a school in their city, always the genial nursery of art; and from these two sources, pictures in stone were speedily diffused over all Italy. The mosaics in Santa Maria Maggiore are Florentine, and date from an early stage of modern art—some say the twelfth century, some the eighth, some even the fifth. The famous Navicella of Giotto, at St. Peter's, bears nearly as old a date. I have ventured to say thus much because I suppose there may

be others no better informed than I was myself before coming to Italy, as to the history and value of mosaic painting.

Near the Porta Maggiore is the Temple of Minerva Medica, a large building more entire than most of the antiquities, and therefore more interesting to the ordinary observer. It is of a circular form, and covered with a dome, so that it can be seen from a great distance, which few of the ruins can. Within are niches for statues, and several colossal statues were found beneath the soil, now placed elsewhere. If it had been possible to leave the statues, mosaics and other ornaments which gave character and value to these temples, in their original position, how much more would the visitor enjoy! Stript bare and desolate,—filled in below with earth and rubbish,—marble linings and facings all torn off to adorn modern palaces,—these relics of the splendors of old scarcely assist the imagination at all. Indeed I think skillful drawings come nearer to giving one some notion of ancient Rome; for in a picture there is always some illusion,—in these piles of brick none at all.

The beautiful little circular temple of Vesta which we have all learned by heart in models and mosaics, is turned into a church by filling up with brick the spaces between its twenty Corinthian columns of Parian marble, and covering the whole with the clumsiest of tile roofs! Surely there were churches enough in Rome without appropriating this temple. It is like cutting a church out of a gem—for the little dear is but twenty-six feet in diameter, not half as large as one of the piers that support the dome of St. Peter's. This spoiling of the Temple of Vesta, and

the sticking of gilt crowns on the tops of the splendid Egyptian obelisks, are the only Christianizations in Rome that I can find fault with; and I am amused to observe that when I approve of such changes I call them piety,—when I do not, priestcraft.

The Pantheon—glorious contemner of time and spoil and flood and fire—was consecrated as a Christian temple in 608, and is not ill adapted to its present use. Its immense interior, vaulted, and lighted only from the top, as is meet, is undivided by columns or anything else that could take from its grandeur. No hideous baldacchino or clumsy tabernacle breaks the line of view in any direction; the altars being placed in the large niches once filled with—statues say some, baths say others. The general opinion seems to be that this splendid edifice formed part of the Baths of Agrippa. How vexatious to think that the marble with which the whole of this immense rotunda was coated as well as lined, has been torn off, as well as the bronze from the roof, 450,250 pounds of which were removed on a single occasion—and that to make the only ugly thing in St. Peter's—the baldacchino over the tomb of the apostle. The space within looks almost globular, being equal in diameter and in height, (143 feet each,) and marked with hardly any but curved lines. The circular aperture at the top, open to the weather these two thousand years, is twenty-eight feet across—covered only with a great piece of Roman sky, a sublime effect, I think.

This grand dome, full of what seems an eternal beauty, fitly covers the tomb of Raphael. We stood long before it—looking at the Madonna Del Sasso, but thinking only



of the wonderful creature who endowed this chapel and chose this burial-place for himself. Our associations were not chilled by doubts, here ; for the point most interesting was settled a few years since by an examination of the tomb, in the presence of Overbeck and other artists, when indubitable marks of its genuineness were discovered. The emotion with which one reads "RAPHAEL SANZIO DA URBINO on the slab beneath the sarcophagus is not checked by a single discordant thought. I had even a sort of impression that the temple was built for the tomb, so great was the harmony.

But Annibale Caracci lies here too, and many other painters ; and Raphael's gentle and generous nature desired no such exclusiveness as our admiration claims for him. There is a highly finished bust by Thorwaldsen, over the tomb of Cardinal Consalvi, and there are also many decorative works referring to ordinary greatness, but exciting little interest here.

The portico, which Forsyth declares to be "more than faultless—the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little architecture"—has sixteen columns (monoliths,) forty six feet in height and five in diameter, surmounted by a pediment which we have all seen a thousand times, and which therefore looks at once like an old and charming acquaintance. It is when one of these well-known objects comes bodily before us that we feel that we have come to Italy, once to us only a panorama of delicious pictures, which we never felt quite sure were the representations of real objects. This very Pantheon, standing in the Herb-Market, between the Corso and the Piazza Navona,—a central and most Roman (i. e. swarming and

dirty.) part of Rome, reflects strangely and strikingly enough the pictured idea of it, grand and lonely, or surrounded only by dignified objects. We perceive the correctness of the drawings which made us acquainted with it, but we feel also that we should never have known anything about it as it really is without coming to Rome.

A few steps from the Pantheon is the celebrated statue of Pasquin, a defaced, dirty, and mutilated trunk, which no one would ever cast a second glance at, unless to ask why it was left cumbering the ground. Yet there is not a monument in all Rome more directly significant of the power of mind. This figure, from having been used as the vehicle for satirical truth and pungent wit, is prized by the Romans as their palladium; a terror to folly and injustice in high places, and a safe-guard and defender of popular freedom. It is said that when Pasquin oversteps his privilege, and brings himself within the letter of the law, the government seizes the opportunity to pay up old scores by levying a fine upon his owner, the Duke di Braschi, who glories in this appanage of his estate, and who refused to allow Pasquin to be carried to the Capitol when Marforio, his antagonist, which bore replies to his sarcasms, was placed there, partly for safe keeping, as an ancient relic, and partly that such troublesome vehicles of popular opinions might be kept in order by proper guardianship. Pasquin bore no placards when we saw him, but the recollection of the good things he had said consecrated his ugliness—as is often the case in society, where beauty is by no means the invariable attendant of wit.

We go to the villa Pamfili-Doria,—which is outside the

walls,—by the Porta San Pancrazio, towards the west, crossing the Tiber by the Ponte Sisto, once the Janicular bridge famous in history. I think one never feels Rome to be Rome more than on the Tiber, that unchanged mark of the locality which might else seem doubtful in this land of wars and earthquakes and buried cities. From the Ponte Sisto we see the Island and its bridges, in one direction, and St. Peter's in the other, but a bend of the river hides the Bridge of Sant' Angelo. On our way to the gate we pass the Paoline fountain, one of the most magnificent of all; the water is brought from the lake of Bracciano by an aqueduct. From the elevated position of this splendid work, a most imposing view of Rome is obtained, embracing almost all the more striking objects.

The villa was not half as interesting as the way to it. It has its beauties, but these are neglected, the site being considered unhealthy. The grounds are very extensive, measuring about four miles about; and much of the space is occupied with the most beautiful shrubberies that can be imagined. These constitute the true fascination of the place. Water is tortured into a thousand forms, and spirts up everywhere, making the whole damp and chilly even in June. A stream by which we walked for some time on our return to the casino from our ramble was more like a canal than like living water; and the place where it should have dashed over rocks placed apropos was dry. We cared little comparatively for the artificial decorations of the place, although it has some fine sculptures; but a view which one gets from a certain point in the grounds, where nature is left very much to herself,

would have compensated us for the time we gave the villa, if we had seen nothing else. A Columbarium once existed here, but it has been destroyed, (a strange thing for Rome!) and the inscription put up in a conspicuous position in the park. For my part I am too little of an antiquarian to enjoy or take an interest in such things divorced from their proper accompaniments. The Romans call this villa Belrespiro, showing that it must once have been more healthy, in reputation, at least, than it is now, when its owners desert it on account of malaria.

We returned by some streets of the Trastevere, or Trans-Tiberine district, the inhabitants of which, being a peculiar people—as separate as the Jews, almost, and scorning everybody but themselves—have been conjectured to be the remnant of the descendants of ancient Rome, driven into this exclusiveness by the presence of foreign conquerors whom they detested and could not resist. They never intermarry even with the inhabitants of the other parts of Rome, whom they call barbarians. They themselves are described as a fierce and rude race, somewhat of the temper of our men of the South-west Missouri or Arkansas.

We drove about the city in the evening, went to the Borghese Gardens and ascended the Pincian, whence we had a splendid view. Thence to the Gate Nuovo in the Piazza di Spagna, and so home. There was a partial illumination, in honor of the Pope's enthronization, the second anniversary of which occurs to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21. Immediately after breakfast the echoing rattle of hoofs and wheels on the narrow street, told us that our new friend Francesco was punctual

to the moment, and we were soon on our way to the Quirinal Palace, in the chapel of which we had heard that some ceremonies were to be performed in honor of the enthronization. When we were about driving in at the arched gateway, we were stopped by an official, who explained that the *fonction* of the day was to commence at half-past ten, instead of eight as we had been told. So we turned our horses' heads, a little mortified, and drove to St. Pietro in Vincolo, St. Martino, famous for several landscapes by the Poussins, and a church whose designation I forget, the principal interest about it being that nuns usually take the veil there, as we are told. At St. Pietro in Vincolo is the Moses of Michael Angelo, one of those works whose overwhelming impression upon the beholder is that of Power. The instant awe which silences us before such a statue is a testimony to its excellence which no eloquence could express. We feel that genius is a distinct gift of God, possessing an influence of its own over the soul ; an influence wholly indescribable, and not to be accounted for by means of any ingenuity of critical analysis. At least for myself I may be allowed to say that I should be utterly at a loss to show wherein this statue of Moses differs essentially from other statues ; yet I am confident I could not have passed it in any position or company, without an immediate and involuntary testimony to its thrilling grandeur.

An Italian poet (Zappi) has well said of it, "This is Moses as he descended from the Mount, bringing in his face some of the greatness of God."

This sight was enough for one day ; but we had to put it by, camel-like, and go to the Quirinal for more. There

we found a splendid living picture—cardinals and bishops in scarlet or purple silk, with trains; rich lace upon the shoulders, and picturesque caps on their heads. The pope entirely in white embroidered with gold; a white skull-cap (a beautiful and becoming thing over his fine brown hair,) embroidered slippers, and splendid ring. There was a wonderful elegance in this scene. The Chapel has somewhat the air of a magnificent private saloon, and the foreign ambassadors in uniform, attendants in black velvet and other official costumes, with ruffs and swords; ladies in full dress, with black veils; the flaunting Swiss guards—the richly painted walls—the pontiff himself enthroned, a most majestic and beautiful figure, surrounded by attendants whose deeply deferential air aids the imagination in giving dignity to one who is the object of it,—I think I shall never see a more beautiful and imposing sight. Vocal music accompanied the ceremonies.

The cardinals, advancing singly to the throne, each with a train-bearer in violet, knelt at the footstool, and kissed the pope's hand, which he lifted and extended, *under* his white mantle in a most graceful and becoming way. We were so near, and the area was so entirely open, that it was like witnessing the same thing in a drawing room.

We staid to see the cardinals drive off in their gorgeous equipages, by no means so incongruous here as similar ones seemed in London. "Keeping" is of vast importance in one's estimate of these shows. What is in good taste or at least inoffensive in Rome, is absurd in England, and would be supremely ridiculous in the United States. We must be allowed to judge demonstrations of this kind by the genius and professed principles of those who make them.

The splendors of the Papal court are not without a certain dignity, and I cannot help feeling that when they shall be done away—as I suppose they must be—the world will lose something most beautiful, and perhaps something ennobling and affecting; for there has up to our day been a soul in these things, however it may have been perverted.

We went afterwards to the Rospigliosi palace, to see the *Aurora* of Guido, which adorns a ceiling in the casino or summer-house in the garden. Engravings of this wonderful fresco are common enough, but the exquisite simplicity, freshness and beauty of the original can never be rendered. I have never been able to perceive by what art the great painters make stout men and women float in the air, while inferior hands always leave one anxious for the safety of the thinnest or strongest winged cherub who assumes a supernal position.

I wish this ceiling could be transferred, as so many frescoes have been. Being obliged to twist one's neck almost to dislocation in order to get a good look at it—the ceiling being lower than is usual for painted ones—materially detracts from the satisfaction of examining it at leisure. There were some painters there, copying other pictures, and some repairs going on, so that we could not stretch ourselves on the floor, as is sometimes done. A few sofas would be quite a godsend in such cases.

After the *Aurora* one cannot soon admire other pictures, which look in all respects petty, by comparison. Yet there are some here which it is not easy to forget—an *Expulsion*, and a *Triumph of David*, by Domenichino; an *Andromeda* by Guido, and his own portrait painted by himself, at which it would be pleasant to look long, so as

to get thoroughly acquainted with the great master of composition and coloring. But thoroughness is not for the flying traveller. I noticed in this garden some superb white oleanders.

In the afternoon we drove out of the Porta San Sebastiano to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is about two miles beyond the walls. It would be difficult to believe that so massive an erection could have been intended for "a woman's grave," were it not for positive testimony; though when we consider that the castle of St. Angelo had a similar destination originally, nothing of the sort should surprise us. But how strange it is to stand gazing down into this abyss, half filled with the accumulated earth and rubbish of ages, and connect with it its original idea. We cannot help longing for some vestige that discloses this. There is something very painful in this memorial of defeated care.

A pleasanter visit was that to the Fountain of Egeria, to which we threaded our way through vineyards and fields and closely wooded dells, Italian yet home-like. The fountain satisfies the imagination better than some better authenticated relics. It is surrounded by the deepest and coolest shade; the whole atmosphere about it is moist and grotto-ish, although there is no roof to shelter the basin. The nymph, reclining above it in a niche of the rock or wall, is less beautiful than one could wish, having lost almost all that is supposed to render nymphs attractive, including complexion, which time and damp and encroaching moss, have rendered Ethiopian or wormy. But there is the water—living water, as fresh as it welled



beneath the eye of Numa—why shall we not accept it as the source of his inspiration?

I tried to get to it to drink, but the place abounds in centipedes, and is moreover rather slippery. I did succeed, however, in stepping on some stones that looked promising, and getting a handful of water, without absolutely falling in. One does not feel very romantic among centipedes or very enterprising on slippery stones, but I never like to leave a rite unfinished. The Romans think the water has wondrous power to strengthen and beautify if drunk in May, why not in June? The recess is rich in trailing plants, and there seem to be many sources of moisture besides the central and main one. A temple of Bacchus was built above, perhaps because his votaries are apt to be thirsty after paying their devotions to him.

From Egeria's haunt we went to the Circus of Romulus, not the Romulus we know of, and shall always believe in, spite of Niebuhr and his vexatious researches, but a son of the Emperor Maxentius, whom we do not know of nor care about, although he is a person vouched for. I cared nothing about his Circus, either, although it is a fine relic.

The Church of St. Sebastian, near the gate of the same name, is much more interesting, for the Catacombs open beneath it. I forget what we saw in the church itself, though it was one of the Basilicas or highest order of churches; but the monk who showed it was an enthusiast about its holy wonders. I suppose he whose imagination is completely filled by the associations and adornments of his own domain, could hardly be made to understand that to us who see wonders upon wonders every day, pictures,

statues, marble pavements, gilded ceilings, precious relics, miraculous images, sarcophagi rich in sculpture, and ten thousand other things—the church of St. Sebastian is but a more distinguishable item, quite unlikely to make a mark in memories already written all over with records, hardly better arranged than the gratuitous contributions of the public to the inscriptions on benches and door-posts in public places.

He was a wonderfully red-nosed man, this monk ; one who would certainly have seemed to the wicked a living memento of the inefficacy of the conventual life to keep out temptation. But his manners were gentle and his look mortified. I concluded his nose no true index.

He gave us each a wax candle, and, taking one himself, preceded us into the crypts. They looked smaller and narrower than I expected, and they are walled up so soon, in every direction, that there is no longer the least chance of one's losing one's self, which makes them of course less interesting than they used to be. The shelves and hollows where once lay the bones of the persecuted Christians, lack all that helps the imagination to attach a human interest to excavations that look, in themselves, very common-places. A rude altar in a recess had more of life, but I took it in my head perversely to think that it had perhaps been shaped by the monks themselves, to help out their show-place, and from that moment it was impossible to invest the thing with the least illusion.

There is nothing against which the traveller for pleasure should more sedulously guard than this prying and sceptical spirit. There is a faith which suffices for the

imagination without weakening the judgment; without this we cannot get at the soul of things in Italy. Some people—Americans and English especially—hold that there can be no soul in anything but literal and available facts. Such go through Europe saying “we must do” this or that, and at the close of each day exclaim “so much got through with!” One of our American friends vindicates his judgment and clear-sightedness every evening by saying in half-soliloquy, “These things must be done, but really there is a good deal of humbug about them!” There certainly is to him. Pictures would probably give him a better idea of the things we go to see abroad, for to them he would surrender his imagination.

We drove leisurely homeward by the Forum and the Arch of Constantine, feasting our eyes upon the golden beauties of a Roman evening, heaven and earth conspiring to form one divine picture.





